

THE LAND OF BURNS,

A SERIES OF LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

THE SCOTTISH POET.

THE LANDSCAPES FROM PAINTINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK,

BY D. O. HILL, ESQ., R. S. A.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

BY PROFESSOR WILSON,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH;

AND

ROBERT CHAMBERS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," ETC. ETC.

VOL. II.

BLACKIE & SON, QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW;

SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON.

MDCCCXL

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., VILLAFIELD.

CONTENTS AND LIST OF PLATES.

VOL. II.

	PAGE
PROFESSOR WILSON'S ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BURNS,	vii
STATUE OF BURNS BY FLAXMAN, TO FACE VIGNETTE,	1
VIGNETTE TITLE, NITHSDALE,	72
EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GREYFRIAR'S CHURCH-YARD,	3
WILLIAM SMELLIE,	4
ELLISLAND,	7
CRAIGIEBURN WOOD, MOFFATDALE,	11
MRS LEWIS HAY (Margaret Chalmers,)	13
SCENE ON THE NITH, AT BLACKWOOD,	15
FRIAR'S CARSE,	ib.
JOHN SYME, ESQ.,	18
DRUMLANRIG CASTLE,	20
LINCLUDEN,	21
DUMFRIES,	23
DUMFRIES MARKET PLACE,	ib.
LOCHMABEN,	25
ANNAN,	26
KIRKCUDBRIGHT,	27
SANQUHAR, WITH CRIGHTON PEEL,	28
FRANCIS GROSE, F. S. A.,	ib.
KENMURE CASTLE AND LOCH KEN,	31
GATEHOUSE,	32
SCENE ON THE DEVON, AT THE RUMBLING BRIDGE,	34
MRS BRUCE OF CLACKMANNAN,	37
FOYERS, FROM ABOVE THE FALL,	38
CULLODEN MOOR,	40
GORDON CASTLE,	42
LOCHLOMOND,	45
GEORGE LAURIE, D. D.,	53

	PAGE
THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D.,	60
JEDBURGH,	63
JAMES CUNNINGHAM, EARL OF GLENCAIRN,	65
MRS THOMSON (JESSY LEWARS,)	66
BROW, ON THE SOLWAY,	68
MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS, DUMFRIES,	71



ON THE

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF BURNS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

BURNS is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland, could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The condition of the peasantry of Scotland, the happiest, perhaps, that providence ever allowed to the children of labour, was not surveyed and speculated on by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there, not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do, than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him: and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town, affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own individual welfare. Most other poets of rural life have looked on it through the aerial veil of imagination—often beautified, no doubt, by such partial concealment, and beaming with a misty softness more delicate than the truth. But Burns would not thus indulge his fancy where he had felt—felt so poignantly, all the agonies and all the transports of life. He looked around him, and when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew, for he had seen and blessed it, the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well, for too sorely had he felt them, those agitations and disturbances which

had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed. In reading his poetry, therefore, we know what unsubstantial dreams are all those of the golden age. But bliss beams upon us with a more subduing brightness through the dim melancholy that shrouds lowly life; and when the peasant Burns rises up in his might as Burns the poet, and is seen to derive all that might from the life which at this hour the peasantry of Scotland are leading, our hearts leap within us, because that such is our country, and such the nobility of her children. There is no delusion, no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood in the spirit of Burns's poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast, and he weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears: some of his finest effusions were poured out before he left the fields of his childhood, and when he scarcely hoped for other auditors than his own heart, and the simple dwellers of the hamlet. He wrote not to please or surprise others—we speak of those first effusions—but in his own creative delight; and even after he had discovered his power to kindle the sparks of nature wherever they slumbered, the effect to be produced seldom seems to have been considered by him, assured that his poetry could not fail to produce the same passion in the hearts of other men from which it boiled over in his own. Out of himself, and beyond his own nearest and dearest concerns, he well could, but he did not much love often or long to go. His imagination wanted not wings broad and strong for highest flights. But he was most at home when walking on this earth, through this world, even along the banks and braes of the streams of Coila. It seems as if his muse were loth to admit almost any thought, feeling, image, drawn from any other region than his native district—the hearth-stone of his father's hut—the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and passionate bosom. Dear to him the jocund laughter of the reapers on the corn-field, the tears and sighs which his own strains had won from the children of nature enjoying the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedgerow tree. With what pathetic personal power, from all the circumstances of his character and condition, do many of his humblest lines affect us! Often, too often, as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering! “Most musical, most melancholy” he often is, even in his merriment! In him, alas! the transports of inspiration are but too closely allied with reality's kindred agonies! The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has, beyond all that ever was written, this greatest of all merits, intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth.

There is probably not a human being come to the years of understanding in all Scotland, who has not heard of the name of Robert Burns. It is, indeed, a household word. His poems are found lying in almost every cottage in the country, on the “window sole” of the kitchen, spence, or parlour; and in the town-dwellings of the industrious poor, if books belong to the family at all, you are pretty sure to see there the dear Ayrshire Ploughman. The father or mother, born and long bred, perhaps, among banks and braes, possesses, in that small volume, a talisman that awakens in a moment all the sweet

visions of the past, and that can crowd the dim abode of hard-working poverty, with a world of dear rural remembrances that awaken not repining but contentment.

No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the hearts of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his "native wood-notes wild" affect the sitters by the ingles of low-roofed homes, till their hearts overflow with feelings that place them on a level, as moral creatures, with the most enlightened in the land, and more than reconcile them with, make them proud of, the condition assigned them by Providence! There they see with pride the reflection of the character and condition of their own order. That pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves—treasures of the heart, the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, as long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head and regards you with an elated look. A tender thought of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," or a bold thought of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," may come across him; and he who in such a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may he not walk an equal in the broad eye of day as it shines over our Scottish hills? This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. The land "made blithe with plough and harrow,"—the broomy or the leathery braes—the holms by the river's side—the forest where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat—the deep dell where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl watching the kine or the sheep—the moorland hut without any garden—the lowland cottage, whose garden glows like a very orchard, when crimsoned with fruit-blossoms most beautiful to behold—the sylvan homestead sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill-side—the straw-roofed village gathering with small bright crofts its many white gable-ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk-spire covered with the pine-tree that shadows its horologe—the small, quiet, half-slated half-thatched rural town,—there resides, and will for ever reside, the immortal genius of Burns. Oh, that he, the prevailing Poet, could have seen this light breaking in upon the darkness that did too long and too deeply overshadow his lot! Some glorious glimpses of it his prophetic soul did see; witness "The Vision," or that somewhat humbler but yet high strain, in which, bethinking him of the undefined aspirations of his boyhood he said to himself—

"Even then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book would make,
Or sing a sang at least!

"The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

Such hopes were with him in his "bright and shining youth," surrounded as it was with toil and trouble that could not bend his brow from its natural upward inclination to the sky; and such hopes, let us doubt it not, were also with him in his dark and faded prime, when life's lamp burned low indeed, and he was willing at last, early as it was, to shut his eyes on this dearly beloved but sorely distracting world.

With what strong and steady enthusiasm is the anniversary of Burns's birth day celebrated, not only all over his own native land, but in every country to which an adventurous spirit has carried her sons! On such occasions, nationality is a virtue. For what else is the "Memory of Burns," but the memory of all that dignifies and adorns the region that gave him birth? Not till that region is shorn of all its beams—its honesty, its independence, its moral worth, its genius, and its piety, will the name of Burns

"Die on her ear, a faint unheeded sound."

But it has an immortal life in the hearts of young and old, whether sitting at gloaming by the ingle-side, or on the stone seat in the open air, as the sun is going down, or walking among the summer mists on the mountain, or the blinding winter snows. In the life of the poor there is an unchanging and a preserving spirit. The great elementary feelings of human nature there disdain fluctuating fashions; there pain and pleasure are alike permanent in their outward shows as in their inward emotions; there the language of passion never grows obsolete; and at the same passage you hear the child sobbing at the knee of her grandame whose old eyes are somewhat dimmer than usual with a haze that seems almost to be of tears. Therefore, the poetry of Burns will continue to charm, as long as Nith flows, Criffel is green, and the bonny blue of the sky of Scotland meets with that in the eyes of her maidens, as they walk up and down her hills silent or singing to kirk or market.

Let us picture to ourselves the Household in which Burns grew up to manhood, shifting its place without much changing its condition, from first to last always fighting against fortune, experiencing the evil and the good of poverty, and in the sight of men obscure. His father may be said to have been an elderly man when Robert was born, for he was within a few years of forty, and had always led a life of labour; and labour it is that wastes away the stubbornest strength—among the tillers of the earth a stern ally of time. "His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare" at an age when many a forehead hardly shows a wrinkle, and when thick locks cluster darkly round the temples of easy living men. The sire who "turns o'er wi' patriarchal pride the big Ha-Bible," is indeed well-stricken in years, but he is not an old man, for

"The expectant wee things toddlin,' stacher through
To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise and glee;
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily;
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's smile,
The lipping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil."

That picture, Burns, as all the world knows, drew from his father. He was himself, in imagination, again one of the "wee things" that ran to meet him; and "the priest-like father" had long worn that aspect before the poet's eyes, though he died before he was threescore. "I have always considered William Burnes," says the simple-minded tender-hearted Murdoch, as by far the best of the human race that ever I had the pleasure of being acquainted with, and many a worthy character I have known. He was a tender and affectionate father; he took pleasure in leading his children in the paths of virtue, not in driving them, as some people do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault very seldom; and therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burnes. I shall only add that he practised every known duty, and avoided every thing that was criminal; or, in the apostle's words, "herein did he exorcise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God and towards man." Although I cannot do justice to the character of this worthy man, yet you will perceive, from these few particulars, what kind of a person had the principal part in the education of the poet." Burns was as happy in a mother, whom, in countenance, it is said he resembled; and as sons and daughters were born, we think of the "auld clay biggin" more and more alive with cheerfulness and peace.

His childhood, then, was a happy one, secured from all evil influences and open to all good, in the guardianship of religious parental love. Not a boy in Scotland had a better education. For a few months, when in his sixth year, he was at a small school at Alloway Miln, about a mile from the house in which he was born; and for two years after under the tuition of good John Murdoch, a young scholar whom William Burnes and four or five neighbours, engaged to supply the place of the schoolmaster, who had been removed to another situation, lodging him, as is still the custom in some country places, by turns in their own houses. "The earliest composition I recollect taking pleasure in, was the *Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning '*How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!*' I particularly remember one half stanza which was music to my boyish ear,

' For though on dreadful whirls we hang,
High on the broken wave.'

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in print, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, the *Life of Hannibal*, and the *History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wished myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." And speaking of the same period and books to Mrs Dunlop, he says, "For several of my earlier years I had few other authors; and many a solitary hour have I stole out, after the laborious vocations of the day, to shed

a tear over their glorious but unfortunate stories. In these boyish days, I remember, in particular, being struck with that part of Wallace's story, where these lines occur—

'Syne to the Leglen wood, when it was late,
'To make a silent and a safe retreat.'

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked half a dozen miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto; and explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged." Murdoch continued his instructions until the family had been about two years at Mount Oliphant, and there being no school near us, says Gilbert Burns, and our services being already useful on the farm, "my father undertook to teach us arithmetic on the winter nights by candle-light; and in this way my two elder sisters received all the education they ever had." Robert was then in his ninth year, and had owed much, he tells us, to "an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants and enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out on suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors."

We said, that not a boy in Scotland had a better education than Robert Burns, and we do not doubt that you will agree with us; for in addition to all that may be contained in those sources of useful and entertaining knowledge, he had been taught to read, not only in the *Spelling Book*, and *Fisher's English Grammar*, and *The Vision of Mirza*, and *Addison's Hymns*, and *Titus Andronicus*, (though on Lavinia's entrance "with her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out," he threatened to burn the book;) but in THE NEW TESTAMENT AND THE BIBLE, and all this in his father's house, or in the houses of the neighbours; happy as the day was long, or the night, and in the midst of happiness; yet even then, sometimes saddened, no doubt, to see something more than solemnity or awfulness on his father's face, that was always turned kindly towards the children, but seldom wore a smile.

Wordsworth had these memorials in his mind when he was conceiving the boyhood of the Pedlar in his great poem the *Excursion*.

"But eagerly he read and read again,
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied;
The life and death of martyrs, who sustained
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the covenant, times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour;

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
 That left half-told the preternatural tale,
 Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
 Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
 Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
 Sharp-knee'd, sharp elbowed, and lean-angled too,
 With long and ghastly shanks—forms which once seen
 Could never be forgotten. In his heart
 Where fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,
 Or flowing from the universal face
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
 Of nature, and already was prepared,
 By his intense conceptions, to receive
 Deeply the lesson deep of love, which he
 Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.
 SUCH WAS THE BOY. •

Such was the boy; but his studies had now to be pursued by fits and snatches, and therefore the more eagerly and earnestly, during the intervals or at the close of labour that before his thirteenth year had become constant and severe. "The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave!" These are his own memorable words, and they spoke the truth. "For nothing could be more retired," says Gilbert, "than our general manner of living at Mount Oliphant; we scarcely saw any but members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age, or near it, in the neighbourhood." They all worked hard from morning to night, and Robert hardest of them all. At fifteen he was the principal labourer on the farm, and relieved his father from holding the plough. Two years before he had assisted in thrashing the crop of corn. The two noble brothers saw with anguish the old man breaking down before their eyes; nevertheless assuredly, though they knew it not, they were the happiest boys "the evening sun went down upon." "True," as Gilbert tells us, "I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life was in a great measure the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull head-ache, which at a future period of his life was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in his bed in the night-time." Nevertheless assuredly both boys were happy, and Robert the happier of the two; for if he had not been so, why did he not go to sea? Because he loved his parents too well to be able to leave them, and because, too, it was his duty to stay by them, were he to drop down at midnight in the barn and die with the flail in his hand. But if love and duty cannot make a boy happy, what can? Passion, genius, a teeming brain, a palpitating heart, and a soul of fire. These too were his, and idle would have been her tears, had Pity wept for young Robert Burns.

Was he not hungry for knowledge from a child? During these very years he was de-

vouring it; and soon the dawn grew day. "My father," says Gilbert, "was for some time the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us, as if we had been men; and was at great pains, while we accompanied him in the labours of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge, or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed Salmon's Geographical Grammar for us, and endeavoured to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries in the world; while from a book society in Ayr, he procured for us the reading of Durham's Physico and Astro Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled. My father had been a subscriber to Stackhouse's History of the Bible. From this Robert collected a competent knowledge of ancient history; *for no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches.*" He kept reading too at the Spectator, Pope and Pope's Homer, some plays of Shakespeare, Boyle's Lectures, Locke on the Human Understanding, Hervey's Meditations, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, the works of Allan Ramsay and Smollet, and A COLLECTION OF SONGS. "That volume was my *Vade Mecum*. I pored over them, during my work, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noticing the true tender or sublime from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice most of my critic-craft, such as it is."

So much for book-knowledge; but what of the kind that is born within every boy's own bosom, and grows there till often that bosom feels as if it would burst? To Mr Murdoch, Gilbert always appeared to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of a wit than Robert. Yet imagination or wit he had none. His face said, "Mirth, with thee I mean to live;" yet he was through life sedate. Robert himself says that in childhood he was by no means a favourite with anybody—but he must have been mistaken; and "the stubborn sturdy something in his disposition" hindered him from seeing how much he was loved. The tutor tells us he had no ear for music, and could not be taught a psalm tune! Nobody could have supposed that he was ever to be a poet! But nobody knew any thing about him—nor did he know much about himself; till Nature, who had long kept, chose to reveal, her own secret.

"You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labour of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the 'power of doing her justice in that language; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our sweetest blessing here below. How she caught the contagion I could not tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and particularly why

my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was a favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living on the moorlands, he had no more scholar craft than myself. *THUS WITH ME BEGAN LOVE AND POETRY.*"

And during those seven years, when his life was "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," think ye not that the boy Poet was happy, merely because he had the blue sky over his head, and the green earth beneath his feet? He who ere long invested the most common of all the wild-flowers of the earth with immortal beauty to all eyes, far beyond that of the rarest, till a tear as of pity might fall down manly cheeks on the dew-drop nature gathers on its "snawie bosom, sunward spread!"

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem."

"Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east."

Thus far the life of this wonderful being is blameless—thus far it is a life of virtue. Let each season, with him and with all men, have its due meed of love and of praise—and, therefore, let us all delight to declare how beautiful was the Spring! And was there in all those bright and bold blossoms a fallacious promise? Certainly not of the fruits of genius; for these far surpassed what the most hopeful could have predicted of the full-grown tree. But did the character of the man belie that of the boy? Was it manifested at last, either that the moral being had undergone some fatal change reaching to the core, or that it had been from the first hollow, and that these noble-seeming virtues had been delusions all? •

The age of puberty has passed with its burning but blameless loves, and Robert Burns is now a man. Other seven years of the same kind of life as at Mount Oliphant, he enjoys and suffers at Lochlea. It is sad to think that his boyhood should have been so heavily burthened; but we look with no such thoughts on his manhood, for his strength is knit, and the sinews of soul and body are equal to their work. He still lives in his father's house, and he still upholds it; he still reverences his father's eyes that are upon him; and he is still a dutiful son—certainly not a prodigal. "During the whole of the time we

lived at Lochlea with my father, he allowed my brother and me such wages for our labour as he gave to other labourers, as a part of which, every article of our clothing manufactured in the family was regularly accounted for. When my father's affairs were near a crisis, Robert and I took the farm of Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at £90 per annum, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine, was £7 per annum each, and during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, his expenses never in any one year exceeded his slender income. As I was intrusted with the keeping of the family accounts, it is not possible that there can be any fallacy in this statement, in my brother's favour. *His temperance and frugality were every thing that could be wished.*" During his residence for six months in Irvine, indeed, where he wrought at the business of a flax-dresser, with the view of adopting that trade, that he might get settled in life, paid a shilling a-week for his lodging, and fed on meal and water, with some wild boon-companions he occasionally lived rather free. No doubt he sometimes tasted the "Scotch drink," of which he ere long sung the praises; but even then, his inspiration was from "a well-head undefiled." He was as sober a man as his brother Gilbert himself, who says, "I do not recollect, during these seven years, to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking." We have seen what were his virtues—for his vices, where must we look?

During all these seven years, the most dangerous in the life of every one, that of Robert Burns was singularly free from the sin to which nature is prone; nor had he drunk of that guilty cup of the intoxication of the passions, that bewilders the virtue, and changes their wisdom into foolishness, of the discreetest of the children of men. But drink of it at last he did; and like other sinners seemed sometimes even to glory in his shame. But remorse puts on looks, and utters words, that, being interpreted, have far other meanings; there may be recklessness without obduracy; and though the keenest anguish of self-reproach be no proof of penitence, it is a preparation for it in nature—a change of heart can be effected only by religion. How wisely he addresses his friend!

"The sacred love o' weel plac'd love,
Luxuriously indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove
Though naething should divulge it.
I wave the quantum of the sin, *
The hazard o' concealing;
*But oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!"*

It was before any such petrification of feeling had to be deplored by Robert Burns that he loved Mary Campbell, his "Highland Mary," with as pure a passion as ever possessed young poet's heart; nor is there so sweet and sad a passage recorded in the life of any other one of all the sons of songs. Many such partings there have been between us poor beings

—blind at all times, and often blindest in our bliss—but all gone to oblivion. But that hour can never die—that scene will live for ever. Immortal the two shadows standing there, holding together the Bible—a little rivulet flowing between—in which, as in consecrated water, they have dipt their hands, water not purer than, at that moment, their united hearts!

There are few of his songs more beautiful, and none more impassioned than

“Ye banks, and bras, and streams around,
The castle o’ Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O’ my sweet Highland Mary.”

But what are lines like these to his “Address to Mary in Heaven!” It was the anniversary of the day on which he heard of her death—that to him was the day on which she died. He did not keep it as a day of mourning—for he was happy in as good a wife as ever man had, and cheerfully went about the work of his farm. But towards the darkening “he appeared to grow very sad about something,” and wandered out of doors into the barn-yard, where his Jean found him lying on some straw with his eyes fixed on a shining star “like another moon.”

“Thou lingering star, with less’ning ray,
That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place on ’ blissful rest?
Sec’st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?”

He wrote them all down just as they now are, in their immortal beauty, and gave them to his wife. Jealousy may be felt even of the dead. But such sorrow as this the more endeared her husband to her heart—a heart ever faithful—and at times when she needed to practise that hardest of all virtues in a wife—forgiving; but here all he desired was her sympathy—and he found it in some natural tears.

• William Burnes was now—so writes Robert to one of his cousins—“in his own opinion, and indeed in almost every body’s else, in a dying condition,”—far gone in a consumption, as it was called; but dying, though not sixty, of old age at last. His lot in this life was in many things a hard one, but his blessings had been great, and his end was peace. All his children had been dutiful to their parents, and to their care he confided their mother. If he knew of Robert’s transgressions in one year, he likewise knew of his obedience through many; nor feared that he would strive to the utmost to shelter his mother in the storm. Robert writes, “On the 13th current (Feb. 1784) I lost the best of fathers. Though to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of nature claim their part: and I cannot recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of

the best of friends, and the ablest of instructors, without feeling what perhaps the calmer dictates of reason would partly condemn. I hope my father's friends in your country will not let their connection in this place die with him. For my part I shall ever with pleasure, with pride, acknowledge my connection with those who were allied, by the ties of blood and friendship, to a man whose memory I will ever honour and revere." And now the family remove to Mossgiel,

"A virtuous household but exceeding poor."

How fared Burns during the next two years, as a peasant? How fared he as a poet? As a peasant, poorly and hardly—as a poet, greatly and gloriously. How fared he as a man? *Read his confessions.* Mossgiel was the coldest of all the soils on which the family had slaved and starved—starved is too strong a word—and, in spite of its ingratitude, its fields are hallowed ground. Thousands and tens of thousands have come from afar to look on them; and Wordsworth's self has "gazed himself away" on the pathetic prospect.

" 'There,' said a stripling, pointing with much pride,
Towards a low roof, with green trees half-concealed,
Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns plough'd up the Daisy.' Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath the random bield of clod or stone,
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love."

Peasant—Poet—Man—is, indeed, an idle distinction. Burns is sitting alone in the Auld Clay-Bigging, for it has its one retired room; and as he says, "half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit"—all he had made by rhyme! He is the picture of a desponding man, steeped to the lips in poverty of his own bringing on, and with a spirit vainly divided between hard realities, and high hopes beyond his reach, resolving at last to forswear all delusive dreams, and submit to an ignoble lot. When at once, out of the gloom arises a glory, effused into form by his own genius creative according to his soul's desire, and conscious of its greatness despite of despair. A thousand times before now had he been so disquieted and found no comfort. But the hour had come of self-revelation, and he knew that on earth his name was to live for ever.

" All hail ! my own inspired bard !
In me thy native muse regard !
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow."

“ Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, ærial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chief of fame,
 Held ruling power:
 I mark'd thy embryo tuncful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

“ With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll’d chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

" I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

“Or, when the deep green-mantl’d earth
Warm cherish’d every flow’ret’s birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev’ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
With boundless love.

“ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
Call’d forth the reaper’s rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing strong,
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue
 Th' adored *Name*,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 By passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from heaven.

"To give my counsels all in one
Thy tuneful flame still careful fun;
Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
 Will all protect.

*"And wear thou this—she solemn said,
 And bound the Holly round my head:
 The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away."*

"To reconcile to our imagination the entrance of an aerial being into a mansion of this kind," says the excellent Currie, "required the powers of Burns; he, however, succeeds." Burns cared not at that time for our imagination—not he, indeed—not a straw; nor did he so much as know of our existence. He knew that there was a human race; and he believed that he was born to be a great power among them, especially all over his beloved and beloved Scotland. "All hail! my own inspired bard!" That "all hail!" he dared to hear from supernatural lips, but not till his spirit had long been gazing, and long been listening to one commissioned by the "genius of the land," to stand a Vision before her chosen poet in his hut. Reconcile her entrance to our imagination! Into no other mansion but that "Auld Clay Biggin," would Coila have descended from the sky.

The critic continues, "To the painting on her mantle, on which is depicted the most striking scenery, as well as the most distinguished characters of his native country, some exception may be made. The mantle of Coila, like the cup of Thyrsis, (see the first Idyllium of Theocritus,) and the shield of Achilles, is too much crowded with figures, and some of the objects represented upon it are scarcely admissible according to the principles of design."

We advise you not to see the first Idyllium of Theocritus. Perhaps you have no Greek. Mr Chapman's translation is as good as a translation can well be, but then you may not have a copy of it at hand. A pretty wooden cup it is, with curled ears and ivy-twined lips—embossed thereon the figure of a woman with flowing robes and a Lydian head-dress, to whom two angry men are making love. Hard by, a stout old fisherman on a rock is in the act of throwing his net into the sea: not far from him is a vineyard, where a boy is sitting below a hedge framing a locust trap with stalks of asphodel, and guarding the grapes from a couple of sly foxes. Thyrsis, we are told by Theocritus, bought it from a Calydonian Skipper for a big cheese-cake and a goat. We must not meddle with the shield of Achilles.

Turn we then to the "Vision" of Burns, our Scottish Theocritus, as we have heard him classically called, and judge of Dr Currie's sense in telling us to see the cup of Thyrsis.

*"Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen;
 Till half her leg was scrimply seen;
 And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else could near it."*

You observe Burns knew not yet who stood before him—woman, or angel, or fairy—but the Vision reminded him of her whom best he loved.

"Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
 Were twisted graceful round her brows;
 I took her for *some Scottish Muse*,
 By that same token."

Some Scottish Muse—but which of them he had not leisure to conjecture, so lost was he in admiration of that mystic robe—"that mantle large, of greenish hue." As he continued to gaze on her, his imagination beheld whatever it chose to behold. The region dearest to the Poet's heart is all emblazoned there—and there too its sages and its heroes.

"Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost:
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 With surging foam;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

"Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
 There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds:
 Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seething roar.

"Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough rear'd her head;
 Still, as in Scottish story road,
 She boasts a race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

"By stately tow'r or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

"My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their suthorn foes.

"His Country's Saviour, mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

"There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade,
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along."

What have become of "the laws of design?" But would good Dr Currie have dried up the sea! How many yards, will any body tell us, were in that green mantle? And what a pattern! Thomas Campbell knew better what liberty is allowed by nature to Imagination in her inspired dreams. In his noble Stanzas to the memory of Burns, he says, in allusion to "The Vision,"

"Him, in his clay-built cot the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms
Of fairy light and wizard gloom,
That only gifted poet views,—
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb."

The *Fata Morgana* are obedient to the laws of perspective, and of optics in general; but they belong to the material elements of nature; this is a spiritual creation, and Burns is its maker. It is far from perfect, either in design or execution; but perfection is found no where here below, except in Shakspeare; and, if the Vision offend you, we fear your happiness will not be all you could desire it even in the Tempest or the Midsummer's Night's Dream.

How full of fine poetry are one and all of his Epistles to his friends Sillar, Lapraik, Simpson, Smith,—worthy men one and all, and among them much mother-wit almost as good as genius, and thought to be genius by Burns, who in the generous enthusiasm of his nature exaggerated the mental gifts of everybody he loved, and conceived their characters to be "accordant to his soul's desire." His "Epistle to Davie" was among the very earliest of his productions, and Gilbert's favourable opinion of it suggested to him the first idea of becoming an author. "It was, I think, in summer 1784, when in the interval of hard labour, he and I were reading in the garden (kail-yard), that he repeated to me the principal parts of this Epistle." It breathes a noble spirit of independence, and of proud contentment dallying with the hardships of its lot, and in the power of manhood regarding the riches that are out of its reach, without a particle of envy, and with a haughty scorn. True he says, "I hanker and canker to see their cursed pride;" but he immediately bursts out into a strain that gives the lie to his own words:

"What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, wee'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,

To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in makin' muckle mair;
 It's no in books, it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest;
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest;
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang."

Through all these Epistles we hear him exulting in the consciousness of his own genius, and pouring out his anticipations in verses so full of force and fire, that of themselves they privilege him to declare himself a Poet after Scotland's own heart. Not even in "The Vision" does he kindle into brighter transports, when foreseeing his fame, and describing the fields of its glory, than in his Epistle to the schoolmaster of Ochiltree; for all his life he associated with schoolmasters—finding along with knowledge, talent, and integrity, originality and strength of character prevalent in that meritorious and ill-rewarded class of men. What can be finer than this?

"We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens and dolls,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southern billies.

"At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

"O, sweet are Coila's laughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chaunt amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailful cry!

"Ev'n winter bleak has charms for me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day.

"O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the simmer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel', he learn'd to wander,
 d

Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
 Or sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!"

It has been thoughtlessly said that Burns had no very deep love of nature, and that he has shown no very great power as a descriptive poet. The few lines quoted suffice to set aside that assertion ; but it is true that his love of nature was always linked with some vehement passion or some sweet affection for living creatures, and that it was for the sake of the humanity she cherishes in her bosom, that she was dear to him as his own life-blood. His love of nature by being thus restricted was the more intense. Yet there are not wanting passages that show how exquisite was his perception of her beauties even when unassociated with any definite emotion, and inspiring only that pleasure which we imbibe through the senses into our unthinking souls.

" Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the brass,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night."

Such pretty passages of pure description are rare, and the charm of this one depends on its sudden sweet intrusion into the very midst of a scene of noisy merriment. But there are many passages in which the descriptive power is put forth under the influence of emotion so gentle that they come within that kind of composition in which it has been thought Burns does not excel. As for example,

" Nae mair the flower on field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays."

Seldom setting himself to describe visual objects, but when he is under strong emotion, he seems to have taken considerable pains when he did, to produce something striking ; and though he never fails on such occasions to do so, yet he is sometimes ambitious overmuch, and, though never feeble, becomes bombastic, as in his lines on the Fall of Fyers:

" And viewless echo's ear astonished rends."

In the "Brigs of Ayr" there is one beautiful, and one magnificent passage of this kind.

" All before their sight, ●
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:

They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung."

He then breaks off in celebration of "M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring sage," that is, "a well known performer of Scottish music on the violin," and returns, at his leisure, to the fairies!

The other passage which we have called magnificent is a description of a spate. But in it, it is true, he personates the Auld Brig, and is inspired by wrath and contempt of the New.

"Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
 And tho' wi' crazy cild I'm sair forfain,
 I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform you better,
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from Glen-uck, down to the Ratton-key,
 Auld Ayr is just onc lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies."

Perhaps we have dwelt too long on this point; but the truth is that Burns would have utterly despised most of what is now dignified with the name of poetry, where harmlessly enough

"Pure description takes the place of sense;"

but far worse, where the agonizing artist intensifies himself into genuine convulsions at the shrine of nature, or acts the epileptic to extort alms. The world is beginning to lose patience with such idolators, and insists on being allowed to see the sun set with her own eyes, and with her own ears to hear the sea. Why, there is often more poetry in five lines of Burns than any fifty volumes of the versifiers who have had the audacity to criticise him—as by way of specimen—

"When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
 Or whirling drift:

"As night the storm the steeples rock'd,
 Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,

While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chock'd,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
 Down headlong hurl."

"Halloween" is now almost an obsolete word—and the liveliest of all festivals, that used to usher in the winter with one long night of mirthful mockery of superstitious fancies, not unattended with stirrings of imaginative fears in many a simple breast, is gone with many other customs of the good old time, not among town-folks only, but dwellers in rural parishes far withdrawn from the hum of crowds, where all such rites originate and latest fall into desuetude. The present wise generation of youngsters can care little or nothing about a poem which used to drive their grandfathers and grandmothers half-mad with merriment when boys and girls, gathered in a circle round some choice reciter, who, though perhaps endowed with no great memory for grammar, had half of Burns by heart. Many of them, doubtless, are of opinion that it is a silly affair. So must think the more aged march-of-mind men who have outgrown the whims and follies of their ill-educated youth, and become instructors in all manner of wisdom. In practice extinct to elderly people it survives in poetry; and there the body of the harmless superstition, in its very form and pressure, is embalmed. "Halloween" was thought, surely you all know *that*, to be a night "when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary." So writes Burns in a note; but in the poem evil spirits are disarmed of all their terrors, and fear is fun. It might have begun well enough, and nobody would have found fault, with

"Some merry, friendly, kintra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their Halloween
 Fu' blythe this night;"

but Burns, by a few beautiful introductory lines, brings the festival at once within the world of poetry.

"Upon that night, when fairies light,
 On Cassilis Downans dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the cove, to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

"Among the bonnie winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimpling clear,
 Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks
 And shook his Carrick spear."

Then instantly he collects the company—the business of the evening is set a-going—each stanza has its new actor and its new charm—the transitions are as quick as it is in the

power of winged words to fly; female characters of all ages and dispositions, from the auld guid-wife “wha fuft her pipe wi’ sic a lunt,” to wee Jenny “wi’ her little skelpie limmer’s face”—Jean, Nell, Merran, Meg, maidens all—and “wanton widow Leezie”—figure each in her own individuality animated into full life, by a few touches. Nor less various the males, from hav’rel Will to “auld uncle John wha wedlock’s joys sin’ Mar’s year did desire”—Rab and Jock, and “fechtin’ Jamie Fleck” like all bullies “cooard afore bogles;” the only pause in their fast-following proceedings being caused by garrulous grannie’s pious reproof of her oe for daurin to try sic sportin “as eat the apple at the glass”—a reproof proving that her own wrinkled breast holds many queer memories of lang-syne Halloweens;—all the carking cares of the work-day world are clean forgotten; the hopes, fears and wishes that most agitate every human breast, and are by the simplest concealed, here exhibit themselves without disguise in the freedom not only permitted but inspired by the passion that rules the night—“the passion,” says the poet himself, “of prying into futurity, which makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened of our own.”

But how have we been able to refrain from saying a few words about the Cottar’s Saturday Night? How affecting Gilbert’s account of its origin!

“Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, ‘Let us worship God,’ used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the Cottar’s Saturday Night. The hint of the plan, and title of the poem, were taken from Ferguson’s *Farmer’s Ingle*. When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons (those precious breathing-times to the labouring part of the community) and enjoyed such Sundays as would make me regret to see their number abridged. It was on one of those walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat *the Cottar’s Saturday night*. I do not recollect to have read or heard any thing by which I was more *highly electrified*.” No wonder Gilbert was highly electrified; for though he had read or heard many things of his brother Robert’s of equal poetical power, not one among them all was so charged with those sacred influences that connect the human heart with heaven. It must have sounded like a very revelation of all the holiness for ever abiding in that familiar observance, but which custom, without impairing its efficacy, must often partially hide from the children of labour when it is all the time helping to sustain them upon and above this earth. And this from the erring to the stedfast brother! From the troubled to the quiet spirit! out of a heart too often steeped in the waters of bitterness, issuing, as from an unpolluted fountain, the inspiration of pious song! But its effects on innumerable hearts is not now *electrical*—it inspires peace. It is felt yet, and sadly changed will then be Scotland, if ever it be not felt, by every one who peruses it, to be a communication from brother to brother. It is felt by us, all

through from beginning to end, to be BURNS's *Cottar's Saturday Night*; at each succeeding sweet or solemn stanza we more and more love the man—at its close we bless him as a benefactor; and if, as the picture fades, thoughts of sin and of sorrow will arise, and will not be put down, let them, as we hope for mercy, be of our own—not his; let us tremble for ourselves as we hear a voice saying, "Fear God and keep his commandments."

There are few more *perfect* poems. It is the utterance of a heart whose chords were all tuned to gratitude, "making sweet melody" to the Giver, on a night not less sacred in His eye than His own appointed Sabbath.

"November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil worn Cottar frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."

That one single stanza is in itself a picture, one may say a poem, of the poor man's life. It is so imaged on the eye that we absolutely see it; but then not an epithet but shows the condition on which he holds, and the heart with which he endures, and enjoys it. Work he must in the face of November; but God who made the year shortens and lengthens its days for the sake of his living creatures, and has appointed for them all their hour of rest. The "miry beasts" will soon be at supper in their clean-strawed stalls—"the black'ning train o' craws" invisibly hushed on their rocking trees; and he whom God made after his own image, that "toil-worn Cottar," he too may lie down and sleep. There is nothing especial in his lot wherefore he should be pitied, nor are we asked to pity him, as he "collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes:" many of us, who have work to do and do it not, may envy his contentment, and the religion that gladdens his release—"hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend," only to such as he, in truth, a Sabbath. "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work." O! that man should ever find it in his heart to see in that law a stern obligation—not a merciful boon and a blessed privilege!

In those times family-worship in such dwellings, all over Scotland, was not confined to one week-day. It is to be believed that William Burnes might have been heard by his son Robert duly every night saying, "Let us worship God." "There was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase" every time he heard it; but on "Saturday night" family worship was surrounded, in its solemnity, with a gathering of whatever is most cheerful and unalloyed in the lot of labour; and the poet's genius in a happy hour hearing those words in his heart, collected many nights into one, and made the whole observance, as it were, a religious establishment, it is to be hoped, for ever.

"The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth," says Gilbert, "thrilled with peculiar

ecstasy through my soul;" and well they might; for, in homeliest words, they tell at once of home's familiar doings and of the highest thoughts that can ascend in supplication to the throne of God. What is the eighteenth stanza, and why did it too "thrill with peculiar ecstasy my soul?" You may be sure that whatever thrilled Gilbert's soul will thrill yours if it be in holy keeping; for he was a good man, and walked all his days fearing God.

"Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside."

Think again of the first stanza of all—for you have forgotten it—of the toil-worn Cottar collecting his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes, and weary o'er the moor bending his course homewards. In spite of his hope of *the morn*, you could hardly help looking on him *then* as if he were disconsolate—*now* you are prepared to believe, with the poet, that such brethren are among the best of their country's sons, that

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;"

and you desire to join in the Invocation that bursts from his pious and patriotic heart.

"O *Scotia*! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd Isle.

"O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!"

We said there are few more perfect poems. The expression is hardly a correct one; but in two of the stanzas there are lines which we never read without wishing them away, and there is one stanza we could sometimes almost wish away altogether; the sentiment, though beautifully worded, being somewhat harsh, and such as must be felt to be unjust by many devout and pious people:

“ They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
 Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
*Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd eurs no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.*”

We do not find fault with Burns for having written these lines; for association of feeling with feeling, by contrast, is perhaps most of all powerful in music. Believing that there was no devotional spirit in Italian music, it was natural for him to denounce its employment in religious services; but we all know that it cannot without most ignorant violation of the truth be said of the hymns of that most musical of all people, and superstitious as they may be, among the most devout, that

“ Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.”

Our objection to some lines in another stanza is more serious, for it applies not to a feeling but a judgment. That there is more virtue in a cottage than in a palace we are not disposed to deny at any time, least of all when reading the Cottar's Saturday Night; and we entirely go along with Burns when he says,

“ And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;”

but there, we think, he ought to have stopped, or illustrated the truth in a milder manner than

“ What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.”

Our moral nature revolts with a sense of injustice from the comparison of the wickedness of one class with the goodness of another; and the effect is the very opposite of that intended, the rising up of a miserable conviction that for a while had been laid asleep, that vice and crime are not excluded from cots, but often, alas! are found there in their darkest colours and most portentous forms.

The whole stanza we had in our mind as somehow or other not entirely delightful, is

“ Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace except the heart.
 The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the innates poor enrol.”

“ Let us join in the worship of God” is a strong desire of nature, and a commanded duty;

and thus are brought together, for praise and prayer, "congregations wide," in all populous places of every Christian land. Superstition is sustained by the same sympathy as religion—enlightenment of reason being essential to faith. There sit, every Sabbath, hundreds of hypocrites, thousands of the sincere, tens of thousands of the indifferent—how many of the devout or how few who shall say that understands the meaning of *devotion*? If *all* be false and hollow, a mere semblance only, then indeed

"The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;"

but if, even in the midst of "religion's pride," there be humble and contrite hearts—if a place be found for the poor in spirit even "in gay religions full of pomp and gold"—a Christian poet ought to guard his heart against scorn of the ritual of any form of Christian worship. Be it performed in Cathedral, Kirk, or Cottage—God regards it only when performed in spirit and in truth.

Remember all this poetry, and a hundred almost as fine things besides, was composed within little more than two years, by a man all the while working for wages—seven pounds from May-day to May-day; and that he never idled at his work, but mowed and ploughed as if working by the piece, and could afford therefore, God bless his heart, to stay the share for a minute, but too late for the "wee, sleekit, cowrin, timorous beastie's" nest. Folks have said he was a bad farmer, and neglected Mossgiel, an idler in the land.

"How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle!"

Absent in the body, we doubt not, he frequently was from his fields; oftenest in the evenings and at night. Was he in Nance Tinnock's? She knew him by name and head-mark, for once seen he was not to be forgotten; but she complained that he had never drunk three half-mutchkins in her house, whatever he might say in his lying poems. In Poussie Nannie's—mother of Racer Jess?—He was there *once*; and out of the scum and refuse of the outcasts of the lowest grade of possible being, he constructed a Beggar's Opera, in which the singers and dancers, drabs and drunkards all, belong still to humanity; and though huddling together in the filth of the flesh, must not be classed, in their enjoyments, with the beasts that perish. In the Smiddy? Ay, you might have found him there, at times when he had no horse to be shoed, no coulter to be sharpened.

• "When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' luggit caup!
Then *Burnswin* comes on like death
At every chaup.

"Nae mercy, then, for aim or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman cheel,
Brings hand owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour."

On frozen Muir-loch? Among the curlers "at their *roaring* play—roaring is the right word—but 'tis not the bonspiel only that roars, it is the ice, and echo tells it is from her crags that submit not to the snow. There king of his rink was Rabbie Burns to be found; and at night in the Hostelry, in the reek of beef and greens and "Scotch drink," Apollo in the shape of a ploughman at the head of the fir-table that dances with all its glasses to the horny fists clenching with cordial thumpers the sallies of wit and humour volleying from his lips and eyes, unproved by the hale old minister who is happy to meet his parishioners out of the pulpit, and by his presence keeps the poet within bounds, if not of absolute decorum, of that decency becoming men in their most jovial mirth, and not to be violated without reproach by genius in its most wanton mood dallying even with forbidden things. Or at a Rockin? An evening meeting, as you know, "*one* of the objects of which," so says the glossary, "is spinning with the rock or distaff;" but which has many other objects, as the dullest may conjecture, when lads and lasses have come flocking from "behind the hills where Stinchar flows, mang muirs and mosses many o'," to one solitary homestead made roomy enough for them all; and if now and then felt to be too close and crowded for the elderly people and the old, not unprovided with secret spots near at hand in the broom and the brackens, where the sleeping lintwhites sit undisturbed by lovers' whispers, and lovers may look, if they choose it, unashamed to the stars.

And what was he going to do with all this poetry—poetry accumulating fast as his hand, released at night from other implements, could put it on paper, in bold, round, upright characters, that tell of fingers more familiar with the plough than the pen? He himself sometimes must have wondered to find every receptacle in the spence crammed with manuscripts, to say nothing of the many others floating about all over the country, and setting the smiddies in a roar, and not a few, of which nothing was said, folded in the breast-kerchiefs of maidens, put therein by his own hand on the lea-rig, beneath the milk-white thorn. What brought him out into the face of day as a Poet?

Of all the women Burns ever loved, Mary Campbell not excepted, the dearest to him by far, from first to last, was Jean Armour. During composition her image rises up from his heart before his eyes the instant he touches on any thought or feeling with which she could be in any way connected; and sometimes his allusions to her might even seem out of place, did they not please us, by letting us know that he could not altogether forget her, whatever the subject his muse had chosen. Others may have inspired more poetical strains, but there is an earnestness in his fervours, at her name, that brings her breathing in warm flesh and blood to his breast. Highland Mary he would have made his wife, and perhaps broken her heart. He loved her living, as a creature in a dream, dead as a spirit in heaven. But Jean Armour possessed his heart in the stormiest season of his passions, and she possessed it in the lull that preceded their dissolution. She was well worthy of his affection, on account of her excellent qualities; and though never beautiful, had many personal attractions. But Burns felt himself bound to her by that inscrutable mystery in the soul of every man, by which one other being, and one only, is believed, and truly,

to be essential to his happiness here,—without whom, life is not life. Her strict and stern father, enraged out of all religion both natural and revealed, with his daughter for having sinned with a man of sin, tore from her hands her *marriage lines* as she besought forgiveness on her knees, and without pity for the life stirring within her, terrified her into the surrender and renunciation of the title of wife, branding her thereby with an abhorred name. A father's power is sometimes very terrible, and it was so here; for she submitted, with less outward show of agony than can be well understood, and Burns almost became a madman. His worldly circumstances were wholly desperate, for bad seasons had stricken dead the cold soil of Moss-giel; but he was willing to work for his wife in ditches, or to support her for a while at home, by his wages as a negro-driver in the West Indies.

A more unintelligible passage than this never occurred in the life of any other man, certainly never a more trying one; and Burns must at this time have been tormented by as many violent passions, in instant succession or altogether, as the human heart could hold. In verse he had for years given vent to all his moods; and his brother tells us that the LAMENT was composed “after the first distraction of his feelings had a little subsided.” Had he lost her by death he would have been dumb, but his grief was not mortal, and it grew eloquent, when relieved and sustained from prostration by other passions that lift up the head, if it be only to let it sink down again, rage, pride, indignation, jealousy, and scorn. “Never man loved, or rather adored woman more than I did her; and to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all. My poor dear unfortunate Jean! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy; but for her sake I feel most severely; I grieve she is in the road to, I fear, eternal rain. May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may his grace be with her, and bless her in all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. I have tried often to forget her; I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riot, mason-meetings, drinking matches, and other mischiefs, to drive her out of my head, but all in vain. And now for the grand cure: the ship is on her way home, that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more.” In the LAMENT, there are the same passions, but genius has ennobled them by the tenderness and elevation of the finest poetry, guided their transitions by her solemnizing power, inspired their appeals to conscious night and nature, and subdued down to the beautiful and pathetic, the expression of what had else been agony and despair.

Twenty pounds would enable him to leave Scotland, and take him to Jamaica; and to raise them, it occurred to Robert Burns to publish his poems by subscription! “I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and sixty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met

with from the public ; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, near twenty pounds.' This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenturing myself for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail for the Clyde, 'For hungry ruin had me in the wind.' The ship sailed ; but Burns was still at Mossiel, for his strong heart could not tear itself away from Scotland, and some of his friends encouraged him to hope that he might be made a gauger!—In a few months, he was about to be hailed by the universal acclamation of his country a great National Poet.

But the enjoyment of his fame all round his birth-place, "the heart and the main region of his song," intense as we know it was, though it assuaged, could not still the troubles of his heart ; his life amidst it all was as hopeless as when it was obscure ; "his chest was on its road to Greenock, where he was to embark in a few days for America," and again he sung

"Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves.
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr;"

when a few words from a blind old man to a country clergyman kindled within him a new hope, and set his heart on fire ; and while

"November winds blew loud wi' angry sigh,"

"I posted away to Edinburgh without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence on my zenith, for once made a revolution to the Nadir."

At first, Burns was stared at with such eyes as people open wide who behold a prodigy ; for though he looked the rustic, and his broad shoulders had the stoop that stalwart men acquire at the plough, his swarthy face was ever and anon illumined with the look that genius alone puts off and on, and that comes and goes with a new interpretation of imagination's winged words. For a week or two he had lived chiefly with some Ayrshire acquaintances, and was not personally known to any of the leading men. But as soon as he came forward, and was seen and heard, his name went through the city, and people asked one another, "Have you met Burns?" His demeanour among the Magnates, was not only unembarrassed but dignified, and it was at once discerned by the blindest, that he belonged to the aristocracy of nature. "The idea which his conversation conveyed of the power of his mind, exceeded, if possible, that which is suggested by his writings. Among the poets whom I have happened to know I have been struck, in more than one instance, with the unaccountable disparity between their general talents, and the occasional aspirations of

their more favoured moments. But all the faculties of Burns's mind were, as far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilections for poetry were rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition." Who those poets were, of occasional inspiration and low general talents, and in conversation felt to be of the race of the feeble, Dugald Stewart had too much delicacy to tell us; but if Edinburgh had been their haunt, and theirs the model of the poetical character in the judgment of her sages, no wonder that a new light was thrown on the Philosophy of the Human Mind by that of Robert Burns. For his intellectual faculties were of the highest order, and though deferential to superior knowledge, he spoke on all subjects he understood, and they were many, with a voice of determination, and when need was, of command. It was not in the debating club in Tarbolton alone, about which so much nonsense has been prosed, that he had learned eloquence; he had been long giving chosen and deliberate utterance to all his bright ideas and strong emotions; they were all his own, or he had made them his own by transfusion; and so, therefore, was his speech. Its fount was in genius, and therefore could not run dry—a flowing spring that needed neither to be *fanged* nor pumped. As he had the power of eloquence, so had he the will, the desire, the ambition to put it forth; for he rejoiced to carry with him the sympathies of his kind, and in his highest moods he was not satisfied with their admiration without their love. There never beat a heart more alive to kindness. To the wise and good, how eloquent his gratitude! to Glencairn, how imperishable! This exceeding tenderness of heart often gave such pathos to his ordinary talk, that he even melted common-place people into tears! Without scholarship, without science, with not much of what is called information, he charmed the first men in a society equal in all these to any at that time in Europe. The scholar was happy to forget his classic lore, as he listened, for the first time, to the noblest sentiments flowing from the lips of a rustic, sometimes in his own Doric divested of all offensive vulgarity, but oftener in language which, in our northern capital, was thought pure English, and comparatively it was so, for in those days the speech of many of the most distinguished persons would have been unintelligible out of Scotland, and they were proud of excelling in the use of their mother tongue. The philosopher wondered that the peasant should comprehend intuitively truths that had been established, it was so thought, by reasoning demonstrative or inductive; as the illustrious Stewart, a year or two afterwards wondered how clear an idea Burns the Poet had of Alison's *True Theory of Taste*. True it is that the great law of association has by no one been so beautifully stated in a single sentence as by Burns: "That the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime than the twingle-twangle of a Jew's harp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stalk of the burdock; and that from something innate and independent of all associations of ideas—these I had set down as irrefragable orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith." The man of wit—aye even Harry Erskine

himself—and a wittier than he never charmed social life—was nothing loth, with his delightful amenity, to cease for a while the endless series of anecdotes so admirably illustrative of the peculiarities of nations, orders, or individuals, and almost all of them created or vivified by his own genius, that the most accomplished companies might experience a new pleasure from the rich and racy humour of a natural converser fresh from the plough.

And how did Burns bear all this, and much besides even more trying? For you know that a duchess declared that she had never before in all her life met with a man who so fairly carried her off her feet. Hear Professor Stewart: "The attentions he received during his stay in town, from all ranks and descriptions of persons, were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I could perceive any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance." In many passages of his letters to friends who had their fears, Burns expressed entire confidence in his own self-respect, and in terms the most true and touching; as, for example, to Dr Moore: "The hope to be admired for ages is, in by far the greater part of those who even were authors of repute, an unsubstantial dream. For my part, my first ambition was, and still is, to please my compeers, the rustic inmates of the hamlet, while ever-changing language and manners shall allow me to be relished and understood." And to his venerated friend Mrs Dunlop, he gives utterance in the midst of his triumphs, to dark forebodings, some of which were but too soon fulfilled! "You are afraid that I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity as a poet. Alas! Madam, I know myself and the world too well. I assure you, Madam, I do not dissemble, when I tell you I tremble for the consequences. The novelty of a poet in my obscure situation, without any of those advantages which are reckoned necessary for that character, at least at this time of day, has raised a partial tide of public notice, which has borne me to a height where I am feeling absolutely certain my abilities are inadequate to support me; and too surely do I see that time, when the same tide will leave me, and recede, perhaps, as far below the mark of truth. I do not say this in ridiculous affectation of self-abasement and modesty. I have studied myself, and know what ground I occupy; and however a friend or the world may differ from me in that particular, I stand for my own opinion in silent resolve, with all the tenaciousness of property. I mention this to you once for all, to disburthen my mind, and I do not wish to hear or say more about it. But

‘ When proud fortune’s ebbing tide recedes,’

you will bear me witness, that, when my bubble of fame was at the highest, I stood, unintoxicated with the inebriating cup in my hand, looking forward with rueful resolve to the hastening time when the blow of Calumny should dash it to the ground with all the eagerness of vengeful triumph."

Such equanimity is magnanimous ; for though it is easy to declaim on the vanity of fame, and the weakness of them who are intoxicated with its bubbles, the noblest have still longed for it, and what a fatal change it has indeed often wrought on the simplicity and sincerity of the most gifted spirits ! There must be a moral grandeur in his character who receives sedately the unexpected, though deserved ratification of his title to that genius whose empire is the inner being of his race, from the voice of his native land uttered aloud through all her regions, and harmoniously combined of innumerable tones all expressive of a great people's pride. Make what deductions you will from the worth of that " All hail !" and still it must have sounded in Burns's ears as a realization of that voice heard by his prophetic soul in the " VISION."

" ALL HAIL ! MY OWN INSPIRED BARD !

I taught thy manners-painting strains,

The loves, the ways of simple swains,

TILL NOW, O'ER ALL MY WIDE DOMAINS

THY FAME EXTENDS !"

Robert Burns was not the man to have degraded himself everlastingly, by one moment's seeming slight or neglect of friends, new or old, belonging either to his own condition, or to a rank in life somewhat higher perhaps than his own, although not exactly to that " select society " to which the wonder awakened by his genius had given him a sudden introduction. Persons in that middle or inferior rank were his natural, his best, and his truest friends ; and many of them, there can be no doubt, were worthy of his happiest companionship either in the festal hour or the hour of closer communion. He had no right, with all his genius, to stand aloof from them, and with a heart like his he had no inclination. Why should he have lived exclusively with lords and ladies—paper or landlords—ladies by descent or courtesy—with aristocratic advocates, philosophical professors, clergymen, wild or moderate, Arminian or Calvinistic ? Some of them were among the first men of their age ; others were doubtless not inerudite, and a few not unwitty in their own esteem ; and Burns greatly enjoyed their society, in which he met with an admiration that must have been to him the pleasure of a perpetual triumph. But more of them were dull and pompous ; incapable of rightly estimating or feeling the power of his genius ; and when the glitter and the gloss of novelty was worn off before their shallow eyes, from the poet who bore them all down into insignificance, then no doubt they began to get offended and shocked with his rusticity or rudeness, and sought refuge in the distinctions of rank, and the laws, not to be violated with impunity, of " select society." The patronage he received was honourable, and he felt it to be so ; but it was still patronage ; and had he, for the sake of it or its givers, forgotten for a day the humblest, lowest, meanest of his friends, or even his acquaintances, how could he have borne to read his own two bold lines—

" The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !"

Besides, we know from Burns's poetry what was then the character of the people of Scot-

land, for they were its materials, its staple. Her peasantry were a noble race, and their virtues moralized his song. The inhabitants of the towns were of the same family—the same blood—one kindred—and many, most of them, had been born, or in some measure bred, in the country. Their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting were much alike; and the shopkeepers of Edinburgh and Glasgow were as proud of Robert Burns, as the ploughmen and shepherds of Kyle and the Stewartry. He saw in them friends and brothers. Their admiration of him was, perhaps, fully more sincere and heartfelt, nor accompanied with less understanding of his merits, than that of persons in higher places; and most assuredly among the respectable citizens of Edinburgh Burns found more lasting friends than he ever did among her gentry and noblesse. Nor can we doubt, that then as now, there were in that order great numbers of men of well cultivated minds, whom Burns, in his best hours, did right to honour, and who were perfectly entitled to seek his society, and to open their hospitable doors to the brilliant stranger. That Burns, whose sympathies were keen and wide, and who never dreamt of looking down on others as beneath him, merely because he was conscious of his own vast superiority to the common run of men, should have shunned or been shy of such society, would have been something altogether unnatural and incredible; nor is it at all wonderful or blameable that he should occasionally even have much preferred such society to that which has been called “more select,” and therefore above his natural and proper condition. Admirably as he in general behaved in the higher circles, in those humbler ones alone could he have felt himself completely at home. His demeanour among the rich, the great, the learned, or the wise, must often have been subject to some little restraint, and all restraint of that sort is ever painful; or, what is worse still, his talk must sometimes have partaken of display. With companions and friends, who claimed no superiority in anything, the sensitive mind of Burns must have been at its best and happiest, because completely at its ease, and free movement given to the play of all its feelings and faculties; and in such companies we cannot but believe that his wonderful conversational powers shone forth in their most various splendour. He must have given vent there to a thousand familiar fancies, in all their freedom and all their force, which, in the fastidious society of high life, his imagination must have been too much fettered even to conceive; and which, had they flowed from his lips, would either not have been understood, or would have given offence to that delicacy of breeding which is often hurt even by the best manners of those whose manners are all of nature’s teaching, and unsubjected to the salutary restraints of artificial life. Indeed, we know that Burns sometimes burst suddenly and alarmingly the restraints of “select society:” and that on one occasion he called a clergyman an idiot for misquoting Gray’s *Elegy*—a truth that ought not to have been promulgated in presence of the parson, especially at so early a meal as breakfast: and he confesses in his most confidential letters, though indeed he was then writing with some bitterness, that he never had been truly and entirely happy at rich men’s feasts. If so, then never could he have displayed there his genius in full power and lustre. His noble rage must in some measure have been

repressed—the genial current of his soul in some degree frozen. He never was, never could be, the free, fearless, irresistible Robert Burns that nature made him—no, not even although he carried the Duchess of Gordon off her feet, and silenced two Ex-Moderators of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Burns, before his visit to Edinburgh, had at all times and places been in the habit of associating with the best men of his order—the best in every thing, in station, in manners, in moral and intellectual character. Such men as William Tell and Hofer, for example, associated with in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Even the persons he got unfortunately too well acquainted with, (but whose company he soon shook off,) at Irvine and Kirk-Oswald—smugglers and their adherents, were, though a lawless and dangerous set, men of spunk, and spirit, and power, both of mind and body; nor was there anything the least degrading in an ardent, impassioned, and imaginative youth becoming for a time rather too much attached to such daring and adventurous, and even interesting characters. They had all a fine strong poetical smell of the sea, mingled to precisely the proper pitch with that of the contraband. As a poet Burns must have been much the better of such temporary associates; as a man, let us hope, notwithstanding Gilbert's fears, not greatly the worse. The passions that boiled in his blood would have overflowed his life, often to disturb, and finally to help to destroy him, had there never been an Irvine and its seaport. But Burns's friends, up to the time he visited Edinburgh, had been chiefly his admirable brother, a few of the ministers round about, farmers, ploughmen, farm-servants, and workers in the winds of heaven blowing over moors and mosses, cornfields and meadows beautiful as the blue skies themselves; and if you call that low company, you had better fling your copy of Burns, Cottar's Saturday Night, Mary in Heaven, and all, into the fire. He, the noblest peasant that ever trod the greensward of Scotland, kept the society of other peasants, whose nature was like his own; and then, were the silken-snooded maidens whom he wooed on lea-rig and 'mang the rigs o' barley, were they who inspired at once his love and his genius, his passion and his poetry, till the whole land of Coila overflowed with his immortal song,—so that now to the proud native's ear every stream murmurs a music not its own, given it by sweet Robin's lays, and the lark more lyrical than ever seems singing his songs at the gates of heaven for the shepherd's sake as through his half-closed hand he eyes the musical note in the sunshine, and remembers him who “sung her new-wakened by the daisy's side,”—were they, the blooming daughters of Scotia, we demand of you on peril of your life, low company and unworthy of Robert Burns?

As to the charge of liking to be what is vulgarly called “cock of the company,” what does that mean when brought against such a man? In what company, pray, could not Burns, had he chosen it, and he often did choose it, have easily been the first? No need had he to crow among dunghills. If you liken him to a bird at all, let it be the eagle, or the night-ingale, or the bird of Paradise. James Montgomery has done this in some exquisite verses, which are clear in our heart, but indistinct in our memory, and therefore we cannot adorn

our pages with their beauty. The truth is, that Burns, though when his heart burned within him, one of the most eloquent of men that ever set the table in a roar or a hush, was always a modest often a silent man, and he would sit for hours together, even in company, with his broad forehead on his hand, and his large laming eyes sobered and tamed, in profound and melancholy thought. Then his soul would "spring upwards like a pyramid of fire," and send "illumination into dark deep holds," or brighten the brightest hour in which Feeling and Fancy ever flung their united radiance over the common ongoings of this our commonplace world and every day life. Was this the man to desire, with low longings and base aspirations, to shine among the obscure, or rear his haughty front and giant stature among pignies? He who

"walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain-side ;"

he who sat in glory and in joy at the festal board, when mirth and wine did most abound, and strangers were strangers no more within the fascination of his genius, for

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;"

or at the frugal board, surrounded by his wife and children, and servants, lord and master of his own happy and industrious home—the frugal meal, preceded and followed by thanksgiving to the Power that spread his table in the barren places?

Show us any series of works in prose or verse, in which man's being is so illustrated as to lay it bare and open for the benefit of man, and the chief pictures they contain, drawn from "select society." There are none such; and for this reason, that in such society there is neither power to paint them, nor materials to be painted, nor colours to lay on, till the canvas shall speak a language which all the world as it runs may read. What would Scott have been, had he not loved and known the people? What would his works have been, had they not shown the many-coloured character of the people? What would Shakspeare have been, had he not often turned majestically from kings, and "lords and dukes and mighty earls," to their subjects and vassals and lowly bondsmen, and "counted the beatings of lonely hearts" in the obscure but impassioned life that stirs every nook of this earth where human beings abide? What would Wordsworth have been, had he disdained, with his high intellect and imagination, "to stoop his anointed head" beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door? His Lyrical Ballads, "with all the innocent brightness of the new-born day," had never charmed the meditative heart. His "Church-Yard among the Mountains" had never taught men how to live and how to die. These are men who have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings; who have shown the angel's wing equally when poised near the earth, and floating over its cottaged vales, as when seen sailing on high through the clouds and azure depth of heaven, or hanging over the towers and temples of great cities. They shunned not to parley with the blind beggar by the way-side; they knew how to

transmute, by divinest alchemy, the base metal into the fine gold. Whatever company of human beings they have mingled with, they lent it colours, and did not receive its shade; and hence their mastery over the "wide soul of the world dreaming of things to come." Burns was born, bred, lived, and died in that condition of this mortal life to which they paid but visits; his heart lay wholly there; and that heart, filled as it was with all the best human feelings, and sometimes with thoughts divine, had no fears about entering into places which timid moralists might have thought forbidden and unhallowed ground, but which he, wiser far, knew to be inhabited by creatures of conscience, bound there often in thick darkness by the inscrutable decrees of God.

For a year and more after the publication of the Edinburgh Edition, Burns led a somewhat roving life, till his final settlement with Creech. He had a right to enjoy himself; and it does not appear that there was much to blame in his conduct either in town or country, though he did not live upon air nor yet upon water. There was much dissipation in those days—much hard drinking—in select as well as in general society, in the best as well as in the worst; and he had his share of it in many circles—but never in the lowest. His associates were all honourable men, then, and in after life; and he left the Capital in possession of the respect of its most illustrious citizens. Of his various tours and excursions there is little to be said; the birth-places of old Scottish Song he visited in the spirit of a religious pilgrim; and his poetical fervour was kindled by the grandeur of the Highlands. He had said to Mrs Dunlop, "I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, heaven knows! I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles, to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers, and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes. But these are all Utopian thoughts; I have dallied long enough with life; 'tis time to be in earnest. I have a fond, an aged mother to care for, and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender. Where the individual only suffers by the consequences of his own thoughtlessness, indolence, or folly, he may be excusable, nay, shining abilities, and some of the nobler virtues may half sanctify a heedless character: but where God and nature have intrusted the welfare of others to his care, where the trust is sacred, and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness, or strangely lost to reflection, whom these connections will not rouse to exertion."

Burns has now got liberated, for ever, from "stately Edinborough throned on crags," the favoured abode of philosophy and fashion, law and literature, reason and refinement, and has returned again into his own natural condition, neither essentially the better nor the worse of his city life; the same man he was when "the poetic genius of his country found him at the plough and threw her inspiring mantle over him." And what was he now to do with himself? Into what occupation for the rest of his days was he to settle down? It would puzzle the most sagacious even now, fifty years after the event, to say what he ought to have done that he did not do at that juncture, on which for weal or wo the future

must have been so deeply felt by him to depend. And perhaps it might not have occurred to every one of the many prudent persons who have lamented over his follies, had he stood in Burns's shoes, to make over, unconditionally, to his brother one half of all he was worth. Gilbert was resolved still to struggle on with Mossgiel, and Robert said, "there is my purse." The brothers, different as they were in the constitution of their souls, had one and the same heart. They loved one another—man and boy alike; and the survivor cleared, with pious hands, the weeds from his brother's grave. There was a blessing in that two hundred pounds—and thirty years afterwards Gilbert repaid it with interest to Robert's widow and children, by an Edition in which he wiped away stains from the reputation of his benefactor, which had been suffered to remain too long, and some of which, the most difficult too to be effaced, had been even let fall from the fingers of a benevolent biographer who thought himself in duty bound to speak what he most mistakenly believed to be the truth. "Oh Robert!" was all his mother could say on his return to Mossgiel from Edinburgh. In her simple heart she was astonished at his fame, and could not understand it well, any more than she could her own happiness and her own pride. But his affection she understood better than he did, and far better still his generosity; and duly night and morning she asked a blessing on his head from Him who had given her such a son.

"Between the men of rustic life," said Burns—so at least it is reported—"and the polite world I observed little difference. In the former, though unpolished by fashion, and unenlightened by science, I have found much observation and much intelligence. But a refined and accomplished woman was a thing altogether new to me, and of which I had formed but a very inadequate idea." One of his biographers seems to have believed that his love for Jean Armour, the daughter of a Mauchline mason, must have died away under these more adequate ideas of the sex along with their corresponding emotions; and that he now married her with reluctance. Only think of Burns taking an Edinburgh Belle to wife! He flew, somewhat too fervently,

"To love's willing fetters, the arms of his Jean."

Her father had again to curse her for her infatuated love of her husband—for such if not by the law of Scotland—which may be doubtful—Burns certainly was by the law of heaven—and like a good Christian had again turned his daughter out of doors. Had Burns deserted her he had merely been a heartless villain. In making her his lawful wedded wife he did no more than any other man, deserving the name of man, in the same circumstances would have done; and had he not, he would have walked in shame before men, and in fear and trembling before God. But he did so, not only because it was his most sacred duty, but because he loved her better than ever, and without her would have been miserable. Much had she suffered for his sake, and he for hers; but all that distraction and despair which had nearly driven him into a sugar plantation, were over and gone, forgotten utterly, or remembered but as a dismal dream endearing the placid

day that for ever dispelled it. He writes about her to Mrs Dunlop and others in terms of sobriety and good sense—"The most placid good nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure"—these he thought in a woman might, with a knowledge of the scriptures, make a good wife. During the few months he was getting his house ready for her at Ellisland he frequently travelled, with all the fondness of a lover, the long wilderness of moors to Mauchline, where she was in the house of her austere father reconciled to her at last. And though he has told us that it was his custom, in song-writing, to keep the image of some fair maiden before the eye of his fancy, "some bright particular star," and that Hymen was not the divinity he then invoked, yet it was on one of these visits, between Ellisland and Mossiel, that he penned under such homely inspiration as precious a love-offering as genius in the passion of hope ever laid in a virgin's bosom. His wife sung it to him that same evening—and indeed he never knew whether or no he had succeeded in any one of his lyrics, till he heard his words and the air together from her voice.

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild weeds grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonny flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

"Oh blaw ye westlin winds, blaw safe
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

"What sighs and vows among the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean."

And here we ask you who may be reading these pages, to pause for a little, and consider with yourselves, what up to this time Burns had done to justify the condemnatory judgments

that have been passed on his character as a man by so many admirers of his genius as a poet! Compared with that of men of ordinary worth, who have deservedly passed through life with the world's esteem, in what was it lamentably wanting? Not in tenderness, warmth, strength of the natural affections; and they are good till turned to evil. Not in the duties for which they were given, and which they make delights. Of which of these duties was he habitually neglectful? To the holiest of them all next to piety to his Maker, he was faithful beyond most—few better kept the fourth commandment. His youth though soon too impassioned had been long pure. If he were temperate by necessity and not nature, yet he was so as contentedly as if it had been by choice. He had lived on meal and water with some milk, because the family were too poor for better fare; and yet he rose to labour as the lark rises to sing.

In the corruption of our fallen nature he sinned, and, it has been said, became a libertine. Was he ever guilty of deliberate seduction? It is not so recorded; and we believe his whole soul would have recoiled from such wickedness: but let us not affect ignorance of what we all know. Among no people on the face of the earth is the moral code so rigid, with regard to the intercourse of the sexes, as to stamp with ineffaceable disgrace every lapse from virtue; and certainly not among the Scottish peasantry, austere as the spirit of religion has always been, and terrible ecclesiastical censure. hateful in all eyes is the reprobate—the hoary sinner loathsome; but many a gray head is now deservedly revered that would not be so, were the memory of all that has been repented by the Elder, and pardoned unto him, to rise up against him among the congregation as he entered the House of God. There has been many a rueful tragedy in houses that in after times “seemed asleep.” How many good and happy fathers of families, who were all their past lives to be pictured in ghastly revelation to the eyes of their wives and children, could never again dare to look them in the face! It pleased God to give them a long life; and they have escaped, not by their own strength, far away from the shadows of their misdeeds that are not now suffered to pursue them, but are chained down in the past no more to be let loose. That such things were is a secret none now live to divulge; and though once known they were never emblazoned. But Burns and men like Burns showed the whole world their dark spots by the very light of their genius; and having died in what may almost be called their youth, there the dark spots still are, and men point to them with their fingers, to whose eyes there may seem but small glory in all that effulgence.

Burns now took possession at Whitsuntide, (1788) of the farm of *Edisland*, while his wife remained at *Mossgiel*, completing her education in the dairy, till brought home next term to their new house, which the poet set a-building with alacrity, on a plan of his own which was as simple a one as could be devised: kitchen and dining room in one, a double-bedded room with a bed-closet, and a garret. The site was pleasant, on the edge of a high bank of the *Nith*, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect,—holms, plains, woods, and hills, and a long reach of the sweeping river. While the house and offices were growing, he inhabited a hovel close at hand, and though occasionally giving vent to some splenetic

humours in letters indited in his sooty cabin, and now and then yielding to fits of despondency about the "ticklish situation of a family of children," he says to his friend Ainslie, "I am decidedly of opinion that the step I have taken is vastly for my happiness." He had to qualify himself for holding his excise commission by six weeks' attendance on the business of that profession at Ayr—and we have seen that he made several visits to Moss-giel. Currie cannot let him thus pass the summer without moralizing on his mode of life. "Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with the rearing of a building that should give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own gray hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic comfort and peace rose on his imagination; and a *few days* passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, which he had ever experienced." Let us believe that such days were not few, but many, and that we need not join with the good Doctor in grieving to think that Burns led all the summer a wandering and unsettled life. It could not be stationary; but there is no reason to think that his occasional absence was injurious to his affairs on the farm. Currie writes as if he thought him incapable of self-guidance, and says, "it is to be lamented that at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken; and the new circumstances in which he was placed, were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct. But his application to the cares and labours of his farm, was interrupted by several visits to his family in Ayrshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally slept a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. In a little while temptation assailed him nearer home." This is treating Burns like a child, a person of so *facile* a disposition as not to be trusted without a keeper on the king's high-way. If he was not fit to ride by himself into Ayrshire, and there was no safety for him at Sanquhar, his case was hopeless out of an asylum. A trustworthy friend attended to the farm as overseer, when he was from home; potatoes, grass, and grain grew though he was away; on September 9th, we find him where he ought to be. "I am busy with my harvest;" and on the 16th, "This hovel that I shelter in, is pervious to every blast that blows, and every shower that falls, and I am only preserved from being chilled to death by being suffocated with smoke. You will be pleased to hear that I have laid aside idle *eclat*, and bind every day after my reapers." Pity 'twas that there had not been a comfortable house ready furnished for Mrs Burns to step into at the beginning of summer, therein to be brought to bed of "little Frank, who by the by, I trust will be no discredit to the honourable name of Wallace, as he has a fine manly countenance, and a figure that might do credit to a little fellow two months older; and likewise an excellent good temper, though when he pleases, he has a pipe not only quite so loud as the horn that his immortal namesake blew as a signal to take the pin out of Stirling bridge."

Dear good old blind Dr Blacklock, about this time, was anxious to know from Burns himself how he was thriving, and indited to him a pleasant epistle.

“ Dear Burns, thou brother of my heart,
Both for thy virtues and thy art;
If art it may be call’d in thee,
Which Nature’s bounty, large and free,
With pleasure in thy heart diffuses,
And warms thy soul with all the Muses.
Whether to laugh with easy grace,
Thy numbers move the sage’s face,
Or bid the softer passions rise,
And ruthless souls with grief surprise,
’Tis Nature’s voice distinctly felt
Through thee her organ, thus to melt.

“ Most anxiously I wish to know,
With thee of late how matters go;
How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health?
What promises thy farm of wealth?
Whether the muse persists to smile,
And all thy anxious cares beguile,
Whether bright fancy keeps alive?
And how thy darling infants thrive?”

It appears from his reply, that Burns had entrusted Heron, with a letter to Blacklock, which the preacher had not delivered, and the poet exclaims

“ The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel by word o’ mouth
He’d tak my letter;
I lippened to the eliel in trouth
And bade nae better.

“ But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dauty far on,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study:
And tir’d o’ sauls to waste his lear on,
E’en tried the body ”

Currie says in a note, “ Mr Heron, author of the History of Scotland lately published, and among various other works, of *a respectable* life of our poet himself.” Burns knew his character well; the unfortunate fellow had talents of no ordinary kind, and there are many good things, and much good writing in his life of Burns; but respectable it is not, basely calumnious, and the original source of many of the worst falsehoods even now believed too widely to be truths, concerning the moral character of a man as far superior to himself in virtue as in genius. Burns then tells his venerated friend, that he has absolutely become a *gauger*.

“ Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalin’s wimpling streamies,
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
Mang sons o’ men

" I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

" Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air! •
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And æ' men brithers?

" Come, FIRM RESOLVE, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whiles do mair.

" But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 TO MAKE A HAPPY FIRE-SIDE CLIME
 TO WEANS AND WIFE,
 THAT'S THE TRUE PATHOS AND SUBTLE,
 OF HUMAN LIFE."

These noble stanzas were written towards the end of October and in another month Burns brought his wife home to Ellisland, and his three children, for she had twice born him twins. The happiest period of his life, we have his own words for it, was that winter.

But why not say that the three years he lived at Ellisland were all happy, as happiness goes in this world? As happy perhaps as they might have been had he been placed in some other condition apparently far better adapted to yield him what all human hearts do most desire. His wife never had an hour's sickness, and was always cheerful as day, one of those

"Sound healthy children of the God of heaven,"

whose very presence is positive pleasure, and whose silent contentedness with her lot inspires comfort into a husband's heart, when at times oppressed with a mortal heaviness that no words could lighten. Burns says with gloomy grandeur, "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." The objects seen by imagination; and he who suffers thus cannot be relieved by any direct appliances to that faculty, only by those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative, and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs, which insignificant as they are in themselves, are felt to be little truthful realities that banish those monstrous phantoms, showing them to be but glooms and shadows.

And how fared the Gauger? Why he did his work. Currie says, "his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. It was not at Ellisland that he

was now in general to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale ; his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moved along." And many a happy day he had when thus riding about the country in search of smugglers of all sorts, zealous against all manner of contraband. He delighted in the broad brow of the day, whether glad or gloomy, like his own forehead; in the open air whether still or stormy, like his own heart. " While pursuing the defaulters of the revenue," a gauger has not always to track them by his eyes or his nose. Information has been lodged of their whereabouts, and he deliberately makes a seizure. Sentimentalists may see in this something very shocking to the delicate pleasures of susceptible minds, but Burns did not; and some of his sweetest lyrics, redolent of the liquid dew of youth, were committed to whitey-brown not scented by the rose's attar. Burns on duty was always as sober as a judge. A man of his sense knew better than to muddle his brains, when it was needful to be quick-witted and ready-handed too; for he had to do with old women who were not to be sneezed at, and with middle aged men who could use both club and cutlass.

" He held them with his glittering eye ;"

but his determined character was not the worse of being exhibited on broad shoulders. They drooped, as you know, but from the habits of a strong man who had been a labourer from his youth upwards, and a gauger's life was the very one that might have been prescribed to a man like him, subject to low spirits, by a wise physician. Smugglers themselves are seldom drunkards—gaugers not often—though they take their dram ; your drunkards belong to that comprehensive class that cheat the excise.

Then Burns was not always " mounted on horseback pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale ;" he sat sometimes by himself in Friar's-Carse Hermitage.

"Thou whom chance may hither lead,—
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck't in silken stole,
Give these counsels on thy soul.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

"As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminatè with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngsters round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,

Is not, Art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile and base.

" Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore.
 To light and joy unknown before

" Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
 Quod the headsman of Nith-side."

Burns acquired the friendship of many of the best families in the vale of Nith, at Friar's Carse, Terraughty, Blackwood, Closeburn, Dalswinton, Glenae, Kirkconnel, Arbigland, and other seats of the gentry old or now. Such society was far more enjoyable than that of Edinburgh, for here he was not a lion but a man. He had his jovial hours, and sometimes they were excessive, as the whole world knows from "the Song of the Whistle." But the Laureate did not enter the lists—if he had, it is possible he might have conquered Craigdarroch. These were formidable orgies; but we have heard "O! Willie brewed a peck o' maut," sung after a presbytery dinner, the bass of the moderator giving somewhat of a solemn character to the chorus.

But why did Burns allow his genius to lie idle—why did he not construct some great work, such as a Drama? His genius did not lie idle, for over and above the songs alluded to, he wrote ever so many for his friend Johnson's Museum. Nobody would have demanded from him a Drama, had he not divulged his determination to compose one about "The Bruce," with the homely title of "Rob M'Quechan's Elshin." But Burns did not think himself a universal genius, and at this time writes, "No man knows what nature has fitted him for till he try; and if after a preparatory course of some years' study of men and books I shall find myself unequal to the task, there is no harm done. Virtue and study are their own reward. I have got Shakspeare, and begun with him," &c. He knew that a great National Drama was not to be produced as easily as "The Cottar's Saturday Night;" and says, "though the rough material of fine writing is undoubtedly the gift of genius, the workmanship is as certainly the united efforts of labour, attention, and pains."

And here, one day between breakfast and dinner he composed "Tam o' Shanter." The fact is hardly credible, but we are willing to believe it. Dorset only corrected his famous "To all ye ladies now on land, we men at sea indite," the night before an expected engagement, a proof of his self-possession: but he had been working at it for days. Dryden

dashed off his "Alexander's Feast" in no time, but the labour of weeks was bestowed on it before it assumed its present shape. "Tam o' Shanter" is superior in force and fire to that Ode. Never did genius go at such a gallop—setting off at score, and making play, but without whip or spur, from starting to winning post. All is inspiration. His wife with her weans a little way aside among the broom watched him at work as he was striding up and down the brow of the Scaur, and reciting to himself like one *demented*,

" Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' ereeshie flannan,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
Thir broeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !"

His bonnie Jean must have been sorely perplexed—but she was familiar with all his moods, and like a good wife left him to his cogitations. It is "all made out of the builder's brain;" for the story that suggested it is no story at all, the dull lie of a drunkard dotard. From the poet's imagination it came forth a perfect poem, impregnated with the native spirit of Scottish superstition. Few or none of our old traditionary tales of witches are very appalling—they had not their origin in the depths of the people's heart—there is a meanness in their mysteries—the ludicrous mixes with the horrible—much matter there is for the poetical, and more perhaps for the picturesque—but the pathetic is seldom found there—and never—for Shakspeare we fear was not a Scotsman—the sublime. Let no man therefore find fault with "Tam o' Shanter," because it strikes not a deeper chord. It strikes a chord that twangs strangely, and we know not well what it means. To vulgar eyes, too, were such unaccountable on-goings most often revealed of old; such seers were generally *doited or dazed*—half-born idiots or *neerdoiveels in drink*. Had Milton's Satan shown his face in Scotland, folk either would not have known him, or thought him mad. The devil is much indebted to Burns for having raised his character without impairing his individuality—

" O thou ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brumstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches."

" Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned Lodies be ;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *devil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel !"

This is conciliatory; and we think we see him smile. We can almost believe for a moment, that it does give him no great pleasure, that he is not inaccessible to pity, and at

times would fain devolve his duty upon other hands, though we cannot expect him to resign. The poet knows that he is the Prince of the Air.

"Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor seaur.

"Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom prying,
Unseen thou lurks."

That is magnificent—Milton's self would have thought so—and it could have been written by no man who had not studied scripture. The Address is seen to take; the Old Intrusionist is glorified by "tirling the kirks;" and the poet thinks it right to lower his pride.

"I've heard my reverend Grannie sen,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon
Ye glint the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croo

"When twilight did my Grannie summon
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin' through the beortrees comm'
Wi' heavy groan.

"Ac dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugly."

Throughout the whole Address, the elements are so combined in him, as to give the world "a surance o' a deil;" but then it is the Deil of Scotland.

Just so in "Tam o' Shanter." We know not what some great German genius like Goethe might have made of him; but we much mistake the matter, if "Tam o' Shanter" at Alloway Kirk be not as exemplary a piece of humanity as Faustus on May-day Night upon the Hartz Mountains. Faust does not well know what he would be at, but Tam does; and though his views of human life be rather hazy, he has glimpses given him of the invisible world. His wife—but her tongue was no scandal—calls him

"A skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum;
That frae November till October,
Ac market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

That is her view of the subject; but what is Tam's? The same as Wordsworth's,—“He sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion; the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise; laughter and jests thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate; conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence; selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality; and while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within. I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect.

‘Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the w's of life victorious.’

What a lesson do these words convey of charitable indulgence for the vicious habits of the principal actor in the scene and of those who resemble him! Men who, to the rigidly virtuous, are objects almost of loathing, and whom therefore they cannot serve. The poet, penetrating the unsightly and disgusting surfaces of things, has unveiled, with exquisite skill, the finer ties of imagination and feeling that often bind those beings to practices productive of much unhappiness to themselves and to those whom it is their duty to cherish; and as far as he puts the reader into possession of this intelligent sympathy, he qualifies him for exercising a salutary influence over the minds of those who are thus deplorably deceived.”

We respectfully demur from the opinion of this wise and benign judge, that “there was no moral purpose in all this though there is a moral effect.” So strong was his moral purpose and so deep the moral feeling moved within him by the picture he had so vividly imagined, that Burns pauses, in highest moral mood, at the finishing touch,

“Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious,”

and then, by imagery of unequalled loveliness, illustrates an universal and everlasting truth:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.”

Next instant he returns to Tam; and, humanized by that exquisite poetry, we cannot help being sorry for him “mountin’ his beast in sic a night.” At the first clap of thunder he forgets Souter Johnny—how “conjugal fidelity archly bent to the service of general benevolence”—such are the terms in which the philosophical Wordsworth speaks of

“The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi’ favours, secret, sweet, and precious:”

and as the haunted Ruin draws nigh, he remembers not only Kate’s advice but her prophecy. He has passed by some fearful places; at the slightest touch of the necromancer, how fast one after another wheels by, telling at what a rate Tam rode! And we forget that we are not riding behind him,

“When, glimmering thro’ the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem’d in a bleeze!”

We defy any man of woman born to tell us who these witches and warlocks are, and why the devil brought them here into Alloway Kirk. True

“This night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand;”

but that is not the question—the question is *what* business? Was it a ball given him on the anniversary of the Fall?

“There sat auld Nick, in shape o’ beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:”

and pray who is to pay the piper? We fear that young witch Nannie!

“For Satan glowr’d, and fidg’d fu’ fain,
And hotch’d and blew wi’ might and main.”

and this may be the nuptial night of the Prince—for that tyke is he—of the Fallen Angels!

How was Tam able to stand the sight, “glorious” and “heroic” as he was, of the open presses?

“Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw’d the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.”

Because show a man some sight that is altogether miraculously dreadful, and he either faints or feels no fear. Or say rather, let a man stand the first *glower* at it, and he will make comparatively light of the details. There was Auld Nick himself, there was no mistaking him, and there were

“Wither’d beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an’ flinging—”

to such dancing what cared Tam who held the candles? He was bedevilled, bewarlockèd and bewitched, and therefore

"Able

To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's bones in gibbet aims;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft."

This collection has all the effect of a selection. The bodies were not placed there; but following each others' heels, they stretched themselves out of their own accord upon the haly table. They had received a summons to the festival, which murderer and murdered must obey. But mind ye, Tam could not see what you see. Who told him that *that* garter had strangled a babe? That *that* was a parricide's knife? Nobody—and that is a flaw. For Tam looks with his bodily eyes only, and can know only what they show him; but Burns knew it, and believed Tam knew it too; and we know it for Burns tells us, and we believe Tam as wise as ourselves; for we almost turn Tam—the poet himself being the only real warlock of them all.

You know why that Haly Table is so pleasant to the apples of all those evil eyes? They feed upon the dead, not merely because they love wickedness, but because they inspire it into the quick. Who ever murdered his father but at the instigation of that "towzie tyke, black, grim and large?" Who but for him ever strangled her new-born child? Seynmitars and tomahawks! Why, such weapons never were in use in Scotland. True. But they have long been in use in the wildernesses of the western world, and among the orient cities of Mahoun, and his empire extends to the uttermost parts of the earth.

And here we shall say a few words, which perhaps were expected from us when speaking a little while ago of some of his first productions, about Burns's humorous strains, more especially those in which he has sung the praises of joviality and good fellowship, as it has been thought by many, that in them are conspicuously displayed not only some striking qualities of his poetical genius, but likewise of his personal character. Among the countless number of what are called convivial songs floating in our literature, how few seem to have been inspired by such a sense and spirit of social enjoyment as men can sympathise with in their ordinary moods, when withdrawn from the festive board, and engaged without blame in the common amusements or recreations of a busy or a studious life! The finest of these few have been gracefully and gaily thrown off, in some mirthful minute, by Shakespeare and Ben Johnson and "the Rest," inebriating the mind as with "divine gas" into sudden exhilaration that passes away not only without headache, but with heartache for a time allayed by the sweet *afflatus*. In our land, too, as in Greece of old,

genius has imbibed inspiration from the wine-cup, and sung of human life in strains befitting poets who desired that their foreheads should perpetually be wreathed with flowers. But putting aside them and their little lyres, with some exceptions, how nauseous are the bacchanalian songs of Merry England!

On this topic we but touch; and request you to recollect, that there are not half a dozen, if so many, drinking songs in all Burns. "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," is, indeed, the chief; and you cannot even look at it without crying, "O rare Rob Burns!" So far from inducing you to believe that the poet was addicted to drinking, the freshness and fervour of its glee convince you that it came gushing out of a healthful heart, in the exhilaration of a night that needed not the influence of the flowing bowl, which friendship, nevertheless, did so frequently replenish. Wordsworth, who has told the world that he is a water drinker, and in the lake country he can never be at a loss for his favourite beverage, regards this song with the complacency of a philosopher, knowing well that it is all a pleasant exaggeration; and that had the moon not lost patience and gone to bed, she would have seen "Rob and Allan" on their way back to Ellisland, along the bold banks of the Nith, as steady as a brace of bishops.

Of the contest immortalized in the "Whistle," it may be observed, that in the course of events it is likely to be as rare as enormous; and that as centuries intervened between Sir Robert Laurie's victory over the Dane in the reign of James VI., and Craigdarroch's victory over Sir Robert Laurie in that of George III., so centuries, in all human probability, will elapse before another such battle will be lost and won. It is not a little amusing to hear good Dr Currie on this passage in the life of Burns. In the text of his Memoir he says, speaking of the poet's intimacy with the best families in Nithsdale, "Their social parties too often seduced him from his rustic labours and his rustic fare, overthrew the unsteady fabric of his resolutions, *and inflamed those propensities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed.*" In a note he adds in illustration, "The poem of the Whistle celebrates a bacchanalian event among the gentlemen of Nithsdale, where Burns appears as umpire. Mr Riddell died before our bard, and some elegiac verses to his memory will be found in Volume IV. From him and from all the members of his family, Burns received not kindness only, but friendship; *and the society he met with in general at Friar's Carse was calculated to improve his habits, as well as his manners.*" Mr Fergusson of Craigdarroch, *so well known for his eloquence and social habits*, died soon after our poet. Sir Robert Laurie, the third person in the drama, survives; and has since been engaged in contests of a bloodier nature—long may he live to fight the battles of his country! (1799)." Three better men lived not in the shire; but they were gentlemen, and Burns was but an exciseman; and Currie, unconsciously influenced by an habitual deference to rank, pompously moralizes on the poor poet's "propensities, which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately suppressed;" while in the same breath, and with the same ink, he eulogizes the rich squire for "his eloquence and social habits," so well calculated to "improve the habits, as well as the manners," of the bard and gauger! Now suppose that

"the heroes" had been not Craigdarroch, Glenriddel, and Maxwelton, but Burns, Mitchell, and Findlater, a gauger, a supervisor, and a collector of excise, and that the contest had taken place not at Friar's Carse, but at Ellisland, not for a time-honoured hereditary ebony whistle, but a wooden ladle not a week old, and that Burns the Victorious had acquired an implement more elegantly fashioned, though of the same materials, than the one taken from his mouth the moment he was born, what blubbering would there not have been among his biographers ! James Currie, how exhortatory ! Josiah Walker, how lachrymose !

"Next uprose our Bard like a prophet in drink:
'Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!"

"Thy line, they have struggled for Freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay:
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

How very shocking ! Then only hear in what a culpable spirit Burns writes to Riddel, on the forenoon of the day of battle !—"Sir, Big with the idea of this important day at Friars-Carse, I have envoked the elements and skies in the fond persuasion that they would announce it to the astonished world by some phenomena of terrific import. Yesternight, until a very late hour, did I wait with anxious horror for the appearance of some comet firing half the sky ; or aerial armies of conquering Scandinavians, darting athwart the startled heavens, rapid as the ragged lightning, and horrid as those convulsions of nature that bury nations. The elements, however, seem to take the matter very quietly ; they did not even usher in this morning with triple suns and a shower of blood, symbolical of the three potent heroes, and the mighty claret-shed of the day. For me, as Thomson in his *Winter* says of the storm, I shall '*Hear* astonished, and astonished sing.' To leave the heights of Parnassus and come to the humble vale of prose, I have some misgivings that I take too much upon me, when I request you to get your guest, Sir Robert Laurie, to post the two inclosed covers for me, the one of them to Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, Bart., Kilmarnock—the other to Mr Allan Masterton, writing-master, Edinburgh. The first has a kindred claim on Sir Robert, as being a brother baronet, and likewise a keen Foxite ; the other is one of the worthiest men in the world, and a man of real genius ; so allow me to say, he has a fraternal claim on you. I want them franked for to-morrow, as I cannot get them to the post to-night. I shall send a servant again for them in the evening. Wishing that your head may be crowned with laurels to-night, and free from aches to-morrow, I have the honour to be, Sir, your deeply-indebted and obedient servant, R. B." Why, you see that this "Letter," and "The Whistle"—perhaps an improper poem in priggish eyes, but in the eyes of Bacchus the best of triumphal odes—make up the whole of Burns's share in this transaction. *He was not at the Carse.* The "three potent heroes" were too thoroughly gentlemen to have asked a fourth to sit by with an empty bottle before him as umpire of that debate. Burns that

evening was sitting with his eldest child on his knee, teaching it to say Dad—that night he was lying in his own bed, with bonnie Jean by his side—and “yon bright god of day” saluted him at morning on the Scaur above the glittering Nith.

Turn to the passages in his youthful poetry, where he speaks of himself or others “wi’ just a drappie in their ee.” Would you that he had never written Death and Dr Hornbook!

“The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher’d whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches;
An’ hillocks, stanes, an’ bushes, kenn’d ay
 Frae ghaists an’ witches.

“The rising moon began to glow’r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi’ a’ my pow’r,
 I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
 I cou’d na tell.

“I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin down on Willie’s mill,
Setting my staff wi’ a’ my skill,
 To keep me sicker:
Tho’ leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

“I there wi’ SOMETHING did forgather,” &c.

Then and there, as you learn, ensued that “celestial colloquy divine,” which being reported drove the doctor out of the country, by unextinguishable laughter, into Glasgow, where half a century afterwards he died universally respected. SOMETHING had more to say, and long before that time Burns had been sobered.

“But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which rais’d us baith:
*I took the way that pleas’d mysel’,
 And sue did Death.”*

In those pregnant Epistles to his friends, in which his generous and noble character is revealed so sincerely, he now and then alludes to the socialities customary in Kyle; and the good people of Scotland have always enjoyed such genial pictures. When promising himself the purest pleasures society can afford, in company with “Auld Lapraik,” whom he warmly praises for the tenderness and truthfulness of his “songs”—

“There was ae sang, among the rest,
Aboon them a’ it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address’d
 To some sweet wife:
It thirl’d the heart-strings thro’ the breast,
 A’ to the life;”

and when luxuriating in the joy of conscious genius holding communion with the native muse, he exclaims—

“Gie me ae spark o’ Nature’s fire,
That’s a’ the learning I desire;
Then tho’ I drudge thro’ dub an’ mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart;”

where does Burns express a desire to meet his brother-bard? Where but in the resorts of their fellow-labourers, when released from toil, and flinging weariness to the wind, they flock into the heart of some holiday, attired in sunshine, and feeling that life is life?

“But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We’s gie ae night’s discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An’ hae a swap o’ *rhymie-ware*
Wi’ aye anither.

“The four-gill chap, we’s gar him clatter,
An’ kirsen him wi’ reekin water;
Syne we’ll sit down an’ tak our whittier.
To cheer our heart;
An’ faith we’s be acquainted better
Before we part.

“Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, seuse, an’ grace,
Ev’n love an’ friendship, should give place
To catch the *plack*!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

“But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *bring* on the terms,
‘Each aid the others,’
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!”

Yet after all, “the four-gill clasp” clattered but on paper. Lapraik was an elderly man of sober life, impoverished by a false friend in whom he had confided; and Burns, who wore good clothes, and paid his tailor as punctually as the men he dealt with, had not much money out of seven pounds a-year, to spend in “the change-house.” He allowed no man to pay his “lawin,” but neither was he given to treating—save the sex; and in his “Epistle to James Smith,” he gives a more correct account of his habits, when he goes thus off careeringly—

“My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel: ‘Ye Powers!’ and warm implore,
Tho’ I should wander *terra* o’er
In all her climes;
Grant me but this—I ask no more—
Ay rowth o’ rhymes.

“While ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,

Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerfu' face,
 As lang's the Muscs dinna fail
 To say the grace."

Read the "Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie." Not a soul but them-two-selves is in the stable—in the farm-yard—nor as far as we think of, in the house. Yes—there is one in the house—but she is somewhat infirm, and not yet out of bed. Sons and daughters have long since been married, and have houses of their own—such of them as may not have been buried. The servants are employed somewhere else out of doors—and so are the "four gallant brutes as e'er did draw" a moiety of Maggie's "bairn-time." The Address is an Autobiography. The master remembers himself, along with his mare—in days when she was "dappl't, sleek, and glaizie, a bonnie gray;" and he "the pride o' a' the parishen."

"That day we pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonnie bride;
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air!
 Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair."

What passages in their common life does he next select to "roose" mare and master? "In tug or tow?" In cart, plough, or harrow? These all rise before him at the right time, and in a cheerful spirit; towards the close of his address he grows serious, but not sad—as well he may; and at the close, as well he may, tender and grateful. But the image he sees galloping, next to that of the Broose, comes second, because it is second best :

"When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
 An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 An' tak the road!
 Town's bodics ran, and stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad."

"When thou wast corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow!"

We do not blame the old farmer for having got occasionally mellow some thirty years ago—we do not blame Burns for making him pride himself on his shame; nay, we bless them both as we hear these words whispered close to the auld Mare's lug :

"Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet."

"And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last fou,
 A heapit stimpert, I'll reserve aye
 Laid by for you."

“ We’ve worn to crazy years thegither;
 We’ll toyte about wi’ ane anither;
 Wi’ tentie care I’ll flit thy tether,
 To some hain’d rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi’ sma’ fatigue.

Or will you turn to “The Twa Dogs,” and hear Luath, in whom the best humanities mingle with the canine—the Poet’s own colley, whom some cruel wretch murdered; and gibbotted to everlasting infamy would have been the murderer, had Burns but know’d his name?

“ The dearest comfort o’ their lives,
 Their grushie weans an’ faithfu wives;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a’ their fireside.

“ An’ whiles twalpenny worth o’ nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mend the Kirk and State affairs:
 They’ll tak o’ patronage and priests,
 Wi’ kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation’s comin,
 An’ ferlie at the folk in Lon’on.

“ As bleak-fac’d Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin kirms,
 When rural life, o’ ev’ry station,
 Unite in common recreation;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an’ social Mirth
 Forgets there’s Care upo’ the earth.

“ That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds;
 The nappy reeks wi’ mantling ream;
 An’ sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The huntin pipe, and sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi’ richt guid will;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes rantin thro’ the house,
 My heart has been sac fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi’ them.”

Yet how happens it that in the “Halloween” no mention is made of this source of enjoyment, and that the parties concerned, pursue the ploy with unflagging passion through all its charms and spells? Because the festival is kept alive by the poetic power of superstition that night awakened from its slumber in all those simple souls; and *that* serves instead of strong drink. They fly from freak to freak, without a thought but of the witcheries—the means and appliances needful to make them potent; this Burns knew to be nature, and therefore he delays all “creature comforts” till the end, when the curtain has dropped on that visionary stage, and the actors return to the floor of their every-day world. Then—

“ Wi’ merry songs, an’ friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary;
 An’ unco tales, an’ funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an’ cheery,

Till *butter'd* so'sns, wi fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night."

We see no reason why, in the spirit of these observations, moralists may not read with pleasure and approbation, "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons." Its political economy is as sound as its patriotism is stirring; and he must be indeed a dunce who believes that Burns uttered it either as a defence or an encouragement of a national vice, or that it is calculated to stimulate poor people into pernicious habits. It is an Address that Cobbett, had he been a Scotsman and one of the Forty-Five, would have rejoiced to lay on the table of the House of Commons; for Cobbett, in all that was best of him, was a kind of Burns in his way, and loved the men who work. He maintained the cause of malt, and it was a leading article in the creed of his faith that the element distilled therefrom is like the air they breathe, if the people have it not, they die. Beer may be best; and Burns was the champion of beer, as well as of what bears a brisker name. He spoke of it in "The Earnest Cry," and likewise in the "Scotch Drink," as one of the staffs of life which had been struck from the poor man's hand by fiscal oppression. Tea was then little practised in Ayrshire cottages; and we do not at this moment remember the word in Burns's Poems. He threatens a rising if Ministers will not obey the voice of the people:

"Auld Scotland has a rancle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert."

In the Postscript, the patriotism and poetry of "The Earnest Cry," wax stronger and brighter—and no drunkard would dare to read aloud in the presence of men—by heart he never could get it—such a strain as this—familiar to many million ears:

"Let half-starv'd slaves, in warmer skies'
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their whisky."

"What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms, and beauty charms;
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves."

"Their gun's a burden on their shoulder;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till ekelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin."

“But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is Royal George’s will,
An’ there’s the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

“Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi’ fearless eye he sees him;
Wi’ bluidy hand a welcome gies him:
An’ when he fu’s,
His latest draught o’ breathin len’as him
In faint huzzas.

These are not the sentiments of a man who "takes an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." Nor is there any thing to condemn, when looked at in the light with which genius invests them, in the pictures presented to us in "Scotch Drink," of some of the familiar scenes of humble life, whether of busy work, or as busy recreation, and some of home-felt incidents interesting to all that live—such as "when skirlin weanies see the light"—animated and invigorated to the utmost pitch of tension, beyond the reach of the jaded spirits of the labouring poor—so at least the poet makes us for the time willing to believe—when unaided by that elixir he so fervidly sings. Who would wish the following lines expunged? Who may not, if he chooses, so qualify their meaning as to make them true? Who will not pardon the first two, if they need pardon, for sake of the last two that need none? For surely you, who though guilty of no excess, fare sumptuously every day, will not find it in your hearts to grudge the "poor man's wine" to the Cottar after that "Saturday Night" of his, painted for you to the life by his own son, Robert Burns!

"Thou clears the head o' doited lear;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' labour snar,
 At's weary toil;
 Thou brightens even dark despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

“Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi’ gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o’ need,
The poor man’s wine;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchen’s fine.”

(Gilbert, in his excellent vindication of his brother's character, tells us that at the time when many of those "Rhapsodies respecting drinking" were composed and first published, few people were less addicted to drinking than he; and that he assumed a poetical character, very different from that of the man at the time. It has been said that Scotsmen have no humour—no perception of humour—that we are all plain matter-of-fact people—not without some strength of understanding—but grave to a degree on occasions when races more favor'd by nature are gladsome to an excess; and—

"In gay delirium rob them of themselves."

This judgment on our national characteristics implies a familiar acquaintance with Scottish poetry from Dunbar to Burns. It would be nearer the truth—though still wide of it—to affirm, that we have more humour than all the rest of the inhabitants of this earth besides; but this at least is true, that unfortunately for ourselves, we have too much humour, and that it has sometimes been allowed to flow out of its proper province, and mingle itself with thoughts and things that ought for ever to be kept sacred in the minds of the people. A few words by and by on this subject; meanwhile, with respect to his “Rhapsodies about Drinking,” Burns knew that not only had all the states, stages, and phases of inebriety been humorously illustrated by the comic genius of his country’s most popular poets, but that the people themselves, in spite of their deep moral and religious conviction of the sinfulness of intemperance, were prone to look on its indulgencies in every droll and ludicrous aspect they could assume, according to the infinite variety of the modifications of individual character. As a poet dealing with life as it lay before and around him, so far from seeking to avoid, he eagerly seized on these; and having in the constitution of his own being as much humour and as rich as ever mixed with the higher elements of genius, he sometimes gave vent to its perceptions and emotions in strains perfectly irresistible—even to the most serious—who had to force themselves back into their habitual and better state, before they could regard them with due condemnation.

But humour in men of genius is always allied to pathos—its exquisite touches

“On the pale cheek of sorrow awaken a smile,
And illumine the eye that was dim with a tear.”

So is it a thousand times with the humour of Burns—and we have seen it so in our quotations from these very “Rhapsodies.” He could sit with “rattling roarin’ Willie”—and when he belonged to the Crochallan Fencibles, “he was the king of a’ the core.” But where he usually sat up late at night, during those glorious hard-working years, was a low loft above a stable—so low that he had to stoop even when he was sitting at a deal table three feet by two—with his “heart inditing a good matter” to a plough-boy, who *read it up* to the poet before they lay down on the same truckle bed.

Burns had as deep an insight as ever man had into the moral evils of the poor man’s character, condition, and life. From many of them he remained free to the last; some he suffered late and early. What were his struggles we know, yet we know but in part, before he was overcome. But it does not appear that he thought intemperance the worst moral evil of the people, or that to the habits it forms had chiefly to be imputed their falling short or away from that character enjoined by the law written and unwritten, and without which, preserved in its great lineaments, there cannot be to the poor man, any more than the rich, either power or peace. He believed that but for “Man’s inhumanity to man,” this might be a much better earth; that they who live by the sweat of their brows would wipe them with pride, so that the blood did but freely circulate from their hearts; that creatures endowed with a moral sense and discourse of reason would fol-

low their dictates, in preference to all solicitations to enjoyment from those sources that flow to them in common with all things that have life, so that they were but allowed the rights and privileges of nature, and not made to bow down to a servitude inexorable as necessity, but imposed, as he thought, on their necks as a yoke by the very hands which Providence had kept free;—believing all this, and nevertheless knowing and feeling, often in bitterness of heart and prostration of spirit, that there is far worse evil, because self-originating and self-inhabiting within the invisible world of every human soul, Burns had no reprobation to inflict on the lighter sins of the oppressed, in sight of the heavier one, of the oppressor; and when he did look into his own heart and the hearts of his brethren in toil and in trouble, for those springs of misery which are for ever welling there, and need no external blasts or torrents to lift them from their beds till they overflow their banks, and inundate ruinously life's securest pastures, he saw the PASSIONS to which are given power and dominion for bliss or for bale—of them in his sweetest, loftiest inspirations he sung as a poet all he felt as a man; willing to let his fancy in lighter mood ally with inferior things and merry measures—even with the very meat and drink that sustains man who is but grass, and like the flower of the field flourisheth and is cut down, and raked away out of the sunshine into the shadow of the grave.

That Burns did not only not set himself to dissuade poor people from drinking, but that he indited “Rhapsodies” about “Scotch Drink,” and “Earnest Cries,” was not then, seem at all surprising to poor people themselves, nor very culpable even in the eyes of the most sober among them; whatever may be the light in which some rich people regard such delinquencies, your more-in-sorrow-than-anger-moralists, who are their own butlers, and sleep with the key of the wine-cellar under their pillow; his poetry is very dear to the people, and we venture to say, that they understand its spirit as well as the best of those for whom it was not written; for written it was for his own Order—the enlightened majority of Christian men. No fear of their being blind to its venial faults, its more serious imperfections, and if there they be, its sins. There are austere eyes in work-shops, and in the fields, intolerant of pollution; stern judges of themselves and others preside in those courts of conscience that are not open to the public; nevertheless, they have tender hearts, and they yearn with exceeding love towards those of their brethren who have brightened or elevated their common lot. Latent virtues in such poetry as Burns's are continually revealing themselves to readers, whose condition is felt to be uncertain, and their happiness to fluctuate with it; adversity puts to the test our opinions and beliefs, equally with our habits and our practices; and the most moral and religious man that ever worked from morning to night, that his family might have bread—daily from youth upwards till now he is threescore and ten—might approve of the sentiment of that Song, feel it in all its fervour, and express it in all its glee, in which age meeting with age, and again hand and heart linked together, the “trusty feres,” bring back the past in a sun-burst on the present, and thoughtless of the future, pour out unblamed libations to the days “o’ auld lang syne!”

It seems to us very doubtful if any poetry could become popular, of which the prevalent spirit is not in accordance with that of the people, as well in those qualities we grieve to call vices, as in those we are happy to pronounce virtues. It is not sufficient that they be moved for a time against their will, by some moral poet desirous, we shall suppose, of purifying and elevating their character, by the circulation of better sentiments than those with which they have been long familiar; it is necessary that the will shall go along with their sympathies to preserve them perhaps from being turned into antipathies; and that is not likely to happen, if violence be done to long-established customs and habits, which they have acquired not only the force, but something too of the sanctity, of ages.

But it is certain that to effect any happy change in the manners or the morals of a people—to be in any degree instrumental to the attainment or preservation of their dearest interests—a Poet must deal with them in the spirit of truth; and that he may do so, we must not only be conversant with their condition, but wise in knowledge, that he may understand what he sees, and whence it springs—the evil and the good. Without it, he can never really remove a curse or establish a blessing; for a while his denunciations or his praises may seem to be working wonders—his genius may be extolled to the skies—and himself ranked among the benefactors of his people; but yet a little while, and it is seen that the miracle has not been wrought, the evil spirit has not been exorcised; the plague-spot is still on the bosom of his unhealed country; and the physician sinks away unobserved among men who have not taken a degree.

Look, for example, at the fate of that once fashionable, for we can hardly call it popular, tale—"Scotland's Skaith, or the History of Will and Jean," with its Supplement, "The Wae o' War." Hector Macneil had taste and feeling—even genius—and will be remembered among Scottish poets.

"Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang! the mair's the pity
E'er on it he war'd sic lays."

"O'a' the ills poor Caledonia,
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia—
Whisky's ill will skaith her maist."

So said Hector Macneil of Robert Burns, in verse not quite so vigorous as the "Earnest Cry." It would require a deeper voice to frighten the "drouthy" from "Scotch Drink," if it be "brewed in hell." "Impressed with the baneful consequences inseparable from an inordinate use of ardent spirits among the lower orders of society, and anxious to contribute something that might at least tend to retard the contagion of so dangerous an evil, it was conceived, in the ardour of philanthropy, that a natural, pathetic story, in verse, calculated to enforce moral truths, in the language of simplicity and passion, might probably interest the uncorrupted; and that a striking picture of the calamities incident

to idle debauchery, contrasted with the blessings of industrious prosperity might (although insufficient to reclaim abandoned vice) do something to strengthen and encourage endangered virtue. Visionary as these fond expectations may have been, it is pleasing to cherish the idea; and if we may be allowed to draw favourable inferences from the sale of *ten thousand copies in the short space of five months*, why should we despair of success?" The success, if we may trust to statistical tables, has, alas! been small; nor would it have been greater had a million copies been put into circulation. For the argument illustrated in the "History of Will and Jean" has no foundation in nature—and proceeds on an assumption grossly calumnious of the Scottish character. The following verses used once to ring in every ear:—

"Wha was ance like Willie Garlace,
Wha in neighboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

"Wha wi' Will could rin, or wrestle,
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety or for war:

"Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld wad be;
But to friends he had a handfu',
Purse and service aft were free."

He marries Jeanie Millar, a wife worthy of him, and for three years they are good and happy in the blessing of God. What in a few months makes drunkards of them both? He happens to go *once* for refreshment, after a long walk, into a way-side public house—and from that night he is a lost man. He is described as entering it on his way home from a Fair—and we never heard of a Fair where there was no whisky—drinks Meg's ale or porter, and eats her bread and cheese without incurring much blame from his biographer; but his companion prevails on him to taste "the widow's gill"—a thing this bold peasant seems never before to have heard of—and infatuated with the novel potion, Willie Garlace, after a few feeble struggles, in which he derives no support from his previous life of happiness, industry, sobriety, virtue, and religion, staggers to destruction. Jeanie, in despair, takes to drinking too; they are "rouped out;" she becomes a beggar, and he "a sodger." The verses run smoothly and rapidly, and there is both skill and power of narration, nor are touches of nature wanting, strokes of pathos that have drawn tears. But by what insidious witchcraft this frightful and fatal transformation was brought about, the uninspired storyteller gives no intimation—a few vulgar common-places constitute the whole of his philosophy—and he no more thinks of tracing the effects of whisky on the moral being—the heart—of poor Willie Garlace, than he would have thought of giving an account of the coats of his stomach, had he been poisoned to death by arsenic. "His hero" is not gradually changed into a beast, like the victims of Circe's enchantments; but rather resembles the Cyclops all at once maddened in his cave by the craft of Ulysses. This is an

outrage against nature; not thus is the sting to be taken out of "Scotland's Scaith"—and a nation of drunkards to be changed into a nation of gentlemen. If no man be for a moment safe who "prees the widow's gill" the case is hopeless, and despair admits the inutility of Excise. In the "Waes o' War"—the Sequel of the story—Willie returns to Scotland with a pension and a wooden leg, and finds Jeanie with the children in a cottage given her by "the good Buccleugh." Both have become as sober as church-mice. The loss of a limb, and eight pounds a year for life, had effectually reformed the husband, a cottage and one pound a quarter the wife; and *this* was good Hector Macneil's idea of a Moral Poem! A poem that was not absolutely to stay the plague, but to fortify the constitution against it; "and if we may be allowed to draw favourable inferences from the sale of ten thousand copies in the short space of five months, why should we despair of success?"

It is not from such poetry that any healthful influence can be exhaled over the vitiated habits of a people;

"With other ministrations, thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;"

had Burns written a Tale to exemplify a Curse, Nature would have told him of them all; nor would he have been in aught unfitted by the experiences that prompted many a genial and festive strain, but, on the contrary, the better qualified to give in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" some solution of that appalling mystery, in which the souls of good men are often seen hurrying and hurried along paths they had long abhorred, and still abhor, as may be seen from their eyes, even when they are rejecting all offered means of salvation, human and divine, and have sold their bibles to buy death. Nor would Burns have adopted the vulgar libel on the British army, that it was a receptacle for drunken husbands who had deserted their wives and children. There have been many such recruits; but his martial, loyal, and patriotic spirit would ill have brooked the thought of such a disgrace to the service, in an ideal picture, which his genius was at liberty to colour at its own will, and could have coloured brightly according to truth. "One fine summer evening he was at the Inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window: of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction, not unusual with him," and perhaps, with the air of "*The mill, mill O*" in his heart, he composed "*The Soldier's Return*." It, too, speaks of the "waes of war;" and that poor way-worn soldier, we can well believe, had given no very flattering account of himself or his life, either before or after he had mounted the cockade. Why had he left Scotland and Mill-mannoch on the sweet banks of the Coyle near Coynton Kirk? Burns cared not why; he loved his kind, and above all, his own people; and his imagination immediately pictured a blissful meeting of long-parted lovers.

"I left the lines and tented field,
Where long I'd been a lodger,

My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

"A right leal heart was in my breast
A hand unstained wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the tear
That in my breast was swelling."

The ballad is a very beautiful one, and throughout how true to nature! It is alive all over Scotland; that other is dead, or with suspended animation; not because "The Soldier's Return" is a happy, and "Will and Jean" a miserable story; for the people's heart is prone to pity, though their eyes are not much given to tears. But the people were told that "Will and Jean" had been written for their sakes, by a wise man made melancholy by the sight of their condition. The upper ranks were sorrowful exceedingly for the lower—all weeping over their wine for them over their whisky, and would not be comforted! For Hector Macneil informs them that

"Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
On some things that should be clear,
Fand ere long the fa'nt, and ae night
Club'd and gat the Gazetteer."

The lower ranks read the Lamentation, for ever so many thousands were thrust into their hands; but though not insensible of their own infirmities, and willing to confess them, they rose up in indignation against a charge that swept their firesides of all that was most sacredly cherished there, asked who wrote "The Cottar's Saturday Night?" and declared with one voice, and a loud one, that if they were to be bettered by poems, it should be by the poems of their own Robert Burns.

And here we are brought to speak of those Satirical compositions which made Burns famous within the bounds of more than one Presbytery, before the world had heard his name. In boyhood and early youth he showed no symptoms of humour—he was no droll—dull even—from constitutional headaches, and heartquakes, and mysteries not to be understood—no laughing face had he—the lovers of mirth saw none of its sparkles in his dark, melancholy looking eyes. In his autobiographical sketch he tells us of no funny or facetious "chap-books;" his earliest reading was of the "tender and the true," the serious or the sublime. But from the first he had been just as susceptible and as observant

of the comic as of the tragic—nature had given him a genius as powerful over smiles as tears—but as the sacred source lies deepest, its first inspirations were drawn thence in abstraction and silence, and not till it felt some assurance of its diviner strength did it delight to disport itself among the ludicrous images that, in innumerable varieties of form and colour—all representative of realities—may be seen, when we chuse to look at them, mingling with the most solemn or pathetic shows that pass along in our dream of life. You remember his words, “Thus with me began Love and Poetry.” True; they grew together; but for a long time they were almost silent—seldom broke out into song. His earliest love verses but poorly express his love—nature was then too strong within him for art which then was weak—and young passion, then pure but all-engrossing, was filling his whole soul with poetry that ere long was to find a tongue that would charm the world.

It was in the Humorous, the Comic, the*Satirical, that he first tried and proved his strength. Exulting to find that a rush of words was ready at his will—that no sooner flashed his fancies than on the instant they were embodied, he wanton’d and revelled among the subjects that had always seemed to him the most risible, whatever might be the kind of laughter, simple or compound—pure mirth, or a mixture of mirth and contempt, even of indignation and scorn—mirth still being the chief ingredient that qualified the whole—and these, as you know, were all included within the “Sanctimonious,” from which Burns believed the Sacred to be excluded; but there lay the danger, and there the blame if he transgressed the holy bounds.

His satires were unsparingly directed against certain ministers of the gospel, whose Calvinism he thought was not Christianity; whose characters were to him odious, their persons ridiculous, their manners in the pulpit irreverent, and out of it absurd; and having frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing them in all their glory, he made studies of them *con amore* on the spot, and at home from abundant materials with a master’s hand elaborated finished pictures—for some of them are no less—which, when hung out for public inspection in market places, brought the originals before crowds of gazers transported into applause. Was this wicked? Wicked we think too strong a word; but we cannot say that it was not reprehensible, for to all sweeping satire there must be some exception—and exaggeration cannot be truth. Burns by his irregularities had incurred ecclesiastical censure, and it has not unfairly been said that personal spite barbed the sting of his satire. Yet we fear such censure had been but too lightly regarded by him; and we are disposed to think that his ridicule, however blameable on other grounds, was free from malignity, and that his genius for the comic rioted in the pleasure of sympathy and the pride of power. To those who regard the persons he thus satirized as truly belonging to the old Covenanters, and Saints of a more ancient time, such satires must seem shameful and sinful; to us who regard “Rumble John” and his brethren in no such light, they appear venial offences, and not so horrible as Hudibrastic. A good many years after Burns’s death, in our boyhood we sometimes saw and heard more than one of those worthies, and

cannot think his descriptions greatly overcharged. We remember walking one day—unknown to us a fast-day—in the neighbourhood of an ancient fortress, and hearing a noise to be likened to nothing imaginable on this earth but the bellowing of a buffalo fallen into a trap upon a tiger, which as we came within half a mile of the castle we discerned to be the voice of a pastor engaged in public prayer. His physiognomy was little less alarming than his voice, and his sermon corresponded with his looks and his lungs—the whole being indeed an extraordinary exhibition of divine worship. We never can think it sinful that Burns should have been humorous on such a pulpiteer; and if we shudder at some of the verses in which he seems yet alive, it is not at the satirist.

“From this time, I began to be known in the country as a maker of rhymes. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, and see if any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers;” “and to a place among *profane rhymers*,” says Mr Lockhart, in his masterly volume, “the author of this *terrible infliction* had unquestionably established his right.” Sir Walter speaks of it as “a piece of satire *more exquisitely severe* than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote, *but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane* to be received into Dr Currie's collection.” We have no wish to say one word in opposition to the sentence pronounced by such judges; but has Burns here *dared* beyond Milton, Goethe, and Byron? He puts a Prayer to the Almighty into the mouth of one whom he believes to be one of the lowest of blasphemers. In that Prayer are impious supplications couched in shocking terms characteristic of the hypocrite who stands on a familiar footing with his Maker. Milton's blasphemer is a fallen angel, Goethe's a devil, Byron's the first murderer, and Burns's an elder of the kirk. All the four poets are alike guilty, or not guilty—unless there be in the case of one of them something peculiar that lifts him up above the rest, in the case of another something peculiar that leaves him alone a sinner. Let Milton then stand aloof, acquitted of the charge, not because of the grandeur and magnificence of his conception of Satan, but because its high significance cannot be misunderstood by the pious, and that out of the mouths of the dwellers in darkness, as well as of the Sons of the Morning “he vindicates the ways of God to man.” Byron's Cain blasphemes; does Byron? Many have thought so—for they saw, or seemed to see, in the character of the Cursed, as it glooms in soliloquies that are poetically sublime, some dark intention in its delineator to inspire doubts of the justice of the Almighty One who inhabiteth eternity. Goethe in the “Prologue in Heaven” brings Mephistopheles face to face with God. But Goethe devoted many years to “his great poem, Faust,” and in it he too, as many of the wise and good believe, strove to show rising out of the blackness of darkness the attributes of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity. Be it even so; then, why blame Burns? You cannot justly do so, on account of the “daringly profane form” in which “*Holy Willie's Prayer*” is cast, without utterly reprobating the “Prologue in Heaven.”

Of the *Holy Fair* few have spoken with any very serious reprehension. Dr Blair was

so much taken with it that he suggested a well known emendation—and for our own part we have no hesitation in saying, that we see no reason to lament that it should have been written by the writer of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*. The title of the poem was no profane thought of his—it had arisen long before among the people themselves, and expressed the prevalent opinion respecting the use and wont that profaned the solemnization of the most awful of all religious rites. In many places, and in none more than in Mauchline, the administration of the Sacrament was hedged round about by the self-same practices that mark the character and make the enjoyment of a Rural Fair-day. Nobody doubts that in the midst of them all sat hundreds of pious people whose whole hearts and souls were in the divine service. Nobody doubts that even among those who took part in the open or hardly concealed indecencies which custom could never make harmless, though it made many insensible to their grossness, not a few were now and then visited with devout thoughts; nay, that some, in spite of their improprieties, which fell off from them unawares, or were by an act of pious volition dismissed, were privileged to partake of the communion elements. Nobody supposes that the heart of such an assemblage was to be judged from its outside—that there was no composed depth beneath that restless surface. But every body knows that there was fatal desecration of the spirit that should have *reigned* there, and that the thoughts of this world were paramount at a time and place set apart, under sanctions and denunciations the most awful, to the remembrance of Him who purchased for us the kingdom of Heaven.

We believe, then, that Burns was not guilty in this poem of any intentional irreverence toward the public ordinances of religion. It does not, in our opinion, afford any reason for supposing that he was among the number of those who regard such ordinances as of little or no avail, because they do not always exemplify the reverence which becomes men in the act of communing with their God. Such is the constitution of human nature that there are too many moments in the very article of these solemn occasions when the hearts of men are a prey to all their wonted cares and follies; and this short-coming in the whole solemnity robs it to many a delicate and well-disposed, but not thoroughly instructed imagination, of all attraction. But there must be a worship by communities as well as by individuals; for in the regards of Providence, communities appear to have a personality as well as individuals; and how shall the worship of communities be conducted, but by forms and ceremonies, which as they occur at stated times, whatever be the present frame of men's minds, must be often gone through with coldness. If those persons would duly consider the necessity of such ordinances, and their use in the conservation of religion, they would hold them sacred, in spite of the levity and hypocrisy that too often accompany their observance, nor would they wonder to see among the worshippers an unsuspected attention to the things of this world. But there was far more than this in the desecration which called for "the Holy Fair" from Burns. A divine ordinance had through unhallowed custom been overlaid by abuses, if not to the extinction, assuredly to the suppression, in numerous communicants, of the religious spirit essential to its efficacy; and in that fact we have to look for a defence of

the audacity of his sarcasm; we are to believe that the Poet felt strong in the possession of a reverence far greater than that which he beheld, and in the conviction that nothing which he treated with levity could be otherwise than displeasing in the eye of God. We are far from seeking to place him, on this occasion, by the side of those men who "strong in hatred of idolatry," become religious reformers, and while purifying Faith, unsparingly shattered Forms, not without violence to the cherished emotions of many pious hearts. Yet their wit too was often aimed at faulty things standing in close connection with solemnities which wit cannot approach without danger. Could such scenes as those against which Burns directed the battery of his ridicule be *endured now*? Would they not be felt to be most *profane*? And may we not attribute the change in some measure to the Comic Muse?

Burns did not need to have subjects for poetry pointed out and enumerated to him, latent or patent in Scottish Life, as was considerably done in a series of dullish verses by that excellent person, Mr Telford, Civil Engineer. Why, it has been asked, did he not compose a Sacred Poem on the administration of the Sacrament of our Lord's Last Supper? The answer is—how could he with such scenes before his eyes? Was he to shut them, and to describe it as if such scenes were not? Was he to introduce them, and give us a poem of a mixed kind, faithful to the truth? From such profanation his genius was guarded by his sense of religion, which though defective was fervent, and not unaccompanied with awe. Observe in what he has written, how he keeps aloof from the Communion Table. Not for one moment does he in thought enter the doors of the House of God. There is a total separation between the outer scene and the inner sanctuary—the administration of the sacrament is removed out of all those desecrating circumstances, and left to the imagination of the religious mind—by his silence. Would a great painter have dared to give us a picture of it? Harvey has painted, simply and sublimely, a "Hill Sacrament." But there all is solemn in the light of expiring day; the peace that passeth all understanding reposes on the heads of all the communicants; and in a spot sheltered from the persecutor by the solitude of sympathizing nature, the humble and the contrite, in a ritual hallowed by their pious forefathers, draw near at his bidding to their Redeemer.

We must now return to Burns himself, but cannot allow him to leave Ellisland without dwelling for a little while longer on the happy life he led for three years and more on that pleasant farm. Now and then you hear him low-spirited in his letters, but generally cheerful; and though his affairs were not very prosperous, there was comfort in his household. There was peace and plenty; for Mrs Burns was a good manager, and he was not a bad one; and one way and another the family enjoyed an honest livelihood. The house had been decently furnished, the farm well stocked; and they wanted nothing to satisfy their sober wishes. Three years after marriage, Burns, with his Jean at his side, writes to Mrs Dunlop, "as fine a figure and face we can produce as any rank of life whatever; rustic, native grace; unaffected modesty, and unsullied purity; nature's mother-wit, and the rudiments of taste; a simplicity of soul, unsuspicious of, because

unacquainted with, the ways of a selfish, interested, disingenuous world ; and the dearest charm of all the rest, a yielding sweetness of disposition, and a generous warmth of heart, grateful for love on our part, and ardently glowing with a more than equal return ; these, with a healthy frame, a sound, vigorous constitution, which your higher ranks can scarcely ever hope to enjoy, are the charms of lovely woman in my humble walk of life." Josiah Walker, however, writing many years after, expresses his belief that Burns did not love his wife. " A discerning reader will perceive," says he, " that the letters in which he announces his marriage are written in that state, when the mind is pained by reflecting on an unwelcome step ; and finds relief to itself in seeking arguments to justify the deed, and lessen its disadvantages in the opinion of others. But the greater the change which the taste of Burns had undergone, and the more his hopes of pleasure must in consequence have been diminished, from rendering Miss Armour his only female companion, the more credit does he deserve for that rectitude of resolution, which prompted him to fulfil what he considered as an engagement, and to act as a necessary duty prescribed. We may be at the same time permitted to lament the necessity which he had thus incurred. A marriage, from a sentiment of duty, may by circumstances be rendered indispensable ; but as it is undeniably a duty, not to be accomplished by any temporary exertion, however great, but calling for a renewal of effort every year, every day, and every hour, it is putting the strength and constancy of our principles to the most severe and hazardous trial. Had Burns completed his marriage, before perceiving the interest which he had the power of creating in females, whose accomplishments of mind and manners Jean could never hope to equal ; or had his duty and his pride permitted his alliance with one of that superior class, many of his subsequent deviations from sobriety and happiness might probably have been prevented. It was no fault of Mrs Burns, that she was unable, from her education, to furnish what had grown, since the period of their first acquaintance, one of the poet's most exquisite enjoyments ; and if a daily vacuity of interest at home, exhausted his patience, and led him abroad in quest of exercise for the activity of his mind, those who can place themselves in a similar situation will not be inclined to judge too severely of his error." Mrs Burns, you know, was alive when this philosophical stuff was published, and she lived for more than twenty years after it, as exemplary a widow as she had been a wife. Its gross indelicacy—say rather wanton insult to all the feelings of a woman is abhorrent to all the feelings of a man and shows the monk. And we have quoted it now that you may see what vile liberties respectable libellers were long wont to take with Burns and all that belonged to him—because he was a Gauger. Who would have dared to write thus of the wife and widow of a *Gentleman*—of one who was a *Lady* ? Not Josiah Walker. Yet it passed for years unreprieved—the " Life " which contains it still circulates, and seems to be in some repute—and Josiah Walker on another occasion is cited to the rescue by George Thomson as a champion and vindicator of the truth. The insolent eulogist dared to say that Robert Burns in marrying Jean Armour " repaired seduction by the most precious sacrifice, short of life, which one human being can make

to another!" To her, in express terms, he attributes her husband's misfortunes and misdoings—to her who soothed his sorrows, forgave his sins, inspired his songs, cheered his hearth, blest his bed, educated his children, revered his memory, and held sacred his dust.

What do you think was, according to this biographer, the chief cause of the blameable life Burns led at Ellisland? *He knew not what to do with himself!* "When not occupied in the fields, *his time must have hung heavy on his hands!*" Just picture to yourself Burns peevishly pacing the "half-parlour half-kitchen" floor, with his hands in his breeches pockets, tormenting his dull brain to invent some employment by which he might be enabled to resist the temptation of going to bed in the forenoon in his clothes! But how is this? "When not occupied in the fields, his time must have hung heavy on his hands; *for we are not to infer*, from the literary eminence of Burns, that, like a person regularly trained to studious habits, he could render himself by study independent of society. *He could read and write* when occasion prompted; but he could not, like a professional scholar, become so interested in a daily course of lettered industry, as to find company an interruption rather than a relief." We cheerfully admit that Burns was not engaged at Ellisland on a History of the World. He had not sufficient books. Besides, he had to ride, in good smuggling weather, two hundred miles a-week. But we cannot admit that "to banish dejection, and to fill his vacant hours, it is not surprising that he should have resorted to such associates as his new neighbourhood, or the inns upon the road to Ayrshire could afford; and if these happened to be of a low description, that his constant ambition to render himself an important and interesting figure in every society, made him suit his conduct and conversation to their taste." When not on duty, the Exciseman was to be found at home like other farmers, and when not "occupied in the fields" with farm-work, he might be seen playing with Sir William Wallace and other Scottish heroes in miniature, two or three pet sheep of the quadruped breed sharing in the vagaries of the bipeds; or striding along the Seaur with his Whangee rod in his fist, with which, had time hung heavy, he would have cracked the skull of Old Chronos; or sitting on a divot-dyke with the ghost of Tam O' Shanter, Captain Henderson, and the Earl of Glencairn; or, so it is recorded, "on a rock projecting into the Nith (which we have looked for in vain) employed in angling, with a cap made of a fox's skin on his head, a loose great-coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broadsword;" or with his legs under the fir, with the famous Black Bowl sending up a Scotch mist in which were visible the wigs of two orthodox English clergymen, "to whose tastes his constant ambition to render himself an important and interesting figure in every society, made him suit his conduct and conversation;"—in such situations might Jesiah Walker have stumbled upon Burns, and perhaps met with his own friend, "a clergyman from the south of England, who, on his return talked with rapture of his reception, and of all that he had seen and heard in the cottage of Ellisland," or with Ramsay of Oughtertyre, who was so delighted "with Burns's *wor Sabina qualis* and the poet's modest mansion, so unlike the habitations of

ordinary rustics," the very evening the Bard suddenly bounced in upon us, and said as he entered, "I come, to use the words of Shakspeare, '*stewed in haste*,'" and in a little while, such was the force and versatility of his genius, he made the tears run down Mr L——'s cheeks, albeit unused to the poetic strain;"—or who knows but the pedestrian might have found the poet engaged in religious exercises under the sylvan shade? For did he not write to Mrs Dunlop, "I own myself so little of a presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habitual routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery. This day, (New-Year-day morning) the first Sunday of May, a breezy blue-skied noon, some time before the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn;—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday." Finally, Josiah might have made his salaam to the Exciseman just as he was folding up that letter in which he says, "we know nothing, or next to nothing of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices or whims, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing or struck with that, which in minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can all this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

Burns however found that an active gauger, with ten parishes to look after, could not be a successful farmer; and looking forward to promotion in the Excise, he gave up his lease, and on his appointment to another district removed into Dumfries. The greater part of his small capital had been sunk or scattered on the somewhat stony soil of Ellisland; but with his library and furniture—his wife and his children—his and their wearing apparel—a trifle in ready money—no debt—youth, health, and hope, and a salary of seventy pounds, he did not think himself poor. Such provision, he said, was luxury to what either he or his better-half had been born to—and the Flitting from Ellisland, accompanied as it was with the regrets and respect of the neighbourhood, displayed on the whole a cheerful cavalcade.

It is remarked by Mr Lockhart that Burns's "four principal biographers, Heron, Currie, Walker and Irving, concur in the general statement that his moral course, from the time that he settled in Dumfries, was downwards." Mr Lockhart has shown that they have

one and all committed many serious errors in this "general statement," and we too shall examine it before we conclude. Meanwhile let us direct our attention, not to his "moral course," but to the course of his genius. It continued to burn bright as ever, and if the character of the man corresponded in its main features with that of the poet, which we believe it did, its best vindication will be found in a right understanding of the spirit that animated his genius to the last, and gave birth to perhaps its finest effusions—HIS MATCHLESS SONGS.

In his earliest Journal, we find this beautiful passage:—

"There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand: and it has often given me many a heart ache to reflect, that such glorious old bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love, with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names (O how mortifying to a bard's vanity!) are now 'buried among the wreck of things which were.' O ye illustrious names unknown! who could feel so strongly and describe so well; the last, the meanest of the Muse's train—one who, though far inferior to your flights, yet eyes your path, and with trembling wing would sometimes soar after you—a poor rustic bard, unknown, pays this sympathetic pang to your memory! Some of you tell us, with all the charms of verse, that you have been unfortunate in the world—unfortunate in love; he too has felt the loss of his little fortune, the loss of friends, and, worse than all, the loss of the woman he adored. Like you, all his consolation was his muse: She taught him in rustic measures to complain. Happy could he have done it with your strength of imagination and flow of verse! May the turf lie lightly on your bones! and may you now enjoy that solace and rest which this world rarely gives to the heart tuned to all the feelings of poesy and love."

The old nameless Song writers, buried centuries ago in kirk-yards that have themselves perhaps ceased to exist—yet one sees sometimes lonesome burial-places among the hills, where man's dust continues to be deposited after the house of God has been removed elsewhere—the old nameless Song writers took hold out of their stored hearts of some single thought or remembrance surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others, and instantly words as sweet had being, and breathed themselves forth along with some accordant melody of the still more olden time;—or when musical and poetical genius, happily met together, both alike passion-inspired, then was born another new tune or air soon treasured within a thousand maidens' hearts, and soon flowing from lips that "murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own." Had boy or virgin faded away in untimely death, and the green mound that covered them, by the working of some secret power far within the heart, suddenly risen to fancy's eye, and then as suddenly sunk away into oblivion with all the wavering burial-place? Then was framed dirge, hymn, elegy, that long after the mourned and the mourner were forgotten, continued to wail and lament up and down all the vales of Scotland—for what vale

is unvisited by such sorrow—in one same monotonous melancholy air, varied only as each separate singer had her heart touched, and her face saddened, with a fainter or stronger shade of pity or grief!—Had some great battle been lost and won, and to the shepherd on the braes had a faint and far off sound seemed on a sudden to touch the horizon like the echo of a trumpet? Then had some ballad its birth, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer wept, even as his heart burned within him, over the princely head prostrated with all its plumes, haply near the lowly woodsman, whose horn had often startled the deer as together they trode the forest-chase, lying humble in death by his young lord's feet!—O, blue-eyed maiden, even more beloved than beautiful! how couldst thou ever find heart to desert thy minstrel, who for thy sake would have died without one sigh given to the disappearing happiness of sky and earth—and, witched by some evil spell, how couldst thou follow an outlaw to foreign lands, to find, alas! some day a burial in the great deep? Thus was enchained in sounds the complaint of disappointed, defrauded, and despairing passion, and another air filled the eyes of our Scottish maidens with a new luxury of tears—a low flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, and acknowledged, even by the gayest heart, to be indeed the language of an incurable grief!—Or flashed the lover's raptured hour across the brain—yet an hour, in all its rapture, calm as the summer sea—or the level summit of a far flushing forest asleep in sunshine, when there is not a breath in heaven? Then thoughts that breathe, and words that burn—and, in that wedded verse and music you feel that “love is heaven, and heaven is love!”—But affection, sober, sedate, and solemn, has its sudden and strong inspirations; sudden and strong as those of the wildest and most fiery passion. Hence the old gray haired poet and musician, sitting haply blind in shade or sunshine, and bethinking him of the days of his youth, while the leading hand of his aged Alice gently touches his arm, and that voice of hers that once linted like the linnet, is now like that of the dove in its lonely tree, mourns not for the past, but gladdens in the present, and sings a holy song—like one of the songs of Zion—for both trust that, ere the sun brings another summer, their feet will be wandering by the waters of eternal life. ~

Thus haply might arise verse and air of Scotland's old pathetic melodies. And how her light and airy measures?

Streaks of sunshine come dancing down from heaven on the darkest days to bless and beautify the life of poverty dwelling in the wilderness. Labour, as he goes forth at morn from his rustic lodge, feels, to the small bird's twitter, his whole being filled with joy; and, as he quickens his pace to field or wood, breaks into a song.—Care is not always his black companion, but oft, at evening hour—while innocence lingers half-afraid behind, yet still follows with thoughtful footsteps—Mirth leads him to the circular seat beneath the tree, among whose exterior branches swings, creaking to and fro in the wind, the sign-board teaching friendship by the close grasp of two emblematical hands. And thence the catch and troll, while “laughter holding both his sides,” sheds tears to song and ballad pathetic on the woes of married life, and all the ills that “our flesh is heir to.”

—Fair, Rocking, and Harvest-home, and a hundred rural festivals, are for ever giving wings to the flight of the circling year; or how could this lazy earth ever in so short a time whirl, spinning asleep on her axis, round that most attractive but distant sun? How loud, broad, deep, soul-and-body-shaking is the ploughman's or the shepherd's mirth, as a hundred bold sun-burnt visages make the rafters of the old hostel ring! Overhead the thunder of the time-keeping dance, and all the joyous tenement alive with love! The pathetic song, by genius steeped in tears, is forgotten; roars of boorish laughter reward the fearless singer for the ballad that brings burning blushes on every female face, till the snooded head can scarcely be lifted up again to meet the free kiss of affection bold in the privileges of the festival, where bashfulness is out of season, and the chariest maid withholds not the harmless boon only half granted beneath the milk-white thorn. It seems as if all the profounder interests of life were destroyed, or had never existed. In moods like these, genius plays with grief, and sports with sorrow. Broad farce shakes hands with deep tragedy. Vice seems almost to be virtue's sister. The names and the natures of things are changed, and all that is most holy, and most holily cherished by us strange mortal creatures—for which thousands of men and women have died at the stake, and would die again rather than forfeit it—virgin love, and nuptial faith, and religion itself that saves us from being but as the beasts that perish, and equalizes us with the angels that live for ever—all become for a time seeming objects of scoff, derision, and merriment. But it is not so, as God is in heaven it is not so; there has been a flutter of strange dancing lights on life's surface, but that is all, its depths have remained undisturbed in the poor man's nature; and how deep these are you may easily know by looking, in an hour or two, through that small shining pane, the only one in the hut, and beholding and hearing him, his wife and children, on their knees in prayer—(how beautiful in devotion that same maiden now!) not unseen by the eye of Him who sitting in the heaven of heavens doth make our earth his footstool!

And thus the many broad-mirth-songs, and tales, and ballads arose, that enliven Scotland's antique minstrelsy. •

To Burns's ear all these lowly lays were familiar, and most dear were they all to his heart: nor less so the airs in which they have as it were been so long embalmed, and will be imperishable, unless some fatal change should ever be wrought in the manners of our people. From the first hour, and indeed long before it, that he composed his rudest verse, often had he sung aloud "old songs that are the music of the heart;" and some day or other to be able himself to breathe such strains, had been his dearest, his highest ambition. His "genius and his moral frame" were thus imbued with the spirit of our old traditionary ballad poetry; and as soon as all his manifold passions were ripe, and his whole glorious being in full maturity, the voice of song was on all occasions of deepest and tenderest human interest, the voice of his daily his nightly speech. He wooed each maiden in song that will as long as our Doric dialect is breathed by love in beauty's ears, be murmured close to the cheek of Innocence trembling in the arms of Passion. It

was in some such dream of delight that, wandering all by himself to seek the muse by some "trotting burn's meander," he found his face breathed upon by the wind, as it was turned toward the region of the setting sun; and in a moment it was as the pure breath of his beloved, and he exclaimed to the conscious stars,

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best!"

How different, yet how congenial to that other strain, which ends like the last sound of a funeral bell, when the aged have been buried:

"We'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my joe!"

These old songs were his models, because they were models of certain forms of feeling having a necessary and eternal existence. Feel as those who breathed them felt, and if you utter your feelings, the utterance is song. Burns did feel as they felt, and looked with the same eyes on the same objects. So entirely was their language his language, that all the beautiful lines, and half lines, and single words, that, because of something in them more exquisitely true to nature, had survived all the rest of the compositions to which they had long ago belonged, were sometimes adopted by him, almost unconsciously it might seem, in his finest inspirations; and oftener still sounded in his ear like a key-note, on which he pitched his own plaintive tune of the heart, till the voice and language of the old and new days were but as one; and the maiden who sung to herself the song by her wheel, or on the brae, quite lost in a wavering world of phantasy, could not, as she smiled, choose but also weep!

So far from detracting from the originality of his lyrics, this impulse to composition greatly increased it, while it gave to them a more touching character than perhaps ever could have belonged to them, had they not breathed at all of antiquity. Old but not obsolete, a word familiar to the lips of human beings who lived ages ago, but tinged with a slight shade of strangeness as it flows from our own, connects the speaker, or the singer, in a way, though "mournful, yet pleasant to the soul," with past generations, and awakens a love at once more tender and more imaginative towards "auld Scotland." We think, even at times when thus excited, of other Burnsers who died without their fame; and, glorying in him and his name, we love his poetry the more deeply for the sake of him whose genius has given our native land a new title of honour among the nations. Assuredly Burns is felt to be a Scotchman *intus et in cute* in all his poetry; but not more even in his "Tam o' Shanter" and "Cottar's Saturday night," his two longest and most elaborate compositions, than in one and all of his innumerable and inimitable songs, from "Daintie Davie," to "Thou lingering star." We know too that the composition of songs was to him a perfect

happiness that continued to the close of life—an inspiration that shot its light and heat, it may be said, within the very borders of his grave.

In his "Common-place or Scrap Book, begun in April, 1783," there are many fine reflections on Song-writing, besides that exquisite Invocation—showing how early Burns had studied it as an art. We have often heard some of his most popular songs found fault with for their imperfect rhymes—so imperfect, indeed, as not to be called rhymes at all; and we acknowledge that we remember the time when we used reluctantly to yield a dissatisfied assent to such objections. Thus in "Highland Mary"—an impassioned strain of eight quatrains—strictly speaking there are no rhymes—*Montgomery, drumlie; tarry, Mary; blossom, bosom; dearie, Mary; tender, asunder; early, Mary; fondly, kindly; dearly, Mary.* It is not enough to say that here, and in other instances, Burns was imitating the manner of some of the old songs—indulging in the same license; for he would not have done so, had he thought it an imperfection. He felt that there must be a reason in nature why this was sometimes so pleasing—why it sometimes gave a grace beyond the reach of art. Those minnesingers had all musical ears, and were right in believing them. Their ears told them that such words as these—meeting on their tympana under the modifying influence of tune, were virtually rhymes; and as such they "slid into their souls." "There is," says Burns in a passage unaccountably omitted by Currie, and first given by Cromek—"a great irregularity in the old Scotch songs—a redundancy of syllables with respect to that exactness of accent and measure that the English poetry requires—but which glides in most melodiously with the respective tunes to which they are set. For instance, the fine old song of *The mill mill O*—to give it a plain prosaic reading—it halts prodigiously out of measure. On the other hand, the song set to the same tune in Bremner's Collection of Scotch songs, which begins—*To Fanny fair could I impart, &c.*—it is most exact measure; and yet, let them both be sung before a real critic, one above the biases of prejudice, but a thorough judge of nature, how flat and spiritless will the last appear, how trite and lamely methodical, compared with the wild, warbling cadence—the heart-moving melody of the first. This is particularly the case with all those airs which end with a hypermetrical syllable. There is a degree of wild irregularity in many of the compositions and fragments which are daily sung to them by my compeers—the common people—a certain happy arrangement of old Scotch syllables, and yet very frequently nothing—not even like rhyme—or sameness of jingle, at the end of the lines. This has made me sometimes imagine that perhaps it might be possible for a Scotch poet, with a nice judicious ear, to set compositions to many of our most favourite airs—particularly the class of them mentioned above—independent of rhyme altogether."

It is a common mistake to suppose that the world is indebted for most of Burns's songs to George Thomson. He contributed to that gentleman sixty original songs, and a noble contribution it was; besides hints, suggestions, emendations, and restorations innumerable; but three times as many were written by him, emended or restored, for Johnson's SCOTS' MUSICAL MUSEUM. He began to send songs to Johnson, with whom he had te-

come intimately acquainted on his first visit to Edinburgh, early in 1787, and continued to send them till within a few days of his death. In November 1788 he says to Johnson, "I can easily see, my dear friend, that you will probably have four volumes. Perhaps you may not find your account lucratively in this business; but you are a patriot for the music of your country, and I am certain posterity will look on themselves as highly indebted to your public spirit. Be not in a hurry; let us go on correctly, and your name will be immortal." On the 4th of July 1796—he died on the 21st—he writes from Dumfries to the worthy music seller in Edinburgh: "How are you, my dear friend, and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but alas! the hand of pain, sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me. Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural muse of Scotia. You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting the publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit, or the pathos of sentiment. However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Your work is a great one, and now that it is finished, I see, if I were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet I will venture to prophecy, that to future ages your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music. I am ashamed to ask another favour of you, because you have been so very good already; but my wife has a very particular friend of hers—a young lady who sings well—to whom she wishes to present the *Scots' Musical Museum*. If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first *Fly*, as I am anxious to have it soon."

Turn from James Johnson and his *Scots' Musical Museum* for a moment to George Thomson and his Collection. In September 1792, Mr Thomson—who never personally knew Burns—tells him "for some years past I have, with a friend or two, employed many leisure hours in selecting and collating the most favourite of our national melodies for publication;" and says—"We will esteem your poetical assistance a particular favour; besides *paying any reasonable price* you shall please to demand for it." Burns, spurning the thought of being "paid any reasonable price," closes at once with the proposal, "as the request you make to me will positively add to my enjoyments in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have—strained to the utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm." That enthusiasm for more than three years seldom languished—it was in his heart when his hand could hardly obey its bidding; and on the 12th of July 1796—eight days after he had written, in the terms you have just seen, to James Johnson for a copy of his *Scots' Musical Museum*—he writes thus to George Thomson for five pounds.

"After all my boasted independence, stern necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel —— of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do for God's sake send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. *I do not ask all this gratuitously; for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds worth of the neatest song genius you have seen.* FORGIVE ME, FORGIVE ME!"

Mr Johnson, no doubt, sent a copy of the *Museum*; but we do not know if the *Fly* arrived before the BIER. Mr Thomson was prompt: and Dr Currie, speaking of Burns's refusal to become a weekly contributor to the Poet's Corner in the Morning Chronicle, at a guinea a week, says, "Yet, he had for several years furnished, and was at that time furnishing, the *Museum* of Johnson, with his beautiful lyrics, without fee or reward, and was obstinately refusing all recompense for his assistance to the greater work of Mr Thomson, which the justice and generosity of that gentleman was pressing upon him." That obstinacy gave way at last, not under the pressure of Mr Thomson's generosity and justice, but under "the sense of his poverty, and of the approaching distress of his infant family which pressed," says Dr Currie truly, "on Burns as he lay on the bed of death."

But we are anticipating; and desire at present to see Burns "in glory and in joy." "Whenever I want to be more than ordinary *in song*; to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? I have a glorious recipe; the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the admirability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus; and the witchery of her smile, the divinity of Helicon." We know the weak side of his character—the sin that most easily beset him—that did indeed "stain his name"—and made him for many seasons the prey of remorse. But though it is not allowed to genius to redeem—though it is falsely said, that "the light that leads astray is light from heaven"—and though Burns's transgressions must be judged as those of common men, and visited with the same moral reprobation—yet surely we may dismiss them with a sigh from our knowledge, for a while, as we feel the charm of the exquisite poetry originating in the inspiration of passion, purified by genius, and congenial with the utmost innocence of the virgin breast.

In his LOVE-SONGS, all that is best in his own being delights to bring itself into communion with all that is best in theirs whom he visions walking before him in beauty. That beauty is made "still more beauteous" in the light of his genius, and the passion it then moves partakes of the same ethereal colour. If love inspired his poetry, poetry inspired his love, and not only inspired but elevated the whole nature of it. If the highest delights of his genius were in the conception and celebration of female loveliness, that trained sensibility was sure to produce extraordinary devotion to the ideal of that loveliness of which innocence is the very soul. If music refine the manners, how much more will it

have that effect on him who studies its spirit, as Burns did that of the Scottish songs, in order to marry them to verse. "Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I can never compose for it. My way is this: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression—then choose my theme—compose one stanza. When that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature round me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes. Seriously, this, at home, is almost invariably my way." Then we know that his Bonnie Jean was generally in his presence, engaged in house affairs, while he was thus on his inspiring swing, that she was among the first to hear each new song recited by her husband, and the first to sing it to him, that he might know if it had been produced to live. He has said, that "musically speaking, conjugal love is an instrument of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet"—that Love, not so confined, "has powers equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul." But did not those "tones inexpressibly sweet" often mingle themselves unawares to the Poet with those "intellectual modulations?" And had he not once loved Jean Armour to distraction? His first experiences of the passion of love, in its utmost sweetness and bitterness, had been for her sake, and the memories of those years came often of themselves unbidden into the very heart of his songs when his fancy was for the hour enamoured of other beauties.

With a versatility, not compatible perhaps with a capacity of profoundest emotion, but in his case with extreme tenderness, he could instantly assume, and often on the slightest apparent impulse, some imagined character as completely as if it were his own, and realize its conditions. Or he could imagine himself out of all the circumstances by which his individual life was environed, and to all the emotions arising from that transmigration, give utterance as lively as the language inspired by his communion with his own familiar world. Even when he knew he was dying, he looked in Jessie Lewars' face, whom he loved as a father loves his daughter, and that he might reward her filial tenderness for him who was fast wearing away, by an immortal song, in his affection for her he feigned a hopeless passion, and imagined himself the victim of despair;—

"Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in this world beside!"

It was said by one who during a long life kept saying weighty things—old Hobbes—that "in great differences of persons, the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner:

but not contrary." What Gilbert tells us of his brother might seem to corroborate that dictum—"His love rarely settled on persons who were higher than himself, or who had more consequence in life." This, however, could only apply to the early part of his life. Then he had few opportunities of fixing his affections on persons above him; and if he had had, their first risings would have been suppressed by his pride. But his after destination so far levelled the inequality that it was not unnatural to address his devotion to ladies of high degree. He then felt that he could command their benevolence, if not inspire their love; and elated by that consciousness, he feared not to use towards them the language of love, of unbounded passion. He believed, and he was not deceived in the belief, that he could exalt them in their own esteem, by hanging round their proud necks the ornaments of his genius. Therefore, sometimes, he seemed to turn himself away disdainfully from sunburnt bosoms in homespun covering, to pay his vows and adorations to the Queens of Beauty. The devoirs of a poet, whose genius was at their service, have been acceptable to many a high-born dame and damsel, as the submission of a conqueror. Innate superiority made him, in these hours, absolutely unable to comprehend the spirit of society as produced by artificial distinctions, and at all times unwilling to submit to it or pay it homage. "Perfection whispered passing by, Behold the Lass o' Ballochmyle!" and Burns, too proud to change himself into a lord or squire, imagined what happiness might have been his if all those charms had budded and blown within a cottage like "a rose-tree full in bearing."

* "O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle."

He speaks less passionately of the charms of "bonnie Lesley as she gaed owre the border," for they had not taken him by surprise; he was prepared to behold a queen, and with his own hands he placed upon her head the crown.

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither.

"Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee."

Nay, evil spirits look in her face and almost become good—while angels love her for her likeness to themselves, and happy she must be on earth in the eye of heaven. We know not much about the "Lovely Davis;" but in his stanzas she is the very Sovereign of Nature.

"Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and every flower,
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;
 Sae droops our heart when we must part
 Frae charming, lovely Davis.

"Her smile's a gift frae boon the lift
 That makes us mair than princes,
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her parting glances.
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davis."

The loveliest of one of the loveliest families in Scotland he changed into a lowly lassie, aye "working her mammie's work," and her lover into Young Robie—"who gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, and danced wi' Jeanie on the down." In imagination he is still himself the happy man—his loves are short and rapturous as his lyrics—and while his constancy may be complained of, it is impossible to help admiring the richness of his genius that keeps for ever bringing fresh tribute to her whom he happens to adore.

"Her voice is the voice of the morning,
 That wakes through the green-spreading grove
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love."

That was the voice of one altogether lovely—a lady elegant and accomplished—and adorning a higher condition than his own; but though finer lines were never written, they are not finer than these four inspired by the passing by of a young woman from the country, on the High Street of Dumfries, with her shoes and stockings in her hand, and her petticoats frugally yet liberally kilted to her knee.

"Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck."

It may be thought that such poetry is too high for the people—the common people—"beyond the reaches of their souls;" but Burns knew better—and he knew that he who would be their poet, must put forth all his powers. There is not a single thought, feeling, or image in all he ever wrote, that has not been comprehended in its full force by thousands and tens of thousands in the very humblest condition. They could not of themselves have conceived them—nor given utterance to any thing resembling them to our ears. How dull of apprehension! how unlike gods! But let them be spoken to, and they hear. Their hearts delighted with a strange sweet music which by recognition they understand, are not satisfied with listening, but yearn to respond; and the whole land that for many years had seemed but was not silent, in a few months is

overflowing with songs that had issued from highest genius it is true, but from the same source that is daily welling out its waters in every human breast. The songs that establish themselves among a people must indeed be simple—but the simplest feelings are the deepest, and once that they have received adequate expression, then they die not—but live for ever.

Many of his Love-songs are, as they ought to be, untinged with earthly desire, and some of these are about the most beautiful of any—as

“ Wilt thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That’s the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie.

“ Lassie, say thou lo’es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou’lt refuse me:
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo’es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo’es me.”

Nothing can be more exquisitely tender—passionless from the excess of passion—pure from very despair—love yet hopes for love’s confession though it feels it can be but a word of pity to sweeten death.

In the most exquisite of his Songs, he connects and blends the tenderest and most passionate emotions with all appearances—animate and inanimate ; in them all—and in some by a single touch—we are made to feel that we are in the midst of nature. A bird glints by, and we know we are in the woods—a primrose grows up, and we are among the braes—the mere name of a stream brings its banks before us—or two three words leave us our own choice of many waters.

“ Far dearer to me the lone glen of green bracken,
Wi’ the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.”

It has been thought that the eyes of “the labouring poor” are not very sensible—nay, that they are insensible to scenery—and that the pleasures thence derived are confined to persons of cultivated taste. True that the country girl, as she “lifts her leglin, and hies her away,” is thinking more of her lover’s face and figure—whom she hopes to meet in the evening—than of the trysting tree, or of the holm where the gray hawthorn has been standing for hundreds of years. Yet she knows right well that they are beautiful ; and she feels their beauty in the old song she is singing to herself, that at dead of winter recalls the spring time and all the loveliness of the season of leaves. The people know little about painting—how should they ? for unacquainted with the laws of perspective, they cannot see the landscape-picture on which instructed eyes gaze till the imagination be-

holds a paradise. But the landscapes themselves they do see—and they love to look on them. The ploughman does so, as he “homeward plods his weary way;” the reaper as he looks at what Burns calls his own light—“the reaper’s nightly beam, mild chequering through the trees.” If it were not so, why should they call it “Bonnie Scotland”—why should they call him “Sweet Robbie Burns?”

In his Songs they think of the flowers as alive, and with hearts: “How blest the flowers that round thee bloom!” In his Songs, the birds they hear singing in common hours with common pleasure, or give them not a thought, without losing their own nature partake of theirs, and shun, share, or mock human passion. He is at once the most accurate and the most poetical of ornithologists. By a felicitous epithet he characterizes each tribe according to song, plumage, habits, or haunts; often introduces them for sake of their own happy selves; oftener as responsive to ours, in the expression of their own joys and griefs.

“Oh, stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay—
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

“Again, again, that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi’ disdaining.

“Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join’d.
Sic notes o’ love could wauken.

“Thou tells o’ never-ending care:
O’ speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity’s sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!”

Who was Jenny Cruikshank? Only child “of my worthy friend, Mr William Cruikshank of the High School, Edinburgh.” Where did she live? On a floor at the top of a *common stair*, now marked No. 30, in James’ Square. Burns lived for some time with her father—his room being one which has a window looking out from the gable of the house upon the green behind the Register Office. There was little on that green to look at—perhaps “a washing” laid out to dry. But the poet saw a vision—and many a maiden now often sees it too—whose face may be of the coarsest, and her hair not of the finest—but who, in spite of all that, strange to say, has an imagination and a heart.

“A rose-bud by my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed baw,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning;
Ere twice the shades o’ dawn are fled,
In a’ its crimson glory spread;
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

“ Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little finnet fondly preat:
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 The morn shall see her tender brood
 The pride, the pleasure o’ the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew’d,
 Awake the early morning.

“ So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair !
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
 That tends thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent’s evening ray,
 That watch’d thy early morning.”

Indeed, in all his poetry, what an overflowing of tenderness, pity, and affection towards all living creatures that inhabit the earth, the water, and the air ! Of all men that ever lived, Burns was the least of a sentimentalist ; he was your true Man of Feeling. He did not preach to Christian people the duty of humanity to animals ; he spoke of them in winning words warm from a manliest breast, as his fellow-creatures, and made us feel what we owe. What child could well be cruel to a helpless animal who had read “ The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie ”—or “ The Twa Dogs ? ” “ The Auld Farmer’s New-years’-day Address to his Auld Mare Maggie ” has—we know—humanized the heart of a Gilmerton carter. “ Not a mouse stirring,” are gentle words at that hour from Shakspeare—when thinking of the ghost of a king ; and he would have loved brother Burns for saying—“ What makes thee startle, at me thy poor earth-born companion *and fellow mortal !* ” Safe-housed at fall of a stormy winter night, of whom does the poet think, along with the unfortunate, the erring, and the guilty of his own race ?

“ List’ning the doors an’ winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or only sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O’ winter war,
 An’ thro’ the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

“ Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
 That in the merry months o’ spring
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o’ thee ?
 Where wilt thou cow’r thy chattering wing,
 An’ close thy e’e ?

The poet loved the sportsman ; but lamenting in fancy “ Tam Samson’s Death ”—he could not help thinking, that “ on his mouldering breast, some spitefu’ muirfowl bigs her nest.” When at Kirkoswald studying trigonometry, plane and spherical, he sometimes associated with smugglers, but never with poachers. You cannot figure to yourself young Robert Burns stealing stoopingly along under cover of a hedge, with a long gun and a

lurcher, to get a shot at a hare sitting, and perhaps washing her face with her paws. No trumper ever “coft fur” at Mossgeil or Ellisland. He could have joined, had he liked, in the passionate ardour of the rod and the gun, the net and the leister; but he liked rather to think of all those creatures alive and well, “in their native element.” In his love-song to “the charming filette who overset his trigonometry,” and incapacitated him for the taking of the sun’s altitude, he says to her, on proposing to take a walk—

“Now westlin winds, and slaught’ring guns,
Bring autumn’s pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
Among the blooming heather.

“The partridge loves the fruitful fells; *
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring horn the fountains:
Thro’ lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o’erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

“Thus ev’ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man’s dominion;
The sportsman’s joy, the murd’ring cry,
The flutt’ring, gory pinion!”

Bruar Water, in his Humble Petition to the Noble Duke of Athole, prays that his banks may be made sylvan, that shepherd, lover, and bard may enjoy the shades; but chiefly for sake of the inferior creatures.

“Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You’ll wander on my banks,
And listen many a gratefu’ bird
Return you tunefu’ thanks.”

The sober laverock—the gowdspink gay—the strong blackbird—the clear lintwhite—the mavis mild and mellow—they will all sing “God bless the Duke.” And one mute creature will be more thankful than all the rest—“coward maukin sleep secure, low in her grassy form.” You know that he threatened to throw Jem Thomson, a farmer’s son near Ellisland, into the Nith, for sfooting at a hare—and in several of his morning landscapes a hare is hirpling by. What human and poetical sympathy is there in his address to the startled wild fowl on Loch Turit! He speaks of “parent, filial, kindred ties;” and in the closing lines who does not feel that it is *Burns* that speaks?

“Or, if man’s superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;

And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn, at least, to be his slave."

Whatever be his mood, grave or gladsome, mirthful or melancholy—or when sorrow smiles back to joy, or care joins hands with folly—he has always a thought to give to them who many think have no thought, but who all seemed to him, from highest to lowest in that scale of being, to possess each its appropriate degree of intelligence and love. In the "Sonnet written on his birth-day, January 25th 1793, on hearing a thrush sing in a morning-walk," it is truly affecting to hear how he connects, on the sudden, his own condition with all its cares and anxieties, with that of the cheerful bird upon the leafless bough—

"Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heaven bestows, that mite with thee I'll share."

We had intended to speak only of his Songs; and to them we return for a few minutes more, asking you to notice how cheering such of them as deal gladsomely with the concerns of this world must be to the hearts of them who of their own accord sing them to themselves, at easier work, or intervals of labour, or at gloaming when the day's darg is done. All partings are not sad—most are the reverse; lovers do not fear that they shall surely die the day after they have kissed farewell; on the contrary they trust, with the blessing of God, to be married at the term.

"Jockey's taen the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

"Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

"When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!

"He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame."

There is no great matter or merit, some one may say, in such lines as these—nor is there; but they express sweetly enough some natural sentiments, and what more would you have in a song? You have had far more in some songs to which we have given the go-by; but we are speaking now of the class of the simply pleasant; and on us their effect is like that of a gentle light falling on a pensive place, when there are no absolute clouds in the sky, and no sun visible either, but when that soft effusion, we know not whence, makes the whole day that had been somewhat sad, serene, and reminds us that it is summer. Believing you feel as we do, we do not fear to displease you by quoting "The Tither Mouu."

“ The tither morn, when I forlorn,
 Aneath an alk sat moaning,
 I didna trow, I'd see my jo,
 Beside me, gain the gloaming.
 But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig,
 And dauntingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck, did least expect',
 To see my lad so near me.

“ His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
 Cocked spruak when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat, wi' fairness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil take the war! I late and air,
 Hae wish'd syne Jock departed;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

“ I'm aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I ear'd na by, sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
 At kirk and fair, I'll aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.”

We believe that the most beautiful of his Songs are dearest to the people, and these are the passionate and the pathetic; but there are some connected in one way or other with the tender passion, great favourites too, from the light and lively up to the humorous and comic—yet among the broadest of that class there is seldom any coarseness—indecenty never—vulgar you may call some of them, if you please; they were not intended to be *genteel*. Flirts and coquettes of both sexes are of every rank; in humble life the saucy and scornful toss their heads full high, or “go by like stoure;” “for sake o' gowd she left me” is a complaint heard in all circles; “although the night be neer sae wet, and he be neer sae weary O,” a gentleman of a certain age will make himself ridiculous by dropping on the knees of his corduroy breeches; Auntie would fain become a mother and in order thereunto a wife, and waylays a hobblethoy; daughters the most filial think nothing of breaking their mothers' hearts as their grandmothers' were broken before them; innocents, with no other teaching but that of nature, in the conduct of intrigues in which verily there is neither shame nor sorrow, become systematic and consummate hypocrites not worthy to live—single; despairing swains are saved from suicide by peals of laughter from those for whom they fain would die, and so get noosed;—and surely here is a field—indicated and no more—wide enough for the Scottish Comic Muse, and would you know how productive to the hand of genius you have but to read Burns.

In one of his letters he says, “If I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes.” His nature was indeed humane; and the tender-nesses and kindlinesses apparent in every page of his poetry, and most of all in his Songs—cannot but have a humanizing influence on all those classes exposed by the necessities of their condition to many causes for ever at work to harden or shut up the heart. Burns

does not keep continually holding up to them the evils of their lot, continually calling on them to endure or to redress; but while he stands up for his Order, its virtues and its rights, and has bolts to hurl at the oppressor, his delight is to inspire contentment. In that solemn—"Dirge,"—a spiritual being, suddenly spied in the gloom, seems an Apparition, made sage by sufferings in the flesh, sent to instruct us and all who breathe that "Man was made to mourn."

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

But we shall suppose that "brother of the earth" rotten, and forgotten by the "bold peasantry their country's pride," who work without leave from worms. At his work we think we hear a stalwart tiller of the soil humming what must be a verse of Burns.

"Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

A spirit of Independence reigned alike in the Genius and the Character of Burns. And what is it but a strong sense of what is due to Worth apart altogether from the distinctions of society—the vindication of that Worth being what he felt to be the most honoured call upon himself in life? That sense once violated is destroyed, and therefore he guarded it as a sacred thing—only less sacred than Conscience. Yet it belongs to Conscience, and is the prerogative of Man as Man. Sometimes it may seem as if he watched it with jealousy, and in jealousy there is always weakness, because there is fear. But it was not so; he felt assured that his footing was firm and that his back was on a rock.

No blast could blow, no air could beguile him from the position he had taken up with his whole soul in "its pride of place." His words were justified by his actions, and his actions truly told his thoughts; his were a bold heart, a bold hand, and a bold tongue, for in the nobility of his nature he knew that though born and bred in a hovel he was the equal of the highest in the land; as he was—and no more—of the lowest, so that they too were MEN. For hear him speak—"What signify the silly, idle gew-gaws of wealth, or the ideal trumpery of greatness! When fellow-partakers of the same nature fear the same God, have the same benevolence of heart, the same nobleness of soul, the same detestation at every thing dishonest, and the same scorn at every thing unworthy—if they are not in the dependence of absolute beggary, in the name of common sense are they not EQUALS? And if the bias, the instinctive bias of their souls were the same way, why may they not be FRIENDS?" He was indeed privileged to write that "Inscription for an Altar to Independence."

"Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here."

Scotland's adventurous sons are now as proud of this moral feature of his poetry as of all the pictures it contains of their native country. Bound up in one volume it is the Manual of Independence. Were they not possessed of the same spirit, they would be ashamed to open it; but what they wear they win, what they eat they earn, and if frugal they be—and that is the right word—it is that on their return they may build a house on the site of their father's hut, and proud to remember that he was poor, live so as to deserve the blessings of the children of them who walked with him to daily labour on what was then no better than a wilderness, but has now been made to blossom like the rose. Ebenezer Elliot is no flatterer—and he said to a hundred and twenty Scotsmen in Sheffield met to celebrate the birth-day of Burns—

"Stern Mother of the deathless dead!
Where stands a Scot, a freeman stands;
Self-stayed, if poor—self-clothed—self-fed;
Mind-mighty in all lands.

"No wicked plunder need thy sons,
To save the wretch whom mercy spurns,
No classic lore thy little ones,
Who find a Bard in Burns.

"Their path tho' dark, they may not miss;
Secure they tread on danger's brink;
They say 'this shall be' and it is:
For ere they act, they think."

There are, it is true, some passages in his poetry, and more in his letters, in which this Spirit of Independence partakes too much of pride, and expresses itself in anger and scorn.

These, however, were but passing moods, and he did not love to cherish them; no great blame had they been more frequent and permanent—for his noble nature was exposed to many causes of such irritation, but it triumphed over them all. A few indignant flashes broke out against the littleness of the great; but nothing so paltry as personal pique inspired him with feelings of hostility towards the highest orders. His was an imagination that clothed high rank with that dignity which some of the degenerate descendants of old houses had forgotten; and whenever true noblemen “reverenced the lyre” and grasped the hand of the peasant who had received it from nature as his patrimony, Burns felt it to be nowise inconsistent with the stubbornest independence that ever supported a son of the soil in his struggles with necessity, reverently to doff his bonnet, and bow his head in their presence with a proud humility. Jeffrey did himself honour by acknowledging that he had been at first misled by occasional splenetic passages, in his estimation of Burns’s character, and by afterwards joining, in eloquent terms, in the praise bestowed by other kindred spirits on the dignity of its independence. “It is observed,” says Campbell with his usual felicity, “that he boasts too much of his independence; but in reality this boast is neither frequent nor obtrusive; and it is in itself the expression of a noble and laudable feeling. So far from calling up disagreeable recollections of rusticity, his sentiments triumph, by their natural energy, over those false and artificial distinctions which the mind is but too apt to form in allotting its sympathies to the sensibilities of the rich and poor. He carries us into the humble scenes of life, not to make us dole out our tribute of charitable compassion to paupers and cottagers, but to make us feel with them on equal terms, to make us enter into their passions and interests, and share our hearts with them as brothers and sisters of the human species.”

In nothing else is the sincerity of his soul more apparent than in his Friendships. All who had ever been kind to him he loved till the last. It mattered not to him what was their rank or condition—he returned, and more than returned their affection—he was, with regard to such ties, indeed of the family of the faithful. The consciousness of his infinite superiority to the common race of men, and of his own fame and glory as a Poet, never for a moment made him forget the humble companions of his obscure life, or regard with a haughty eye any face that had ever worn towards him an expression of benevolence. The Smiths, the Muirs, the Browns, and the Parkers, were to him as the Aikens, the Ballantynes, the Hamiltons, the Cunninghames, and the Ainslies—these as the Stewarts, the Gregorys, the Blairs, and the Mackenzies—these again as the Grahams and the Erskines—and these as the Daers, the Glencairns, and the other men of rank who were kind to him—all were his friends—his benefactors. His heart expanded towards them all, and throbbed with gratitude. His eldest son—and he has much of his father’s intellectual power—bears his own Christian name—the others are *James Glencairn*, and *William Nicol*—so called respectively after a nobleman to whom he thought he owed all—and a schoolmaster to whom he owed nothing—yet equally entitled to bestow—or receive that honour.

There is a beautiful passage in his Second Common Place Book, showing how deeply

he felt, and how truly he valued, the patronage which the worthy alone can bestow. "What pleasure is in the power of the fortunate and happy, by their notice and patronage, to brighten the countenance and glad the heart of depressed worth! I am not so angry with mankind for their deaf economy of the purse. The goods of this world cannot be divided without being lessened; but why be a niggard of that which bestows bliss on a fellow creature, yet takes nothing from our own means of enjoyment? Why wrap ourselves in the cloak of our own better fortune, and turn away our eyes lest the wants and cares of our brother mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls?" What was the amount of all the kindness shown him by the Earl of Glencairn? That excellent nobleman at once saw that he was a great genius,—gave him the hand of friendship—and in conjunction with Sir John Whiteford got the members of the Caledonian Hunt to subscribe for guinea instead of six shilling copies of his volume. That was all—and it was well. For that Burns was as grateful as for the preservation of life.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

He went into mourning on the death of his benefactor, and desired to know where he was to be buried, that he might attend the funeral, and drop a tear into his grave.

The "Lament for Glencairn" is one of the finest of Elegies. We cannot agree with those critics—some of them of deserved reputation—who have objected to the form in which the poet chose to give expression to his grief. Imagination, touched by human sorrow, loves to idealize; because thereby it purifies, elevates, and ennobles realities, without impairing the pathos belonging to them in nature. Many great poets—nor do we fear now to mention Milton among the number—have in such strains celebrated the beloved dead. They have gone out, along with the object of their desire, from the real living world in which they had been united, and shadowed forth in imagery that bears a high similitude to it, all that was most spiritual in the communion now broken in upon by the mystery of death. So it is in the *Lycidas*—and so it is in this "Lament." Burns imagines an aged Bard giving vent to his sorrow for his noble master's untimely death, among the "fading yellow woods, that wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream." That name at once awakens in us the thought of his own dawning genius; and though his head was yet dark as the raven's wing, and "the locks were bleached white with time" of the Apparition evoked with his wailing harp among "the winds lamenting thro' the caves," yet we feel on the instant that the imaginary mourner is one and the same with the real—that the old and the young are inspired with the same passion, and have but one heart. We are taken out of the present time, and placed in one far remote—yet by such removal the personality of the poet, so

far from being weakened, is enveloped in a melancholy light that shows it more endearingly to our eyes—the harp of other years sounds with the sorrow that never dies—the words heard are the everlasting language of affection—and is not the object of such lamentation aggrandized by thus being lifted into the domain of poetry?

“I’ve seen sae many changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“And last, (the sum of a’ my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
THE FLOW’R AMANG OUR BARONS BOLD,
HIS COUNTRY’S PRIDE, HIS COUNTRY’S STAY.”

We go along with such a mourner in his exaltation of the character of the mourned—great must have been the goodness to generate such gratitude—that which would have been felt to be exaggeration, if expressed in a form not thus imaginative, is here brought within our unquestioning sympathy—and we are prepared to return to the event in its reality, with undiminished fervour, when Burns re-appears in his own character without any disguise, and exclaims—

“Awake thy last sad voice, my harp,
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom,

“In poverty’s low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found’st me, like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.”

The Elegy on “Captain Mathew Henderson”—of whom little or nothing is now known—is a wonderfully fine flight of imagination, but it wants, we think, the deep feeling of the “Lament.” It may be called a Rapture. Burns says—“It is a tribute to a man I loved much;” and in “The Epitaph” which follows it, he draws his character—and a noble one it is—in many points resembling his own. With the exception of the opening and concluding stanzas, the Elegy consists entirely of a supplication to Nature to join with him in lamenting the death of the “ae best fellow ere was born;” and though to our ears there is something grating in that term, yet the disagreeableness of it is done away by the words immediately following:

"Thou, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
By man exil'd.

The poet is no sooner on the wing, than he rejoices in his strength of pinion, and with equal ease soars and stoops. We know not where to look, in the whole range of poetry, for an Invocation to the great and fair objects of the external world, so rich and various in imagery, and throughout so sustained; and here again we do not fear to refer to the *Lycidas*—and to say that Robert Burns will stand a comparison with John Milton.

" But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert cave,
 With wild thyme, and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn :
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling-herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's car.

Return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With crowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, • •
To strew the Laureat horse where Lycid lies."

All who know the "Lycidas," know how impossible it is to detach any one single passage from the rest, without marring its beauty of relationship—without depriving it of the charm consisting in the rise and fall—the undulation—in which the whole divine poem now gently and now magnificently fluctuates. But even when thus detached, the poetry of these passages is exquisite—the expression is perfect—consummate art has crowned the conceptions of inspired genius—and shall we dare to set by their side stanzas written by a ploughman? We shall. But first hear Wordsworth. In the *Excursion*, the Pedlar says—and the Exciseman corroborates its truth—

“The poets in their elegies and hymns
Lamenting the departed, call the groves;
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn;

And senseless rocks; nor idly: for they speak
In these their invocations with a voice
Of human passion."

You have heard Milton—hear Burns—

"Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your crested cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yeams,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

"Mourn, ilka grove the cushet kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briry dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frac linn to linn!

"Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to sec,
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

"At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head;
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale;
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wall.

"Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye kurlaws calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood!—
He's gane for ever!

"Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

"Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frac our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham ye deplore.

"Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld trec, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

" Oh, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe?
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

" Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
 For him that's dead.

" Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
 Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

" Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
 Mourn, empress of the silent night!
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return."

Of all Burns's friends the most efficient was Graham of Fintry. To him he owed Excise-men's *diploma*—settlement as a gauger in the District of Ten Parishes, when he was gudeman at Ellisland—translation as gauger to Dumfries—support against insidious foes despicable yet not to be despised with rumour at their head—vindication at the Excise Board—*pro loco et tempore* supervisorship—and though he knew not of it, security from dreaded degradation on his deathbed. "His First Epistle to Mr Graham of Fintry," is in the style, shall we say it, of Dryden and Pope? It is a noble composition; and these fine, vigorous, rough, and racy lines truly and duly express at once his independence and his gratitude:

" Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
 Backward, abash'd, to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
 But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But groveling on the earth the carols ends.
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all their future days!

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a-week I've liv'd before.
 Tho' thanks to heaven, I dare even that last shift!
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight."

Read over again the last three lines! The favour requested was removal from the laborious and extensive district which he *surveyed* for the Excise at Ellisland to one of smaller dimensions at Dumfries! In another Epistle, he renews the request, and says most affectingly—

"I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
 Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!—
 Pintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and sooth his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!"

The favour was granted—and in another Epistle was requited with immortal thanks.

"I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
 Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

"Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface,
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!"

Love, Friendship, Independence, Patriotism—these were the perpetual inspirers of his genius, even when they did not form the theme of his effusions. His religious feelings, his resentment against hypocrisy, and other occasional inspirations, availed only to the occasion on which they appear. But these influence him at all times, even while there is not a whisper about them, and when himself is unconscious of their operation. Every thing most distinctive of his character will be found to appertain to them, whether we regard him as a poet or a man. His Patriotism was of the true poetic kind—intense—exclusive; Scotland and the climate of Scotland were in his eyes the dearest to nature—Scotland and the people of Scotland the mother and the children of liberty. In his exultation, when a thought of foreign lands crost his fancy, he asked, "What are they? the haunts of the tyrant and slave." This was neither philosophical nor philanthropical; in this Burns was

a bigot. And the cosmopolite may well laugh to hear the cottager proclaiming that "the brave Caledonian views with disdain" spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains with their ore and their nutmegs—and blessing himself in scant apparel on "cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave." The doctrine will not stand the scrutiny of judgment; but with what concentrated power of poetry does the prejudice burst forth? Let all lands have each its own prejudiced, bigotted, patriotic poets, blind and deaf to what lies beyond their own horizon, and thus shall the whole habitable world in due time be glorified. Shakspeare himself was never so happy as when setting up England, in power, in beauty, and in majesty above all the kingdoms of the earth.

In times of national security the feeling of Patriotism among the masses is so quiescent that it seems hardly to exist—in their case national glory or national danger awakens it, and it leaps up armed *cap-a-pie*. But the sacred fire is never extinct in a nation, and in tranquil times it is kept alive in the hearts of those who are called to high functions in the public service—by none is it *beeted* so surely as by the poets. It is the identification of individual feeling and interest with those of a community; and so natural to the human soul is this enlarged act of sympathy, that when not called forth by some great pursuit, peril, or success, it applies itself intensely to internal policy; and hence the animosities and rancour of parties, which are evidences, nay forms, though degenerate ones, of the Patriotic Feeling; and this is proved by the fact that on the approach of common danger, party differences in a great measure cease, and are transmuted into the one harmonious elemental Love of our Native Land. Burns was said at one time to have been a Jacobin as well as a Jacobite; and it must have required even all his genius to effect such a junction. He certainly wrote some so-so verses to the Tree of Liberty, and like Cowper, Wordsworth, and other great and good men, rejoiced when down fell the Bastille. But when there was a talk of taking our Island, he soon evinced the nature of his affection for the French.

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir,
The Nith shall run to Corsinoon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally?
Fall de rall, &c.

"O let us not like *smarling* tykes
In *wrangling* be divided;
Till *slip* come in an unco loon.
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among ourself united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

"The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
But doil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By heaven the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.
 Fall de rill, &c.

"The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,
 Who would set the *mob* aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together!
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People."

These are far from being 'elegant' stanzas—there is even a rudeness about them—but 'tis the rudeness of the Scottish Thistle—a paraphrase of "*nemo me impune lacesset*." The staple of the war-song is home-grown and home-spun. It flouts the air like a banner *not* idly spread, whereon "the ruddy Lion ramps in gold." Not all the orators of the day, in Parliament or out of it, in all their speeches put together embodied more political wisdom, or appealed with more effective power to the noblest principles of patriotism in the British heart.

"A gentleman of birth and talents" thus writes, in 1835, to Allan Cunningham, "I was at the play in Dumfries, October 1792, the Caledonian Hunt being then in town—the play was 'As you like it'—Miss Fontenelle, Rosalind—when 'God save the king' was called for and sung; we all stood up uncovered, but Burns sat still in the middle of the pit, with his hat on his head. There was a great tumult, with shouts of 'turn him out' and 'shame Burns!' which continued a good while, at last he was either expelled or forced to take off his hat—I *forget which*." And a lady with whom Robert Chambers once conversed, "remembered being present in the theatre of Dumfries, during the heat of the Revolution, when Burns entered the pit somewhat affected by liquor. On *God save the king* being struck up, the audience rose as usual, all except the intemperate poet, who cried for *Ca ira*. A tumult was the consequence, and Burns was compelled to leave the house." We cannot believe that Burns ever was guilty of such vulgar insolence—such brutality; nothing else at all like it is recorded of him—and the worthy story-tellers are not at one as to the facts. The gentleman's memory is defective; but had he himself been the offender, surely he would not have forgot whether he had been compelled to take off his hat, or had been jostled, perhaps only kicked out of the play-house. The lady's eyes and ears were sharper—for she saw "Burns enter the pit somewhat affected by liquor," and then heard him "cry for *Ca ira*." By what means he was "compelled to leave the house," she does not say; but as he was "sitting in the middle of the pit," he must have been walked out very gently, so as not to have attracted the attention of the male narrator. If this public outrage on all decorum, decency, and loyalty, had been perpetrated by Burns, in *October*, one is at a loss to comprehend how, in *December*, he could have been "surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr Mitchell, the Collector, telling me that he has received an order for

your Board to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government." The fact we believe to be this—that Burns, whose loyalty was suspected, had been rudely commanded to take off his hat by some vociferous time-servers—*just as he was going to do so*—that the row arose from his declining to uncover on compulsion, and subsided on his disdainfully doffing his beaver of his own accord. Had he cried for *Ca ira*, he would have deserved dismissal from the Excise; and in his own opinion, translation to another post—"Wha will not sing God save the King, shall hang as high's the steeple." *The year before*, "during the heat of the French Revolution," Burns composed his grand war-song—"Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies," and sent it to Mrs Dunlop with these words: "I have just finished the following song, which to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers—needs neither preface nor apology." And *the year after*, he composed "The Poor and Honest Sodger," "which was sung," says Allan Cuninghame, "in every cottage, village, and town. Yet the man who wrote it was supposed by the mean and the spiteful to be no well-wisher to his country!" Why, as men who have any hearts at all, love their parents in any circumstances, so they love their country, be it great or small, poor or wealthy, learned or ignorant, free or enslaved; and even disgrace and degradation will not quench their filial affection to it. But Scotsmen have good reason to be proud of their country; not so much for any particular event, as for her whole historical progress. Particular events, however, are thought of by them as the landmarks of that progress; and these are the great points of history "conspicuous in the nation's eye." Earlier times present "the unconquered Caledonian spear;" later, the unequal but generally victorious struggles with the sister country, issuing in national independence; and later still, the holy devotion of the soul of the people to their own profound religious Faith, and its simple Forms. Would that Burns had pondered more on that warfare! That he had sung its final triumph! But we must be contented with his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" and with repeating after it with him, "So may God defend the cause of truth and liberty, as he did that day! Amen!"

Mr Syme tells us that Burns composed this ode on the 31st of July, 1793, on the moor road between Kenmure and Gatehouse. "The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark—the winds sighed hollow—the lightning gleamed—the thunders rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word—but seemed rapt in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall—it poured in floods upon us. For three hours did the wild elements rumble their bellyful upon our defenceless heads." That is very fine indeed; and "what do you think," asks Mr Syme, "Burns was about? He was charging the English Army along with Bruce at Bannockburn." On the second of August—when the weather was more sedate—on their return from St Mary's Isle to Dumfries "he was engaged in the same manner;" and it appears from one of his own letters, that he returned to the charge one evening in September. The thoughts, and feelings, and images, came rushing upon him during the storm—they formed them-

selves into stanzas, like so many awkward squads of raw levies, during the serene state of the atmosphere—and under the harvest moon, firm as the measured tread of marching men, with admirable precision they wheeled into line. This account of the composition of the Ode would seem to clear Mr Syme from a charge nothing short of falsehood brought against him by Allan Cunningham. Mr Syme's words are, "I said that in the midst of the storm, on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was rapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner in our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. *Next day he produced me the address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy to Dalzell.*" Nothing can be more circumstantial; and if not true, it is a thumper. Allan says, "Two or three plain words, and a stubborn date or two, will go far I fear to raise this pleasing legend into the regions of romance. The Galloway adventure, according to Syme, happened in July; but in the succeeding September, the poet announced the song to Thomson in these words: "There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland that the air of '*Hey tuttie taittie*' was Robert Bruce's march at the Battle of Bannockburn. This thought in my *yesternight's evening walk* warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode—that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. I showed the air to Urbani, who was greatly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing idea of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused up my rhyming mania?" Currie, to make the letter agree with the legend, altered *yesternight's evening walk* into solitary wanderings. Burns was indeed a remarkable man, and yielded no doubt to strange impulses; but to compose a song 'in thunder, lightning, and in rain,' intimates such self-possession as few possess. We can more readily believe that Burns wrote "*yesternight's evening walk*," to save himself the trouble of entering into any detail of his previous study of the subject, than that Syme told a downright lie. As to composing a song in a thunder storm, Cunningham—who is himself "a remarkable man," and has composed some songs worthy of being classed with those of Burns, would find it one of the easiest and pleasantest of feats; for lightning is among the most harmless vagaries of the electric fluid, and in a hilly country, seldom sings but worsted stockings and sheep.

Burns sent the Address in its perfection to George Thomson—recommending it to be set to the old air—"Hey tuttie taittie"—according to Tradition, who cannot, however, be reasonably expected "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—Robert Bruce's march at the Battle of Bannockburn. A committee of taste sat on "*Hey tuttie taittie*," and pronounced it execrable. "I happened to dine yesterday, says Mr Thomson, with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it; entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the

idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur as ‘*Hey tuttie taitie*.’ Assuredly your partiality for this tune must arise from the ideas associated in your mind by the tradition concerning it, for I never heard any person—and I have conversed again and again with the greatest enthusiasts for Scottish airs—I say, I never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice. I have been running over the whole hundred airs—of which I have lately sent you the list—and I think Lewie Gordon is most happily adapted to your ode, at least with a very slight alteration of the fourth line, which I shall presently submit to you. Now the variation I have to suggest upon the last line of each verse, the only line too short for the air, is as follows: Verse 1st, Or to *glorious victory*. 2d, *Chains—chains and slavery*. 3d, Let him, *let him* turn and flee. 4th, Let him *bravely* follow me. 5th, But *they shall*, they shall be free. 6th, Let us, *let us* do or die.” “Glorious” and “bravely,” bad as they are, especially “bravely,” which is indeed most bitter bad, might have been borne; but just suppose for a moment, that Robert Bruce had, in addressing his army “on the morning of that eventful day,” come over again in that odd way every word he uttered, “chains—chains;” “let him—let him;” “they shall—they shall;” “let us—let us;” why the army would have thought him a Bauldy! Action, unquestionably, is the main point in oratory, and Bruce might have imposed on many by the peculiar style in which it is known he handled his battle-axe, but we do not hesitate to assert that had he stuttered in that style, the English would have won the day. Burns winced sorely, but did what he could to accommodate Lewie Gordon.

“The only line,” said Mr T. “which I dislike in the whole of the song is ‘Welcome to your gory bed.’ Would not another word be preferable to ‘welcome?’” Mr T. proposed “honour’s bed;” but Burns replied, “your idea of ‘honour’s bed’ is, though a beautiful, a hackneyed idea; so if you please we will let the line stand as it is.” But Mr T. was tenacious—“one word more with regard to your heroic ode. I think, with great deference to the poet, that a prudent general would avoid saying any thing to his soldiers which might tend to make death more frightful than it is. ‘Gory’ presents a disagreeable image to the mind; and to tell them ‘Welcome, to your gory bed,’ seems rather a discouraging address, notwithstanding the alternative which follows. I have shown the song to *three friends of excellent taste*, and each of them objected to this line, which emboldens me to use the freedom of bringing it again under your notice. I would suggest ‘Now prepare for honour’s bed, or for glorious victory.’” Quoth Burns grimly—“My ode pleases me so much that I cannot alter it. Your proposed alteration would, in my opinion, make it tame. I have scrutinized it over and over again, and to the world some way or other it shall go, as it is.” That four Scotsmen, taken *seriatim et separatim*—in the martial ardour of their patriotic souls should object to “Welcome to your gory bed,” from an uncommunicated apprehension common to the nature of them all and operating like an instinct, that it was fitted to frighten Robert Bruce’s army, and make it take to its heels, leaving the cause of Liberty and Independence to shift for itself, is a coincidence that sets at defiance the doctrine of chances, proves history to be indeed an old almanack, and national character an empty name.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as he a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!"

All Scotsmen at home and abroad swear this is the Grandest Ode out of the Bible. What if it be not an Ode at all? An Ode, however, let it be; then, wherein lies the power it possesses of stirring up into a devouring fire the *perfertidum ingenium Scotorum*? The two armies suddenly stand before us in order of battle—and in the grim repose preceding the tempest we hear but the voice of Bruce. The whole Scottish army hears it—now standing on their feet—risen from their knees as the abbot of Inchchaffray had blessed them and the Banner of Scotland with its roots of Stone. At the first six words a hollow murmur is in that wood of spears. "Welcome to your gory bed!" a shout that shakes the sky. Hush! hear the King. At *Edward's* name what a yell! "Wha will be a traitor knave?" Muttering thunder growls reply. The inspired Host in each appeal anticipates the Leader—yet shudders with fresh wrath, as if each reminded it of some intolerable wrong. "Let us do or die"—the English are overthrown—and Scotland is free.

That is a very Scottish critique indeed—but none the worse for that; so our English friends must forgive it, and be consoled by Flodden. The Ode is sublime. Death and Life at that hour are one and the same to the heroes. So that Scotland but survive, what is breath or blood to them? Their being is in their country's liberty, and with it secured they will live for ever.

Our critique is getting more and more Scottish still; so to rid ourselves of nationality, we request such of you as think we over laud the Ode to point out one word in it that would be better away. You cannot. Then pray have the goodness to point out one word

missing that ought to have been there—please to insert a desiderated stanza. You cannot. Then let the bands of all the Scottish regiments play “Hey tuittie taitie;” and the two Dun-Edins salute one another with a salvo that shall startle the echoes from Berwick-Law to Benmore.

Of the delight with which Burns laboured for Mr Thomson’s Collection, his letters contain some lively description. “You cannot imagine,” says he, 7th April, 1793, “how much this business has added to my enjoyment. What with my early attachment to ballads, your book and ballad-making are now as completely my hobby as ever fortification was my uncle Toby’s; so I’ll e’en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race (God grant I may take the right side of the winning post), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, ‘Sae merry as we a’ hae been,’ and r ising my last looks to the whole human race, the last words of the voice of Coila shall be, ‘Good night and joy be with you a’!” James Gray was the first, who independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of the charges that had too long been suffered to circulate without refutation against Burns’s character and conduct during his later years, by pointing to these almost daily effusions of his clear and unclouded genius. His innumerable Letters furnish the same best proof; and when we consider how much of his time was occupied by his professional duties, how much by perpetual interruption of visitors from all lands, how much by blameless social intercourse with all classes in Dumfries and its neighbourhood, and how frequently he suffered under constitutional ailments affecting the very seat and source of life, we cannot help despising the unreflecting credulity of his biographers who with such *products* before their eyes, such a display of feeling, fancy, imagination and intellect continually alive and on the alert, could keep one after another for twenty years in doleful dissertations deploring over his *habits*—most of them at the close of their wearisome moralizing anxious to huddle all up, that his countrymen might not be obliged to turn away their faces in shame from the last scene in the Tragedy of the Life of Robert Burns.

During the four years Burns lived in Dumfries he was never known for one hour to be negligent of his professional duties. We are but imperfectly acquainted with the details of the business of a gauger, but the calling must be irksome; and he was an active, steady, correct, courageous officer—to be relied on equally in his conduct and his accounts. Josiah Walker, who was himself, if we mistake not, for a good many years in the Customs or Excise at Perth, will not allow him to have been a good gauger. In descanting on the unfortunate circumstances of his situation, he says with a voice of authority, “his superiors were bound to attend to no qualification, but such as was conducive to the benefit of the revenue; and it would have been equally criminal in them to pardon any incorrectness on account of his literary genius, as on account of his dexterity in ploughing. The merchant or attorney who acts for himself alone, is free to overlook some errors of his clerk, for the sake of merits totally unconnected with business; but the Board of Excise had no power to indulge their poetical taste, or their tenderness for him by whom it had been gratified, at the expense of

the public. Burns was therefore in a place where he could turn his peculiar endowments to little advantage ; and where he could not, without injustice, be preferred to the most obtuse and uninteresting of his brethren, who surpassed him in the humble recommendation of exactness, vigilance, and sobriety. Attention to these circumstances might have prevented insinuations against the liberality of his superior officers, for showing so little desire to advance him, and so little indulgence to those eccentricities for which the natural temperament of genius could be pleaded. For two years, however, Burns stood sufficiently high in the opinion of the Board, and it is surely by no means improper, that where professional pretensions are nearly balanced, the additional claims of literary talent should be permitted to turn the scale. Such was the reasoning of a particular member of the Board—whose taste and munificence were of corresponding extent, and who saw no injustice in giving some preference to an officer who could write permits as well as any other, and poems much better.” Not for worlds would we say a single syllable derogatory from the merits of the Board of Excise. We respect the character of the defunct ; and did we not, still we should have the most delicate regard to the feelings of its descendants, many of whom are probably now prosperous gentlemen. It was a Board that richly deserved, in all its dealings, the utmost eulogies with which the genius and gratitude of Josiah Walker could brighten its green cloth. Most criminal indeed would it have been in such a Board—most wicked and most sinful—“to pardon any incorrectness on account of Burns’s literary genius, as on account of his dexterity in ploughing.” Deeply impressed with a sense—approaching to that of awe—of the responsibility of the Board to its conscience and its country, we feel that it is better late than never, thus to declare before the whole world, A.D. 1840, that from winter 1791 to summer 1796, the “Board had no power to indulge their poetical taste, or their tenderness for him by whom it had been gratified, at the expense of the public.” The Board, we doubt not, had a true innate poetical taste, and must have derived a far higher and deeper delight from the poems than the permits of Burns ; nay, we are willing to believe that it was itself the author of a volume of poetry, and editor of a literary journal. •

But surpassing even Josiah Walker in our veneration of the Board, we ask, what has all this to do with the character of Burns ? Its desire and its impotency to promote him are granted ; but of what incorrectness had Burns been guilty, which it would have been criminal in the Board to pardon ? By whom, among the “most obtuse and uninteresting of his brethren,” had he been surpassed “in the humble recommendation of exactness, vigilance, and sobriety ?” Not by a single one. Mr Findlater, who was Burns’s supervisor from his admission into the Excise, *and sat by him the night before he died*, says, “In all that time, the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a part of my official province, and it may be supposed I would not be an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen. In the former capacity he was exemplary in his attention, and was even jealous of the least imputation on his vigilance. * * * It was not till near the latter end of

his days, that there was any falling off in this respect, and this was amply accounted for in the pressure of disease and accumulating infirmities. I will farther avow, that I never saw him—which was very frequently while he lived at Ellisland—and still more so, almost every day, after he removed to Dumfries, but in hours of business he was quite himself, and capable of discharging the duties of his office; nor was he ever known to drink by himself, or ever to indulge in the use of liquor on a forenoon. I have seen Burns in all his various phases—in his convivial moments—in his sober moods—and in the bosom of his family; indeed, I believe that I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, after he became an excise officer, and I never beheld any thing like the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That when set down on an evening with a few friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hour beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable; but in his family I will venture to say he was never otherwise than as attentive and affectionate to a high degree.” Such is the testimony of the supervisor respecting the gauger; and in that capacity Burns stands up one of its very best servants before the Board. There was no call, therefore, for Josiah’s Jeremiad. But our words have not been wasted; for Burns’s character has suffered far more from such aspersions as these, which, easily as they can be wiped away, were too long left as admitted stains on his memory, than from definite and direct charges of specific facts; and it is still the duty of every man who writes about him, to apply the sponge. Nothing, we repeat, shall tempt us to blame or abuse the Board. But we venture humbly to confess that we do not clearly see that the Board would have been “gratifying its tenderness at the expense of the public,” had it, when told by Burns that he was dying, and disabled by the hand of God from performing actively the duties of his temporary supervisorship, requested *its maker* to continue to him for a few months his full salary—seventy pounds a-year—instead of reducing it in the proportion of one half—not because he was a genius, a poet, and the author of many immortal productions—but merely because he was a man and an exciseman, and moreover the father of a few mortal children, who with their mother were in want of bread.

Gray, whom we knew well and highly esteemed, was a very superior man to honest Findlater—a man of poetical taste and feeling, and a scholar—on all accounts well entitled to speak of the character of Burns; and though there were no bounds to his enthusiasm when poets and poetry were the themes of his discourse, he was a worshipper of truth, and rightly believed that it was best seen in the light of love and admiration. Compare his bold, generous, and impassioned eulogy on the noble qualities and dispositions of his illustrious friend, with the timid, guarded, and repressed praise for ever bordering on censure, of biographers who never saw the poet’s face, and yet have dared to draw his character with the same assurance of certainty in their delineations as if they had been of the number of his familiars, and had looked a thousand times, by night and day, into the saddest secrets of his heart. Far better, surely, in a world like this, to do more rather than less than justice to the goodness of great men. No fear that the world, in its final judgment,

will not make sufficient deduction from the laud, if it be exaggerated, which love inspired by admiration and pity, delights to bestow, as the sole tribute now in its power, on the virtues of departed genius. Calumny may last for ages—we had almost said for ever; lies have life even in their graves, and centuries after they have been interred they will burst their cerements, and walk up and down, in the face of day, undistinguishable to the weak eyes of mortals from truths—till they touch; and then the truths expand, and the lies shrivel up, but after a season to reappear, and to be welcomed back again by the dwellers in this delusive world.

“He was courted,” says Gray, “by all classes of men for the fascinating powers of his conversation, but over his social scene uncontrolled passion never presided. Over the social bowl, his wit flashed for hours together, penetrating whatever it struck, like the fire from heaven; but even in the hour of thoughtless gaiety and merriment I never knew it tainted by indecency. It was playful or caustic by turns, following an allusion through all its windings; astonishing by its rapidity, or amusing by its wild originality and grotesque yet natural combinations, but never, within my observation, disgusting by its grossness. In his morning hours, I never saw him like one suffering from the effects of last night’s intemperance. He appeared then clear and unclouded. He was the eloquent advocate of humanity, justice, and political freedom. From his paintings, virtue appeared more lovely, and piety assumed a more celestial mien. While his keen eye was pregnant with fancy and feeling, and his voice attuned to the very passion which he wished to communicate, it would hardly have been possible to conceive any being more interesting and delightful. * * * The men with whom he generally associated, were not of the lowest order. He numbered among his intimate friends, many of the most respectable inhabitants of Dumfries and the vicinity. Several of those were attached to him by ties that the hand of calumny, busy as it was, could never snap asunder. They admired the poet for his genius, and loved the man for the candour, generosity, and kindness of his nature. His early friends clung to him through good and bad report, with a zeal and fidelity that prove their disbelief of the malicious stories circulated to his disadvantage. Among them were some of the most distinguished characters in this country, and not a few females, eminent for delicacy, taste, and genius. They were proud of his friendship, and cherished him to the last moment of his existence. He was endeared to them even by his misfortunes, and they still retain for his memory that affectionate veneration which virtue alone inspires.”

Gray tells us too that it came under his own view professionally, that Burns superintended the education of his children—and promising children they were, nor has that promise been disappointed—with a degree of care that he had never known surpassed by any parent whatever; that to see him in the happiest light you had to see him, as he often did, in his own house, and that nothing could exceed the mutual affection between husband and wife in that lowly tenement. Yet of this man, Josiah Walker, who claims to have been his friend as well as James Gray, writes, “soured by disappointment, and stung with occasional remorse, *impatient of finding little to interest him at home, and ren-*

dered inconstant from returns of his hypochondriacal ailment, multiplied by his irregular life, he saw the difficulty of keeping terms with the world; *and abandoned the attempt in a rash and regardless despair!*"

It may be thought by some that we have referred too frequently to Walker's Memoir, perhaps that we have spoken of it with too much asperity, and that so respectable a person merited tenderer treatment at our hands. He was a respectable person, and for that very reason, we hope by our strictures to set him aside for ever as a biographer of Burns. He had been occasionally in company with the Poet in Edinburgh, in 1787, and had seen him during his short visit at Athol house. "Circumstances led him to Scotland in November 1795, after an absence of eight years, and he felt strongly prompted" to visit his old friend; for your common-place man immediately becomes hand in glove with your man of genius, to whom he has introduced himself, and ever after the first interview designates him by that flattering appellation "my friend." "For this purpose I went to Dumfries, and called upon him early in the forenoon. I found him in a small house of one storey. He was sitting in a window seat reading with the doors open, and the family arrangements going on in his presence, and altogether without that snugness and seclusion which a student requires. After conversing with him for some time, he proposed a walk, and promised to conduct me through some of his favourite haunts. We accordingly quitted the town, and wandered a considerable way up the beautiful banks of the Nith. Here he gave me an account of his latest productions, and repeated some satirical ballads which he had composed, to favour one of the Candidates at last election. These I thought inferior to his other pieces, though they had some lines in which dignity compensated for coarseness. He repeated also his fragment of an *Ode to Liberty*, with marked and peculiar energy, and shewed a disposition which, however, was easily repressed, to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reproached. On finishing our walk, he passed some time with me at the inn, and I left him early in the evening, to make another visit at some distance from Dumfries. On the second morning after I returned with a friend—who was acquainted with the poet—and we found him ready to pass a part of the day with us at the inn. On this occasion I did not think him quite so interesting as he had appeared at the outset. His conversation was too elaborate, and his expression weakened by a frequent endeavour to give it artificial strength. He had been accustomed to speak for applause in the circles which he frequented, and seemed to think it necessary, in making the most common remark, to depart a little from the ordinary simplicity of language, and to couch it in something of epigrammatic point. In his praise and censure he was so decisive, as to render a dissent from his judgment difficult to be reconciled with the laws of good breeding. His wit was not more licentious than is unhappily too venial in higher circles, though I thought him rather unnecessarily free in the avowal of his excesses. Such were the clouds by which the pleasures of the evening were partially shaded, but frequent corruscations of genius were visible between them. When it began to grow late, he showed no disposition to retire, but

called for fresh supplies of liquor with a freedom which might be excusable, as we were in an inn, and no condition had been distinctly made, though it might easily have been inferred, had the inference been welcome, that he was to consider himself as our guest; nor was it till he saw us worn out, that he departed about three in the morning with a reluctance, which probably proceeded less from being deprived of our company, than from being confined to his own. Upon the whole, I found this last interview not quite so gratifying as I had expected; although I discovered in his conduct no errors which I had not seen in men who stand high in the favour of society, or sufficient to account for the mysterious insinuations which I heard against his character. He on this occasion drank freely without being intoxicated—a circumstance from which I concluded, not only that his constitution was still unbroken, but that he was not addicted to solitary cordials; for if he had tasted liquor in the morning, he must have easily yielded to the excess of the evening. He did not, however, always escape so well. About two months after, returning at the same unseasonable hour from a similar revel, in which he was probably better supported by his companions, he was so much disordered as to occasion a considerable delay in getting home, where he arrived with the chill of cold without, and inebriety within,” &c.

And for this the devotee had made what is called “a pilgrimage to the shrine of genius” as far as Dumfries! Is this the spirit in which people with strong propensities for poetry are privileged to write of poets, long after they have been gathered to their rest? No tenderness—no pity—no respect—no admiration—no gratitude—no softening of heart—no kindling of spirit—on recollection of his final farewell to Robert Burns! If the interview had not been satisfactory, he was bound in friendship to have left no record of it. Silence in that case was a duty especially incumbent on him who had known Burns in happier times, when “Dukes, and Lords, and mighty Earls” were proud to receive the ploughman. He might not know it then, but he knew it soon afterwards, that Burns was much broken down in body and in spirit.

Those two days should have worn to him in retrospect a mournful complexion; and the more so, that he believed Burns to have been then a ruined man in character, which he had once prized above life. He calls upon him early in the forenoon, and finds him “in a small house of one storey, (it happened to have two) on a window-seat reading, with the doors open, and the family arrangements going on in his presence.” After eight years absence from Scotland, did not his heart leap at the sight of her greatest son sitting thus happy in his own humble household? Twenty years after, did not his heart melt at the rising up of the sanctified image? No—for the room was “altogether *without that appearance of snugness and seclusion* which a student requires!” The Poet conducted him through some of his beautiful haunts, and for his amusement let off some of his electioneering squibs, which are among the very best ever composed, and Whiggish as they are, might have tickled a Tory as they jogged along; but Jos thought them “inferior to his other pieces,” and so no doubt they were to the “Cottar’s Saturday Night,” and “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.” Perhaps they walked as far as Lincluden—and the bard repeated his

famous fragment of an "Ode to Liberty"—with "marked and peculiar energy." The listener ought to have lost his wits, and to have leapt sky-high. But he who was destined to "The Defence of Order," felt himself called by the voice that sent him on that mission, to rebuke the bard on the banks of his own river—for "he showed a disposition which, however, was easily repressed, to throw out political remarks, of the same nature with those for which he had been reprehended," three years before by the Board of Ex-cise! Mr Walker was not a Commissioner. Burns, it is true, had been told "not to think;" but here was a favourable opportunity for violating with safety that imperial mandate. Woods have ears, but in their whispers they betray no secrets—had Burns talked treason, 'twould have been pity to stop his tongue. The world is yet rather in the dark as to "the political remarks for which he had been reprehended," and as he "threw out some of the same nature," why was the world allowed to remain unenlightened? What right had Josiah Walker to repress any remarks made, in the confidence of friendship, by Robert Burns? And what power? Had Burns chosen it, he could as easily have *squabashed* Josiah as thrown him into the Nith. He was not to be put down by fifty such; he may have refrained, but he was not repressed, and in courtesy to his companion, treated him with an old wife's song.

The record of the second day is shameful. To ask any person, however insignificant, to your inn, and then find fault with him in a private letter for keeping you out of bed, would not be gentlemanly; but of such offence twenty years after his death publicly to accuse Burns! No mention is made of dinner—and we shrewdly suspect Burns dined at home. However, he gave up two days to the service of his friend, and his friend's friend, and such was his reward. Why did not this dignified personage "repress" Burns's licentious wit as well as his political opinions? If it was "not more licentious than is unhappily too venial in higher circles," why mention it at all? What were "the excesses" of which he was unnecessarily free in the avowal? They could not have regarded unlawful intercourse with the sex—for "they were not sufficient to account for the mysterious insinuations against his character," all of which related to women. Yet this wretched mixture of meanness, worldliness, and morality, interlarded with some liberal sentiment, and spiced with spite, absolutely seems intended for a vindication!

There are generally two ways at least of telling the same story; and 'tis pity we have not Burns's own account of that long *sederunt*. It is clear that before midnight he had made the discovery that his right and his left hand assessor were a couple of solemn block-heads, and that to relieve the tedium, he kept plying them with all manner of *bams*. Both gentlemen were probably in black, and though laymen, decorous as deacons on religion and morality—defenders of the faith—sententious champions of Church and State. It must have been amusing to see them gape. Nobody ever denied that Burns always conducted himself with the utmost propriety in presence of those whom he respected for their genius, their learning, or their worth. Without sacrificing an atom of his independence, how deferential, nay, how reverential was he in his behaviour to Dugald Stewart! Had *he* and Dr

Blair entertained Burns as their guest in that inn, how delightful had been the evening's record! No such "licentious wit as is unhappily too venial in higher circles," would have flowed from his lips—no "unnecessarily free avowal of his excesses." He would have delighted the philosopher and the divine with his noble sentiments as he had done of old—the illustrious Professor would have remembered and heard again the beautiful eloquence that charmed him on the Braid-hills. There can be nothing unfair surely in the conjecture, that these gentlemen occasionally contributed a sentence or two to the stock of conversation. They were *entertaining* Burns, and good manners must have induced them now and then "here to interpose" with a small smart remark—sentiment facete—or unctuous anecdote. Having lived in "higher circles," and heard much of "the licentious wit unhappily too venial there," we do not well see how they could have avoided giving their guest a few specimens of it. Grave men are often gross—and they were both grave as ever was earthen ware. Such wit is the most contagious of any; and "budge doctors of the Stoic fur," then express "Fancies" that are any thing but "Chaste and Noble." Who knows but that they were driven into indecency by the desperation of self-defence—took refuge in repartee—and fought the gauger with his own rod? That Burns, in the dead silence that ever and anon occurred, should have called for "fresh supplies of liquor," is nothing extraordinary. For there is not in nature or in art a sadder spectacle than an empty bottle standing in the centre of a circle, equidistant from three friends, one of whom had returned to his native land after a yearning absence of eight years, another anonymous, and the third the author of Scotch Drink and the Earnest Cry. Josiah more than insinuates that he himself shy'd the bottle. We more than doubt it—we believe that for some hours he turned up his little finger as frequently as Burns. He did right to desist as soon as he had got his dose, and of that he was not only the best but the only judge; he appears to have been sewn up "when it began to grow late;" Burns was sober as a lark "about three in the morning." It is likely enough that "about two months after, Burns was better supported by his companions at a *similar revel*"—so much better indeed in every way that the *revel was dissimilar*; but still we cling to our first belief, that the two gentlemen in black drank as much as could have been reasonably expected of them—that is, as much as they could hold—had they attempted more, there is no saying what might have been the consequences. And we still continue to think, too, that none but a heartless man, or a man whose heart had been puffed up like a bladder with vanity, would have tagged to the tail of his pitiful tale of that night, that cruel statement about "cold without, and inebriety within," which was but the tittle-tattle of gossiping tradition, and most probably a lie.

This is the proper way to treat all such *memorabilia*—with the ridicule of contempt and scorn. Refute falsehood first, and then lash the fools that utter it. Much of the obloquy that so long rested on the memory of our great National Poet originated in frivolous hearsays of his life and conversation, which in every telling lost some portion of whatever truth might have once belonged to them, and acquired at least an equal portion of falsehood, till they became unmixed calumnies—many of them of the blackest kind—got into

print, which is implicitly believed by the million—till the simple story, which, as first told, had illustrated some interesting trait of his character or genius, as last told, redounded to his disgrace, and was listened to by the totally abstinent with uplifted eyes, hands, and shoulders, as an anecdote of the dreadful debaucheries of Robert Burns.

That he did sometimes associate, while in Edinburgh, with persons not altogether worthy of him, need not be denied, nor wondered at, for it was inevitable. He was not for ever beset with the consciousness of his own supereminence. Prudence he did not despise, and he has said some strong things in her praise; but she was not, in his system of morality, the Queen of Virtues. His genius, so far from separating him from any portion of his kind, impelled him towards humanity, without fear and without suspicion. No saint or prude was he to shun the society of "Jolly companions every one." Though never addicted to drinking, he had often set the table in a roar at Tarbolton, Mauchline, Kirkoswald Irvine and Ayr, and was he all at once to appear in the character of dry Quaker in Edinburgh? Were the joys that circle round the flowing bowl to be interdicted to him alone, the wittiest, the brightest, the most original, and the most eloquent of all the men of his day? At Ellisland we know for certain, that his domestic life was temperate and sober; and that beyond his own doors, his convivialities among "gentle and simple," though not unfrequent were not excessive, and left his character without any of those deeper stains with which it has been since said to have been sullied. It is for ever to be lamented that he was more dissipated at Dumfries—how much more—and under what stronger temptations can be told in not many words. But every glass of wine "or stouter cheer" he drank—like mere ordinary men too fond of the festive hour—seems to have been set down against him as a separate sin; and the world of fashion, and of philosophy too, we fear, both of which used him rather scurvily at last, would not be satisfied unless Burns could be made out—a drunkard! Had he not been such a wonderful man in conversation, he might have enjoyed unhurt the fame of his poetry. But what was reading his poetry, full as it is of mirth and pathos, to hearing the Poet! When all were desirous of the company of a man of such genius and such dispositions, was it in human nature to be always judicious in the selection or rejection of associates? His deepest and best feelings he for the most part kept sacred for communion with those who were held by him in honour as well as love. But few were utterly excluded from the cordiality of one who, in the largeness of his heart, could sympathise with all, provided he could but bring out by the stroke of the keen-tempered steel of his own nature, some latent spark of humanity from the flint of theirs; and it is easy to see with what dangers he thus must have been surrounded, when his genius and humour, his mirth and glee, his fun and frolic, and all the outrageous merriment of his exhilarated or maddened imagination came to be considered almost as common property by all who chose to introduce themselves to Robert Burns, and thought themselves entitled to do so because they could prove they had his poems by heart. They sent for the gauger, and the gauger came. A prouder man breathed not, but he had never been subjected to the ceremonial of manners, the rule of artificial life; and he was ready, at all times, to

grasp the hand held out in friendship, to go when a message said come, for he knew that his "low-roof'd house" was honoured because by his genius he had greatly glorified his people.

We have seen, from one characteristic instance, how shamefully his condescension must often have been abused; and no doubt but that sometimes he behaved imprudently in such parties, and incurred the blame of intemperance. Frequently must he have joined them with a heavy heart! How little did many not among the worst of those who stupidly stared at the "wondrous guest" understand of his real character! How often must they have required mirth from him in his melancholy, delight in his despair! The coarse buffoon ambitious to show off before the author of "*Tam o' Shanter*" and "*The Holy Fair*"—how could it enter into his fat heart to conceive, in the midst of his own roaring ribaldry, that the fire-eyed son of genius was a hypochondriac, sick of life! Why such a fellow would think nothing next morning of impudently telling his cronies that on the whole he had been disappointed in the Poet. Or in another key, forgetting that the Poet who continued to sit late at a tavern table, need own no relationship but that of time and place with the proser who was lying resignedly under it, the drunkard boasts all over the city of the glorious night he had had with BURNS.

But of the multitudes who thus sought the society of Burns, there must have been many in every way qualified to enjoy it. His fame had crost the Tweed; and though a knowledge of his poetry could not then have been prevalent over England, he had ardent admirers among the most cultivated classes, before whose eyes, shadowed in a language but imperfectly understood, had dawned a new and beautiful world of rustic life. Young men of generous birth, and among such lovers of genius some doubtless themselves endowed with the precious gift, acquainted with the clod-hoppers of their own country, longed to behold the prodigy who had stalked between the stilts of the plough in moods of tenderest or loftiest inspiration; and it is pleasing to think that the poet was not seldom made happy by such visitors—that they carried back with them to their own noblest land a still deeper impression of the exalted worth of the genius of Caledonia. Nor did the gold coin of the genius of Burns sustain any depreciation during his life time in his own country. He had that to comfort him—that to glory in till the last; and in his sorest poverty, it must have been his exceeding great reward. Ebenezer Elliot has nobly expressed that belief—and coupled with it—as we have often done—the best vindication of Scotland—

"BUT SHALL IT OF OUR SIRS BE TOLD
THAT THEY THEIR BROTHER POOR FORSOOK?
NO! FOR THEY GAVE HIM MORE THAN GOLD;
THEY READ THE BRAVE MAN'S BOOK."

What happens during their life—more or less—to all eminent men—happened to Burns. Thinking on such things, one sometimes cannot help believing that man hates to honour man, till the power in which miracles have been wrought is extinguished or withdrawn—and then, when jealousy, envy, and all uncharitableness of necessity cease, we confess its

grandeur, bow down to it, and worship it. But who were they who in his own country continued most stedfastly to honour his genius and himself—all through what have been called—truly in some respects—falsely in others—his dark days in Dumfries—and on to his death? Not Lords and Earls—not lawyers and wits—not philosophers and doctors—though among the nobility and gentry—among the classes of leisure and of learning he had friends who wished him well, and were not indisposed to serve him; not the male generation of critics—not the literary prigs epicene—not of decided sex the blues celestial—though many periods were rounded among them upon the Ayrshire ploughman; but the MEN OF HIS OWN ORDER, with their wives and daughters—shepherds, and herdsmen, and ploughmen—delvers and ditchers—hewers of wood and drawers of water—soldiers and sailors—whether regulars, militia, fencibles, volunteers—on board king's or merchants' ship “far far at sea” or dirt gabbert—within a few yards of the land on either side of the Clyde or the Cart—the WORKING PEOPLE—whatever the instruments of their toil—they patronized Burns then—they patronize him now—they would not have hurt a hair of his head—they will not hear of any dishonour to his dust—they know well what it is to endure, to yield, to enjoy, and to suffer—and the memory of their own bard will be hallowed for ever among the brotherhood like a religion.

In Dumfries—as in every other considerable town in Scotland—and we might add England—it was then customary, you know, with the respectable inhabitants, to pass a convivial hour or two of an evening in some decent tavern or other—and Burns's *houf* was the Globe, kept by honest Mrs Hyslop, who had a sonsie sister, “Anna wi' the gowden locks,” the heroine of what in his fond deceit he thought was the best of all his songs. The worthy towns-folk did not frequent bar, or parlour, or club-room—at least they did not think they did—from a desire for drink; though doubtless they often took a glass more than they intended, nay sometimes even two; and the prevalence of such a system of social life, for it was no less, must have given rise, with others besides the predisposed, to very hurtful habits. They met to expatiate and confer on state affairs—to read the newspapers—to talk a little scandal—and so forth—and the result was, we have been told, considerable dissipation. The system was not excellent; dangerous to a man whose face was always more than welcome; without whom there was wanting the evening or the morning star. Burns latterly indulged too much in such computations, and sometimes drank more than was good for him; *but not a man now alive in Dumfries ever saw him intoxicated*; and the survivors all unite in declaring that he cared not whether the stoup were full or empty, so that there were *conversation*—argumentative or declamatory, narrative or anecdotal, grave or gay, satirical or sermonic; nor would any of them have hoped to see the sun rise again in this world, had Burns portentously fallen asleep. They had much better been, one and all of them, even on the soberest nights, at their own firesides, or in their beds, and orgies that seemed moderation itself in a *houf*, would have been felt outrageous in a *home*. But the blame, whatever be its amount, must not be heaped on the head of Burns, while not a syllable has ever been said of the same enormities steadily practised for a series of years by the dignitaries of the

borough, who by themselves and friends were opined to have been from youth upwards among the most sober of the children of Adam. Does any body suppose that Burns would have addicted himself to any meetings considered disreputable—or that, had he lived now, he would have *frequented* any tavern, except perhaps some not unfavoured one in the airy realms of imagination, and built among the clouds?

Malicious people would not have ventured during his lifetime, in underhand and undertoned insinuations, to whisper away Burns' moral character, nor would certain memorialists have been so lavish of their lamentations and regrets over his evil habits, had not his political principles during his later years been such as to render him with many an object of suspicion equivalent, in troubled times, to fear and hatred. A revolution that shook the foundations on which so many old evils and abuses rested, and promised to restore to millions their natural liberties, and by that restoration to benefit all mankind, must have agitated his imagination to a pitch of enthusiasm far beyond the reach of ordinary minds to conceive, who nevertheless thought it no presumption on their part to decide dogmatically on the highest questions in political science, the solution of which, issuing in terrible practice, had upset one of the most ancient, and as it had been thought, one of the firmest of thrones. No wonder that with his eager and earnest spirit for ever on his lips, he came to be reputed a Democrat. Dumfries was a Tory Town, and could not tolerate a revolutionary—the term was not in use then—a Radical Exciseman. And to say the truth, the idea must have been not a little alarming to weak nerves, of Burns as a demagogue. With such eyes and such a tongue he would have proved a formidable Man of the People. It is certain that he spoke and wrote rashly and reprehensibly—and deserved a caution from the Board. But not such tyrannical reproof; and perhaps it was about as absurd in the Board to order Burns not to think, as it would have been in him to order it to think, for thinking comes of nature, and not of institution, and 'tis about as difficult to control as to create it. He defended himself boldly, and like a man conscious of harbouring in his bosom no evil wish to the State. "In my defence to their accusations I said, that whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain I abjured the idea; that a constitution, which in its original principles, experience had proved to be in every way fitted for our happiness in society, it would be insanity to sacrifice to an untried visionary theory;—that in consideration of my being situated in a department, however humble, immediately in the hands of people in power, I had forborne taking an active part, either personally or as an author, in the present business of reform; but that when I must declare my sentiments, I would say there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature which boded no good to our glorious constitution, and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended." His biographers have had difficulty in forming their opinion as to the effect on Burns's mind of the expression of the Board's sovereign will and displeasure. Scott without due consideration thought it so preyed on his peace as to render him desperate—and has said "that from the moment his hopes of promotion were utterly blasted, his tendency to

dissipation hurried him precipitately into those excesses which shortened his life." Lockhart on the authority of Mr Findlater dissents from that statement—Allan Cunningham thinks it in essentials true, and that Burns's letter to Erskine of Mar, "covers the Board of Excise and the British Government of that day with eternal shame." Whatever may have been the effect of those proceedings on Burns's mind, it is certain that the freedom with which he gave utterance to his political opinions and sentiments seriously injured him in the estimation of multitudes of excellent people who thought them akin to doctrines subversive of all government but that of the mob. Nor till he joined the Dumfries Volunteers, and as their Laureate issued his popular song, that flew over the land like wild-fire, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" was he generally regarded as a loyal subject. For two or three years he had been looked on with evil eyes, and spoken of in evil whispers by too many of the good—and he had himself in no small measure to blame for their false judgment of his character. Here are a few of his lines to "The Tree of Liberty:"

"But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works of virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin bann'd the tree,
And grar to see it thrive, man.
King Louis thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

"Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbour shine, man.
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

"Wae worth the loon wha woudna eat
Sic wholesome dainty cheer, man;
I'd sell my shoon frae aff my feet
To taste sic fruit I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Soon plant this far-fam'd tree, man;
And blithe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man."

So sunk in slavery at this time was Scotland, that England could not sleep in her bed till she had set her sister free—and sent down some liberators who narrowly escaped getting hanged by this most ungrateful country. Such "perilous stuff" as the above might have been indited by Palmer, Gerald, or Margarot—how all unworthy of the noble Burns? Of all men then in the world, the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was by nature the least of a Jacobin. We cannot help thinking that, like Byron, he loved at times to astonish dull people by daring things, to see how they looked with their hair on end; and dull people—who are not seldom malignant—taking him at his word, had their revenge in charging him with all manner of profligacy, and fabricating vile stories to his disgrace; there being nothing too gross for the swallow of political rancour.

It is proved by many very strong expressions in his correspondence—that the reproof he received from the Board of Excise sorely troubled him; and no doubt it had an evil influence on public opinion that did not subside till it was feared he was dying, and that ceased for a time only with his death. We have expressed our indignation—our contempt of that tyrannical treatment; and have not withheld our respect—our admiration from the characteristic manliness with which he repelled the accusations some insidious enemies had secretly sent in to the quarter where they knew fatal injury might be done to all his prospects in life. But was it possible that his most unguarded, rash, and we do not for a moment hesitate to say, blameable expression of political opinions adverse to those maintained by all men friendly to the government, could be permitted to pass without notice? He had no right to encourage what the government sought to put down, while he was “their servant in a very humble department;” and though he successfully repelled the slanders of the despicable creatures who strove to destroy him, even in his high-spirited letter to Erskine there is enough to show that he had entered into such an expostulation with the Board as must have excited strong displeasure and disapproval, which no person of sense looking back on those most dangerous times, can either wonder at or blame. He says in his defence before the Board, “I stated that, where I must declare my sentiments, I would say there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature, which boded no good to our glorious constitution, and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended.” From a person in his situation even such a declaration was not prudent, and prudence was a duty; but it is manifest from what he adds for Erskine’s own ear, that something more lay concealed in those generalities than the mere words seem to imply. “I have three sons, who I see already have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of SLAVES. Can I look tamely on, and see any machinations to wrest from them the birth-right of my boys—the little independent Britons, in whose veins runs my blood? No; I will not, should my heart’s blood stream around my attempt to defend it. Does any man tell me, that my poor efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a nation?” Right or wrong—and we think they were right—the government of the country had resolved to uphold principles, to which the man who could not refrain from thus fiercely declaring himself, at the very time all that was dearest to him was in peril, could not but be held hostile; and so far from its being their duty to overlook such opinions, because they were the opinions of Burns, it was just because they were the opinions of Burns that it was their duty to restrain and reprove them. He continued too long after this to be by far too outspoken—as we have seen; but that his Scottish soul had in aught become Frenchified, we never shall believe, but while we live shall attribute the obstinacy with which he persisted to sing and say the praises of that people, after they had murdered their King and their Queen, and had been guilty of all enormities, in a great measure to a haughtiness that could not brook to retract opinions he had offensively declared before the faces of many whom not without

reason he despised—to a horror of the idea of any sacrifice of that independent spirit which was the very life of his life. Burns had been insulted by those who were at once his superiors and his inferiors, and shall Burns truckle to “the powers that be?” At any bidding but that of his own conviction swerve a hair’s-breadth from his political creed? No: not even though his reason had told him that some of its articles were based in delusion, and if carried into practice among his own countrymen, pursuant to the plots of traitors, who were indeed aliens in soul to the land he loved, would have led to the destruction of that liberty for which he, by the side or at the head of his cottage compatriots, would have gladly died.

The evil consequences of all this to Burns were worse than you may have imagined, for over and above the lies springing up like puddock-stools from domestic middens, an ephemeral brood indeed, but by succession perennial, and that even now when you grasp them in your hand, spatter vileness in your eyes, like so many devil’s snuff-boxes—think how injurious to the happiness of such a soul as his, to all its natural habitudes, must have been the feuds carried on all around him, and in which he with his commanding powers too largely mingled, between political parties in a provincial town, contending as they thought, the one for hearths and altars, the other for regeneration of those principles, decayed or dead, which alone make hearths and altars sacred, and their defence worth the tears and the blood of brave men who would fain be free. His sympathy was “wide and general as the casing air;” and not without violence could it be contracted “within the circle none dared tread but they,” who thought William Pitt the reproach, and Charles Fox the Paragon of Animals. Within that circle he met with many good men, the Herons, Millers, Riddells, Maxwells, Symes, and so forth; within it too he forgathered with many “a fool and something more.” Now up to “the golden exhalation of the dawn”, of his gaugership, Burns had been a Tory, and he heard in “the whisper of a faction” a word unpleasing to a Whiggish ear, turncoat. The charge was false, and he disdained it; but disdain in eyes that when kindled up burned like carriage lamps in a dark night, frightened the whispering faction into such animosity, that a more than usual sumph produced an avenging epigram upon him and two other traitors, in which the artist committed a mistake of workmanship: no subsequent care could rectify: instead of hitting the right nail on the head, why he hit the wrong nail on the point, so no wooden mallet could drive it home. From how much social pleasure must not Burns have thus been wilfully self-debarred! From how many happy friendships! By nature he was not vindictive, yet occasionally he seemed to be so, visiting slight offence with severe punishment, sometimes imagining offence when there was none, and in a few instances, we fear, satirizing in savage verses not only the innocent, but the virtuous; the very beings whom, had he but known them as he might, he would have loved and revered—celebrated them living or dead in odes, elegies, and hymns—thereby doing holy service to goodness in holding up shining examples to all who longed to do well. Most of his intolerant scorn of high rank had the same origin—not in his own nature, which was noble, but in prejudices thus superinduced upon it which

in their virulence were mean—though his genius could clothe them in magnificent diction, and so justify them to the proud poet's heart.

It is seldom indeed that Lockhart misses the mark ; but in one instance—an anecdote—where it is intended to present the pathetic, our eyes perceive but the picturesque—we allude to the tale told him by Davie Macculloch, son of the Laird of Ardwall. “ He told me that he was seldom more grieved than when, riding into Dumfries one fine summer's evening to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite part was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognize him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, ‘ Nay, my young friend, that is all over now,’ and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizell Baillie's pathetic ballad beginning, ‘ The bonnet stood ance sae fair on his brow,’ and ending ‘ *And were na my heart light I wad die.*’ It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He immediately after citing these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasing manner ; and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably until the hour of the ball arrived, with a bowl of his usual potation, and bonnie Jean's singing of some verses which he had recently composed.” ‘Tis a pretty picture in the style of Watteau. “ The opposite part gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night.” What were they about, and where were they going ? Were they as yet in their ordinary clothes, colts and fillies alike, taking their exercise preparatory to the country-dances of some thirty or forty couple, that in those days used to try the wind of both sexes ? If so, they might have chosen better training-ground along the banks of the Nith. Were they all in full fig, the females with feathers on their heads, the males with chapeaux bas—“ stepping westward ” arm in arm, in successive groups, to the Assembly-room ? In whichever of these two pleasant predicaments they were placed, it showed rare perspicacity in Daintie Davie, to discern that not one of them appeared willing to recognise Burns—more especially as he was walking on the other and shady side of the street, and Davie on horseback. By what secret signs did the fair free-masons—for such there be—express to their mounted brother their unwillingness to recognise from the sunshine of their promenade, the gauger walking alone in the shade of his ? Was flirtation at so low an ebb in Dumfries-shire, that the flower of her beaux and belles, “ in successive groups, drawn together for the festivities of the night,” could find eyes for a disagreeable object so many yards of causeway remote ? And if Burns observed that they gave him the cold shoulder—cut him across the street—on what recondite principle of conduct did he continue to walk there, in place of stalking off with a frown to his *Howf* ? And is it high Galloway to propose to a friend to cross the street to do the civil “ to successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom had appeared willing to recognise him ? ” However, it was gallant under such discouragement to patronize the gauger ; and we trust that the “ wicked wee bowl,” while it detained from, and disinclined to, did not incapacitate for the Ball.

But whence all those expressions so frequent in his correspondence, and not rare in his poetry, of self-reproach and rueful remorse? From a source that lay deeper than our eyes can reach. We know his worst sins, but cannot know his sorrows. The war between the spirit and the flesh often raged in his nature—as in that of the best of beings who are made—and no Christian, without humblest self-abasement, will ever read his Confessions.

“Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

“Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

“Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life’s mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, thro’ the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

“The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain’d his name!

“Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
Is wisdom’s root.”

A Bard’s Epitaph! Such his character drawn by himself in deepest despondency—in distraction—in despair calmed while he was composing it by the tranquillizing power that ever accompanies the action of genius. And shall we judge him as severely as he judged himself, and think worse of him than of common men, because he has immortalized his frailties in his contrition? The sins of common men are not remembered in their epitaphs. Silence is a privilege of the grave few seek to disturb. If there must be no eulogium, our name and age suffice for that stone—and whatever may have been thought of us, there are some to drop a tear on our “forlorn hie jacet.” Burns wrote those lines in the very prime of youthful manhood. You know what produced them—his miserable attachment to her who became his wife. He was then indeed most miserable—afterwards most happy; he cared not then though he should die—all his other offences rose against him in that agony; and how humbly he speaks of his high endowments, under a sense of the sins by which

they had been debased ! He repented, and sinned again and again ; for his repentance—though sincere—was not permanent ; yet who shall say that it was not accepted at last ? “ Owre this grassy heap sing dool, and drap a tear,” is an injunction that has been obeyed by many a pitying heart. Yet a little while, and his Jean buried him in such a grave. A few years more, and a mausoleum was erected by the nation for his honoured dust. Now husband and wife lie side by side—“ in hopes of a joyful resurrection.”

Burns belonged to that order of prevailing poets, with whom “ all thoughts, all passions, all delights ” possess not that entire satisfaction nature intends, till they effuse themselves abroad, for sake of the sympathy that binds them, even in uttermost solitude, to the brotherhood of man. No secrets have they that words can reveal. They desire that the whole race shall see their very souls—shall hear the very beatings of their hearts. Thus they hope to live for ever in kindred bosoms. They feel that a great power is given them in their miseries—for what miseries has any man ever harboured in the recesses of his spirit, that he has not shared, and will share, with “ numbers without number numberless ” till the Judgment Day !

Who reads unmoved such sentences as these ? “ The fates and characters of the rhyming tribe often employ my thoughts when I am disposed to be melancholy. There is not, among all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so woeful a narrative as the lives of the Poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the question is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear ! ” Long before the light of heaven had ever been darkened or obscured in his conscience by evil thoughts or evil deeds, when the bold bright boy, with his thick black clustering hair ennobling his ample forehead, was slaving for his parents’ sakes—Robert used often to lie by Gilbert’s side all night long without ever closing an eye in sleep ; for that large heart of his, that loved all his eyes looked upon of nature’s works living or dead, perfect as was its mechanism for the play of all lofty passions, would get suddenly disarranged, as if approached the very hour of death. Who will say that many more years were likely to have fallen to the lot of one so framed, had he all life long drunk, as in youth, but of the well-water—“ lain down with the dove, and risen with the lark ? ” If excesses in which there was vice and therefore blame, did injure his health, how far more those other excesses in which there was so much virtue, and on which there should be praise for ever ! Over-anxious, over-working hours beneath the mid-day sun, and sometimes too to save a scanty crop beneath the midnight moon, to which he looked up without knowing it with a poet’s eyes, as he kept forking the sheaves on the high laden cart that “ Hesperus, who led the starry host ” beheld crashing into the barn-yard among shouts of “ Harvest Home.”

It has been thought that there are not a few prominent points of character common to Burns and Byron ; and though no formal comparison between them has been drawn that we know of, nor would it be worth while attempting it, as not much would come of it, we suspect, without violent stretching and bending of materials, and that free play of fancy which makes no bones of facts, still there is this resemblance, that they both give unre-

served expositions of their most secret feelings, undeterred by any fear of offending others, or of bringing censure on themselves by such revelations of the inner man. Byron as a moral being was below Burns; and there is too often much affectation and insincerity in his Confessions. "Fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well," is not elegiac, but satirical; a complaint in which the bitterness is not of grief, but of gall; how unlike "The Lament on the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour" overflowing with the expression of every passion cognate with love's despair! Do not be startled by our asking you to think for a little while of Robert Burns along with—SAMUEL JOHNSON. Listen to him, and you hear as wise and good a man as earth ever saw for ever reproaching himself with his wickedness; "from almost the earliest time he could remember he had been forming schemes for a better life." Select from his notes, prayers, and diaries, and from the authentic records of his oral discourse, all acknowledgments of his evil thoughts, practices, and habits—all charges brought against him by conscience, of sins of omission and commission—all declarations, exclamations, and interjections of agonizing remorse and gloomy despair—from *them* write his character in his epitaph—and look *there* on the Christian Sage! God forbid! that saving truths should be so changed into destroying falsehoods. Slothful—selfish—sensual—envious—uncharitable—undutiful to his parents—thoughtless of Him who died to save sinners—and living without God in the world;—*That* is the wretched being named Samuel Johnson—in the eyes of his idolatrous countrymen only a little lower than the angels—in his own a worm! Slothful! yet how various his knowledge! acquired by fits and snatches—book in hand, and poring as if nearly sand-blind—yet with eyes in their own range of vision, keen as the lynx's or the eagle's—on pages no better than blanks to common minds, to his hieroglyphical of wisest secrets—or in long assiduity of continuous studies, of which a month to him availed more than to you or us a year—or all we have had of life.—Selfish! with obscure people, about whom nobody cared, provided for out of his slender means within doors, paupers though they thought it not, and though meanly endowed by nature as by fortune, admitted into the friendship of a Sage simple as a child—out of doors, pensioners waiting for him at the corners of streets, of whom he knew little, but that they were hungry and wanted bread, and probably had been brought by sin to sorrow.—Sensual! Because his big body, getting old, "needed repairs," and because though "Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia" had been written on an empty stomach, which happened when he was comparatively young and could not help it, now that he had reached his grand climacteric, he was determined to show not to the whole world, but to large parties, that all the fat of the earth was not meant for the mouths of blockheads.—Envious! of David Garrick? Poh! poh! Pshaw! pshaw!—Uncharitable? We have disposed of that clause of the verse in our commentary on "selfish."—Undutiful to his parents! He did all man could to support his mother—and having once disobliged his father by sulkily refusing to assist at his book-stall, half a century afterwards, more or less, when at the head of English literature, and the friend of Burke and Beauclerk, he stood bare headed for an hour in the rain on the site of said book-stall, in the market-place

of Lichfield, in penance for that great sin. As to the last two charges in the indictment—if he was not a Christian, who can hope for salvation in the Cross?—If his life was that of an atheist, who of woman born ever walked with God? Yet it is true he was a great sinner. “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

Burns died in his thirty-eighth year. At that age what had Johnson done to be forever remembered? He had written *Irene*, *London*, and the *Life of Savage*. Of *Irene* the world makes little account—it contains many just and noble sentiments—but it is a Tragedy without tears. The *Life* is an eloquent lie, told in the delusion of a friendship sealed by participated sorrows. *London* is a satire of the true moral vein—more sincerely indignant with the vices it withers than its prototype in Juvenal—with all the vigour, without any of the coarseness of Dryden—with “the pointed propriety of Pope,” and versification almost as musical as his, while not so monotonous—an immortal strain. But had he died in 1747, how slight had been our knowledge—our interest how dull—in the “*Life and Writings of Samuel Johnson*!” How slight our knowledge! We should never have known that in childhood he showed symptoms “of that jealous independence of spirit and impetuosity of temper which never forsook him”—as Burns in the same season had showed that “stubborn sturdy something in his disposition” which was there to the last;—That he displayed then “that power of memory for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible”—as Burns possessed that faculty—so thought Murdock—in more strength than imagination;—That he never joined the other boys in their ordinary diversions “but would wander away into the fields talking to himself”—like Burns walking miles “to pay his respects to the Leglen wood;”—That when a boy he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry—as Burns was of *Blind Harry*;—That he fell into “an inattention to religion or an indifference about it in his ninth year,” and that after his fourteenth “became a sort of lax *talker* against religion, for he did not much *think* about it, and this lasted till he went to Oxford where it would not be *suffered*”—just as the child Burns was remarkable for an “enthusiastic idiot piety,” and had pleasure during some years of his youth in puzzling his companions on points in divinity, till he saw his folly, and without getting his mouth shut, was mute;—That on his return home from Stourbridge school in his eighteenth year “he had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all, but merely lived from day to day”—like Burns who when a year or two older in his perplexity writes to his father that he knows not what to do, and is sick of life;—That his love of literature was excited by accidentally finding a folio Petrarch—as Burns’s love of poetry was by an octavo Shenstone;—That he thereon became a gluttonous book-devourer—as Burns did—“no book being so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches;”—That in his twentieth year he felt himself “overwhelmed with a horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness, and impatience, and with a dejection, gloom, and despair which rendered exist-

ence misery"—as Burns tells us he was afflicted—even earlier—and to the last—"with a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly to solitude"—with horrid flutterings and stoppages of the heart that often almost choked him, so that he had to fall out of bed into a tub of water to allay the anguish;—That he was at Pembroke College "caressed and loved by all about him as a gay and frolicsome fellow"—while "ah! Sir, I was mad and violent—it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic"—just as Burns was thought to be "with his strong appetite for sociality as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark," though when left alone desponding and distracted;—"That he was generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the College discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled"—as Burns was sometimes seen at the door of a Public ridiculing the candles of the Auld Light and even spiriting the callants against the Kirk itself, which we trust he looked on more kindly in future years;—That he had to quit college on his father's bankruptcy soon followed by death, as Burns in similar circumstances had to quit Lochlea;—"That in the forlorn state of his circumstances, *Ætat.* 23, he accepted of an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Bosworth," where he was miserable—just as Burns was at the same age, not indeed flogging boys but flailing barns, "a poor insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, and stalking up and down fairs and markets;"—That soon after "he published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian at two shillings and sixpence, but that there were not subscribers enough to secure a sufficient sale, so the work never appeared, and probably never was executed"—as Burns soon after issued proposals for printing by subscription on terms rather higher "among others the Ordination, Scotch Drink, the Cottar's Saturday Night, and an Address to the Deil," which volume ere long was published accordingly and had a great sale;—That he had, "from early youth, been sensible to the influence of female charms, and when at Stourbridge school was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young Quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verses"—just as Burns was—and did—in the case of Margaret Thomson, in the kale-yard at Kirkoswald, and of many others;—That "his juvenile attachments to the fair sex were however very transient, and it is certain that he formed no criminal connection whatever; Mr Hector, who lived with him in the utmost intimacy and social freedom having assured me that even at that ardent season his conduct was strictly virtuous in that respect"—just so with Burns who fell in love with every lass he saw "come wading barefoot all alane," while his brother Gilbert gives us the same assurance of his continence in all his youthful loves;—That "in a man whom religious education has saved from licentious indulgencies, the passion of love when once it has seized him is exceeding strong, and this was experienced by Johnson when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs Porter after her first husband's death"—as it was unfortunately too much the case with Burns, though he did not marry a widow double his own age—but one who was a Maid till she met Rob Mossiel—and some six years younger than himself;

—That unable to find subsistence in his native place, or any where else, he was driven by want to try his fortune in London, “the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement,” on his way thither, “riding and tying” with Davie Garrick—just as Burns was impelled to make an experiment on Edinburgh, journeying thither on foot, but without any companion in his adventure;—That after getting on there indifferently well, he returned “in the course of the next summer to Lichfield, where he had left Mrs Johnson,” and staid there three weeks, his mother asking him whether, when in London, “He was one of those who gave the wall or those who took it”—just as Burns returned to Mauchline, where he had left Mrs Burns, and remained in the neighbourhood about the same period of time, his mother having said to him on his return, “Oh, Robert;”—That he took his wife back with him to London, resolving to support her the best way he could, by the cultivation of the fields of literature, and chiefly through an engagement as gauger and supervisor to Cave’s Magazine—as Burns, with similar purposes, and not dissimilar means, brought his wife to Ellisland, then to Dumfries;—That partly from necessity and partly from inclination, he used to perambulate the streets of the city at all hours of the night, and was far from being prim or precise in his company, associating much with one Savage at least who had rubbed shoulders with the gallows—just as Burns on Jenny Geddes and her successor kept skirring the country at all hours, though we do not hear of any of his companions having been stabbers in brothel-brawls;—That on the publication of his “London,” that city rang with applause, and Pope pronounced the author—yet anonymous—a true poet, who would soon be *déterré*, while General Oglethorpe became his patron, and such a prodigious sensation did his genius make, that in the fulness of his fame, Earl Gower did what he could to set him on the way of being elevated to a schoolmastership in some small village in Shropshire or Staffordshire, “of which the certain salary was *sixty pounds a-year, which would make him happy for life*”—so said English Earl Gower to an Irish Dean called Jonathan Swift—just as Burns soon after the publication of “Tam o’ Shanter,” was in great favour with Captain Grose—though there was then no need for any poet to tell the world he was one, as he had been “*déterré*” a year or two before, and by the unexampled exertions of Grahame of Fintry, the Earl of Glencairn being oblivious or dead, was translated to the diocese of Dumfries, where he died in the thirty-eighth year of his age; the very year, we believe, of *his*, in which Johnston issued the prospectus of his Dictionary;—and here we leave the Lexicographer for a moment to himself, and let our mind again be occupied for a moment exclusively by the Exciseman.

You will not suppose that we seriously insist on this parallel as if the lines throughout ran straight; or that we are not well aware that there was far from being in reality such complete correspondence of the circumstances—much less the characters of the men. But both had to struggle for their very lives—it was sink or swim—and by their own buoyancy they were borne up. In Johnson’s case, there is not one dark stain on the story of all those melancholy and memorable years. Hawkins in-

deed more than insinuates that there was a separation between him and his wife, at the time he associated with Savage, and used with that profligate to stroll the streets; and that, she was “harboured by a friend near the Tower;” but Croker justly remarks—“That there never has existed any human being, all the details of whose life, all the motives of whose actions, all the thoughts of whose mind, have been so unreservedly brought before the public; even his prayers, his most secret meditations, and his most scrupulous self-reproaches, have been laid before the world; and there is not to be found, in all the unparalleled information thus laid before us, a single trace to justify the accusation which Hawkins so wantonly and so odiously, and it may be assumed, so falsely makes.” However, he walked in the midst of evil—he was familiar with the faces of the wicked—the guilty, as they were passing by, he did not always shun, as if they were lepers; he had a word for them—poor as he was, a small coin—for they were of the unfortunate and forlorn, and his heart was pitiful. So was that of Burns. Very many years heaven allotted to the Sage, that virtue might be instructed by wisdom—all the good acknowledge that he is great—and his memory is hallowed for evermore in the gratitude of Christendom. In his prime, it pleased God to cut off the Poet—but his genius too has left a blessing to his own people—and has diffused noble thoughts, generous sentiments, and tender feelings over many lands, and most of all among them who more especially feel that they are his brethren, the Poor who make the Rich, and like him are happy, in spite of its hardships, in their own condition. Let the imperfections of his character then be spared, if it be even for sake of his genius; on higher grounds let it be honoured; for if there was much weakness, its strength was mighty, and his *religious* country is privileged to forget his frailties, in humble trust that they are forgiven.

We have said but little hitherto of Burns’s religion. Some have denied that he had any religion at all—a rash and cruel denial—made in face of his genius, his character, and his life. What man in his senses ever lived without religion? “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God”—was Burns an atheist? We do not fear to say that he was religious far beyond the common run of men, even them who may have had a more consistent and better considered creed. The lessons he received in the “auld clay biggin” were not forgotten through life. He speaks—and we believe him—of his “early ingrained piety” having been long remembered to good purpose—what he called his “idiot piety”—not meaning thereby to disparage it, but merely that it was in childhood an instinct. “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name!” is breathed from the lips of infancy with the same feeling at its heart that beats towards its father on earth, as it kneels in prayer by his side. No one surely will doubt his sincerity when he writes from Irvine to his father—“Honor’d sir—I am quite transported at the thought, that e’er long, perhaps soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it. It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations, than with any ten times as many

verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer. ‘15. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. 16. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. 17. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’” When he gives lessons to a young man for his conduct in life, one of them is, “The great Creator to adore;” when he consoles a friend on the death of a relative, “he points the brimful grief-worn eyes to scenes beyond the grave;” when he expresses benevolence to a distressed family, he beseeches the aid of Him “who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;” when he feels the need of aid to control his passions, he implores that of the “Great Governor of all below;” when in sickness, he has a prayer for the pardon of his errors, and an expression of confidence in the goodness of God; when suffering from the ills of life, he asks for the grace of resignation, “because they are thy will;” when he observes the sufferings of the virtuous, he remembers a rectifying futurity;—he is religious not only when surprised by occasions such as these, but also on set occasions; he had regular worship in his family while at Ellisland—we know not how it was at Dumfries, but we do know that there he catechised his children every Sabbath evening;—Nay, he does not enter a Druidical circle without a prayer to God.

He viewed the Creator chiefly in his attributes of love, goodness, and mercy. “In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or distracted with anxiety, the ideas of a superintending Deity, an Almighty protector, are doubly dear.” Him he never lost sight of or confidence in, even in the depths of his remorse. An avenging God was too seldom in his contemplations—from the little severity in his own character—from a philosophical view of the inscrutable causes of human frailty—and most of all, from a diseased aversion to what was so much the theme of the sour Calvinism around him; but which would have risen up an appalling truth in such a soul as his, had it been habituated to profounder thought on the mysterious corruption of our fallen nature.

Sceptical thoughts as to revealed religion had assailed his mind, while with expanding powers it “communed with the glorious universe;” and in 1787 he writes from Edinburgh to a Mr James McCandlish, student in physic, College, Glasgow, “who had favoured him with a long argumentative infidel letter, “I, likewise, since you and I were first acquainted, in the pride of despising old women’s stories, ventured on ‘the daring path Spinoza trod;’ but experience of the weakness, not the strength of human powers, *made me glad to grasp at revealed religion.*” When at Ellisland he writes to Mrs Dunlop, “My idle reasonings sometimes make me a little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophizings the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth; the soul affianced to her God; the correspondence fixed with heaven; the pious supplication and devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn; who thinks to meet with these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life! No: to find them in their precious

importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress." And again, next year, from the same place to the same correspondent, "That there is an incomprehensibly Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery and consequent outward deportment of this creature he has made—these are, I think, self-evident propositions. . That there is a real and eternal distinction between vice and virtue, and consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay positive injustice, in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must I think be allowed by every one who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrine and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though *to appearance* he was himself the obscurest and most illiterate of our species: therefore Jesus was from God." Indeed, all his best letters to Mrs Dunlop are full of the expression of religious feeling and religious faith; though it must be confessed with pain, that he speaks with more confidence in the truth of natural than of revealed religion, and too often lets sentiments inadvertently escape him, that, taken by themselves, would imply that his religious belief was but a Christianized Theism. Of the immortality of the soul, he never expresses any serious doubt, though now and then his expressions, though beautiful, want their usual force, as if he felt the inadequacy of the human mind to the magnitude of the theme. "Ye venerable sages, and holy flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories, of another world beyond death; or are they all alike baseless visions and fabricated fables? If there is another life, it must be only for the just, the amiable, and the humane. What a flattering idea this of the world to come? Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it."

How then could honour'd Thomas Carlyle bring himself to affirm, "that Burns had no religion?" His religion was in much imperfect—but its incompleteness you discern only on a survey of all his effusions, and by inference; for his particular expressions of a religious kind are genuine, and as acknowledgments of the superabundant goodness and greatness of God, they are in unison with the sentiments of the devoutest Christian. But remorse never suggests to him the inevitable corruption of man; Christian humility he too seldom dwells on, though without it there cannot be Christian faith; and he is silent on the need of reconciliation between the divine attributes of Justice and Mercy. The absence of all this might pass unnoticed, were not the religious sentiment so prevalent in his confidential communications with his friends in his most serious and solemn moods. In them there is frequent, habitual recognition of the Creator; and who that finds joy and beauty in nature has not the same? It may be well supposed that if common men are more ideal in religion than in other things, so would be Burns. He who lent the colours of his fancy to common things, would not withhold them from divine. Something—he

knew not what—he would exact ^{of} man—more impressively reverential than any thing he is wont to offer to God, or perhaps can offer in the way of institution—in temples made with hands. The *heartfelt* adoration always has a grace for him—in the silent bosom—in the lonely cottage—in any place where circumstances are a pledge of its reality; but the moment it ceases to be *heartfelt*, and visibly so, it loses his respect, it seems as profanation. “Mine is the religion of the breast;” and if it be not, what is it worth? But it must also revive a right spirit within us; and there may be gratitude for goodness without such change as is required of us in the gospel. He was too buoyant with immortal spirit within him, not to credit its immortal destination; he was too thoughtful in his human love not to feel how different must be our affections if they are towards flowers which the blast of death may wither, or towards spirits which are but beginning to live in our sight, and are gathering good and evil here for an eternal life. Burns believed that by his own unassisted understanding, and his own unassisted heart, he saw and felt those great truths, forgetful of this great truth, that he had been taught them in the Written Word. Had all he learned in the “auld clay biggin” become a blank—all the knowledge inspired into his heart during the evenings, when “the sire turned o’er wi’ patriarchal air, the big ha’-bible, ance his father’s pride,” how little or how much would he then have known of God and Immortality? In that delusion he shared more or less with one and all—whether poets or philosophers—who have put their trust in natural Theology. As to the glooms in which his sceptical reason had been involved, they do not seem to have been so thick—so dense—as in the case of men without number who have by the blessing of God become true Christians. Of his levities on certain celebrations of religious rites, we before ventured an explanation; and while it is to be lamented that he did not more frequently dedicate the genius that shed so holy a lustre over “The Cottar’s Saturday Night,” to the service of religion, let it be remembered how few poets have done so—alas! too few—that he, like his tuneful brethren, must often have been deterred by a sense of his own unworthiness from approaching its awful mysteries—and above all, that he was called to his account before he had attained his thoughtful prime.

And now that we are approaching the close of our Memoir, it may be well for a little while clearly to consider Burns’s position in this world of ours, where we humans often find ourselves, we cannot tell how, in strange positions; and where there are on all hands so many unintelligible things going on, that in all languages an active existence is assumed of such powers as Chance, Fortune, and Fate. Was he more unhappy than the generality of gifted men? In what did that unhappiness consist? How far was it owing to himself or others?

We have seen that up to early manhood his life was virtuous, and therefore must have been happy—that by magnanimously enduring a hard lot, he made it veritably a light one—and that though subject “to a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made him fly to solitude,” he enjoyed the society of his own humble sphere with proportionate enthusiasm, and even then derived deep delight from his genius. That genius quickly waxed

strong, and very suddenly he was in full power as a poet. No sooner was passion indulged than it prevailed—and he who had so often felt during his abstinent sore-toiled youth that “a blink of rest’s a sweet enjoyment,” had now often to rue the self-brought trouble that banishes rest even from the bed of labour, whose sleep would otherwise be without a dream. “I have for some time been pining under secret wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the calls of society, or the vagaries of the Muse.” These agonies had a well-known particular cause, but his errors were frequent, and to his own eyes flagrant—yet he was no irreligious person—and exclaimed—“Oh! thou great, unknown Power! thou Almighty God! who hast lighted up reason in my breast, and blessed me with immortality! I have frequently wandered from that order and regularity necessary for the perfection of thy works, yet thou hast never left me nor forsaken me.” What signified it to him that he was then very poor? The worst evils of poverty are moral evils, and them he then knew not; nay in that school he was trained to many virtues, which might not have been so conspicuous even in his noble nature, but for that severest nurture. Shall we ask, what signified it to him that he was very poor to the last? Alas! it signified much; for when a poor man becomes a husband and a father, a new heart is created within him, and he often finds himself trembling in fits of unendurable, because unavailing fears. Of such anxieties Burns suffered much; yet better men than Burns—better because sober and more religious—have suffered far more; nor in their humility and resignation did they say even unto themselves “that God had given their share.” His worst sufferings had their source in a region impenetrable to the visitations of mere worldly calamities; and might have been even more direful, had his life basked in the beams of fortune, in place of being chilled in its shade. “My mind my kingdom is”—few men have had better title to make that boast than Burns; but sometimes raged there *plus quam cirilia bella*—and on the rebellious passions, no longer subjects, at times it seemed as if he cared not to impose peace.

Why, then, such clamour about his condition—such outcry about his circumstances—such horror of his Excisemanship? Why should Scotland, on whose “brow shame is ashamed to sit,” hang down her head when bethinking her of how she treated him? Hers the glory of having *produced him*; where lies the blame of his penury, his soul’s trouble, his living body’s emaciation, its untimely death?

His country cried, “All hail, mine own inspired Bard!” and his heart was in heaven. But heaven on earth is a mid-region not unvisited by storms. Divine indeed must be the descending light, but the ascending gloom may be dismal; in imagination’s airy realms the Poet cannot forget he is a Man—his passions pursue him thither—and “that mystical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to them than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.” The primeval curse is felt through all the regions of being; and he who in the desire of fame having merged

all other desires, finds himself on a sudden in its blaze, is disappointed of his spirit's corresponding transport, without which it is but a glare; and remembering the sweet calm of his obscurity, when it was enlivened not disturbed by soaring aspirations, would fain fly back to its secluded shades, and be again his own lowly natural self in the privacy of his own humble birth-place. Something of this kind happened to Burns. He was soon sick of the dust and din that attended him on his illumined path; and felt that he had been happier at Mossgiel than he ever was in the Metropolis—when but to relieve his heart of its pathos, he sung in the solitary field to the mountain daisy, than when to win applause, on the crowded street he chaunted in ambitious strains—

“Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sov'reign powers!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.”

He returned to his natural condition, when he settled at Ellisland. Nor can we see what some have seen, any strong desire in him after preferment to a higher sphere. Such thoughts sometimes must have entered his mind, but they found no permanent dwelling there: and he fell back, not only without pain, but with more than pleasure, on all the remembrances of his humble life. He resolved to pursue it in the same scenes, and the same occupations, and to continue to be what he had always been—a Farmer.

And why should the Caledonian Hunt have wished to divert or prevent him? Why should Scotland? What patronage, pray tell us, ought the Million and Two Thirds to have bestowed on their poet? With five hundred pounds in the pockets of his buckskin breeches, perhaps he was about as rich as yourself—and then he had a mine—which we hope you have too—in his brain. Something no doubt *might* have been done for him, and if you insist that something *should*, we are not in the humour of argumentation, and shall merely observe that the opportunities to serve him were somewhat narrowed by the want of special preparation for any profession; but supposing that nobody thought of promoting him, it was simply because every body was thinking of getting promoted himself; and though selfishness is very odious, not more so surely in Scotsmen than in other people, except indeed that more is expected from them on account of their superior intelligence and virtue.

Burns's great calling here below was to illustrate the peasant life of Scotland. Ages may pass without another arising fit for that task; meanwhile the whole pageant of Scottish life has passed away without a record. Let him remain, therefore, in the place which best fits him for the task, though it may not be the best for his personal comfort. If an individual can serve his country at the expense of his comfort, he *must*, and others should not hinder him; if self-sacrifice is required of him, they must not be blamed for permitting it. Burns followed his calling to the last, with more lets and hindrances than the friends of humanity

could have wished ; but with a power that might have been weakened by his removal from what he loved and gloried in—by the disruption of his heart from its habits, and the breaking up of that custom which with many men becomes second nature, but which with him was corroboration and sanctification of the first, both being but one agency—its products how beautiful ! Like the flower and fruit of a tree that grows well only in its own soil, and by its own river.

But a *Gauger* ! What do we say to that ? Was it not most unworthy ? We ask, unworthy what ? You answer, his genius. But who expects the employments by which men live to be entirely worthy of their genius—congenial with their dispositions—suited to the structure of their souls ? It sometimes happens—but far oftener not—rarely in the case of poets—and most rarely of all in the case of such a poet as Burns. It is a law of nature that the things of the world come by honest industry, and that genius is its own reward, in the pleasure of its exertions and its applause. But who made Burns a gauger ? Himself. It was his own choice. “I have been feeling all the various rotations and movements within respecting the excise,” he writes to Aiken soon after the Kilmarnock edition. “There are many things plead strongly against it,” he adds, but these were all connected with his unfortunate private affairs—to the calling itself he had no repugnance—what he most feared was “the uncertainty of getting soon into business.” To Graham of Fintry he writes, a year after the Edinburgh edition, “Ye know, I dare say, of an application I lately made to your Board to be admitted an officer of excise. I have according to form been examined by a supervisor, and to-day I gave in two certificates, with a request for an order for instructions. In this affair, if I succeed, I am afraid I shall but too much need a patronizing friend. Propriety of conduct as a man, and fidelity and attention as an officer, I dare engage for ; *but with any thing like business, except manual labour*, I am totally unacquainted. * * I know, Sir, that to need your goodness is to have a claim on it ; may I therefore beg your patronage to forward me in this affair, till I be appointed to a division, where, by the help of rigid economy, I will try to support that independence so dear to my soul, but which has been too often distant from my situation.” To Miss Chalmers he writes, “You will condemn me for the next step I have taken. I have entered into the excise. I have chosen this, my dear friend, after mature deliberation. The question is not at what door of fortune’s palace we shall enter in, but what door does she open for us ? I got this without any hanging on, or mortifying solicitation : it is immediate support, and though poor in comparison of the last eighteen months of my existence, it is plenty in comparison of all my preceding life ; besides the Commissioners are some of them my acquaintance, and all of them my firm friends.” To Dr Moore he writes, “There is still one thing would make me quite easy. I have an excise officer’s commission and I live in the midst of a country division. If I were very sanguine I might hope that some of my great patrons might procure me a treasury warrant for supervisor, surveyor-general, &c.” It is needless to multiply quotations to the same effect. Burns with his usual good sense took into account, in his own estimate of such a calling, not

his genius, which had really nothing to do with it, but all his early circumstances, and his present prospects—nor does it seem at any time to have been a source of much discomfort to himself—on the contrary, he looks forward to an increase of its emoluments with hope and satisfaction. We are not now speaking of the disappointment of his hopes of rising in the profession, but of the profession itself—“A supervisor’s income varies,” he says, in a letter to Heron of that ilk, “from about a hundred and twenty to two hundred a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed supervisor, I may be nominated on the collector’s list; and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A Collectorship varies much, from better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. They also come forward by precedency on the list; and have besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competency, is the summit of my wishes.” With such views, Burns became a gauger as well as a farmer—we can see no degradation in his having done so—no reason why whimpering cockneys should continually cry “Shame! shame! on Scotland” for having let “Bunns”—as they pronounce him—adopt his own mode of life. Allan Cunninghame informs us that the officers of excise on the Nith were then a very superior set of men indeed to those who now ply on the Thames. Burns saw nothing to despise in honest men who did their duty—he could pick and choose among them—and you do not imagine that he was obliged to associate exclusively or intimately with ushers of the rod. Gaugers are gregarious, but not so gregarious as barristers and bagmen. The Club is composed of gauger, shop-keeper, schoolmaster, surgeon, retired merchant, minister, assistant-and-successor, cidevant militia captain, one of the heroes of the Peninsula with a wooden leg, and haply a horse-marine. These are the ordinary members; but among the honorary you find men of high degree, squires of some thousands, and baronets of some hundreds a-year. The rise in that department has been sometimes so sudden as to astonish the unexcised. A gauger, of a very few years’ standing, has been known, after a quarter’s supervisorship, to ascend the collector’s—and ere this planet had performed another revolution round the sun—the Comptroller’s chair—from which he might well look down on the Chancellor of England.

Let it not be thought that we are running counter to the common feeling in what we have now been saying, nor blame us for speaking in a tone of levity on a serious subject. We cannot bear to hear people at one hour scorning the distinctions of rank, and acknowledging none but of worth; and at another whining for the sake of worth without rank, and estimating a man’s happiness—which is something more than his respectability—by the amount of his income, or according to the calling from which it is derived. Such persons cannot have read Burns. Or do they think that such sentiments as “The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man’s the gowd for a’ that,” are all very fine in verse, but have no place in the prose of life—no application among men of sense to its concerns? But in how many departments have not men to addict themselves almost all their lives to the performance of duties, which merely as acts or occupations, are in themselves as unintellectual as polish-

ing a pin? Why, a pin-polisher may be a poet—who rounds its head an orator—who sharpens its point a metaphysician. Wait his time, and you hear the first singing like a nightingale in the autumnal season; the second roaring like a bull, and no mistake; the third, in wandering mazes lost, like a prisoner trying to thread the Cretan labyrinth without his clue. Let a man but have something that he must do or starve, nor be nice about its nature; and be ye under no alarm about the degradation of his soul. Let him even be a tailor—nay, that is carrying the principle too far; but any other handicraft let him for short hours—ten out of the eighteen (six he may sleep) for three score years and ten assiduously cultivate, or if fate have placed him in a ropery, doggedly pursue; and if nature have given him genius, he will find time to instruct or enchant the world—if but goodness, time to benefit it by his example, “though never heard of half a mile from home.”

Who in this country, if you except an occasional statesman, take their places at once in the highest grade of their calling? In the learned professions, what obscurest toil must not the brightest go through! Under what a pressure of mean observances the proudest stoop their heads! The colour-ensign in a black regiment has risen to be colonel in the Rifle-brigade. The middy in a gun-brig on the African station has commanded a three-decker at Trafalgar. Through successive grades they must all go—the armed and the gown'd alike; the great law of advancement holds among men of noble and of ignoble birth—not without exceptions indeed in favour of family, and of fortune too, more or less frequent, more or less flagrant—but talent, and integrity, and honour, and learning, and genius, are not often heard complaining of foul play—if you deny it, their triumph is the more glorious, for generally they win the day, and when they have won it—that is, risen in their profession—what becomes of them then? Soldiers or civilians, they must go where they are ordered—in obedience to the same great law; they appeal to their services when insisting on being sent—and in some pestilential climate swift death benumbs

“Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd—
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

It is drudgery to sit six, or eight, or ten hours a-day as a clerk in the India-house; but Charles Lamb endured it for forty years, not without much headache and heartache too, we dare say; but Elia shows us how the unwearied flame of genius can please itself by playing in the thickest gloom—how fancy can people dreariest vacancy with rarest creatures holding communion in quaintest converse with the finest feelings of the thoughtful heart—how eyes dim with poring all day on a ledger, can glisten through the evening, and far on into the night, with those alternate visitings of humour and of pathos that for a while come and go as if from regions in the spirit separate and apart, but e'er long by their quiet blending persuade us to believe that their sources are close adjacent, and that the streams, when left to themselves, often love to unite their courses, and to flow on together with merry or melancholy music, just as we choose to think it, as smiles may be the order of the hour, or as we may be commanded by the touch of some unknown power within us to indulge the luxury of tears.

Why, then, we ask again, such lamentation for the fate of Burns? Why should not he have been left to make his own way in life like other men gifted or ungifted? A man of great genius in the prime of life is poor. But his poverty did not for any long time necessarily affect the welfare or even comfort of the poet, and therefore created no obligation on his country to interfere with his lot. He was born and bred in a humble station—but such as it was, it did not impede his culture, fame, or service to his people, or rightly considered, his own happiness; let him remain in it, or leave it as he will and can, but there was no obligation on others to take him out of it. He had already risen superior to circumstances—and would do so still; his glory availed much in having conquered them; give him better, and the peculiar species of his glory will depart. Give him better, and it may be, that he achieves no more glory of any kind. For nothing is more uncertain than the effects of circumstances on character. Some men, we know, are specially adapted to adverse circumstances, rising thereby as the kite rises to the adverse breeze, and falling when the adversity ceases. Such was probably Burns's nature—his genius being piqued to activity by the contradictions of his fortune.

Suppose that some generous rich man had accidentally become acquainted with the lad Robert Burns, and grieving to think that such a mind should continue boorish among boors, had, much to his credit, taken him from the plough, sent him to College, and given him a complete education. Doubtless he would have excelled; for he was “quick to learn, and wise to know.” But he would not have been SCOTLAND'S BURNS. The prodigy had not been exhibited of a poet of the first order in that rank of life. It is an instructive spectacle for the world, and let the instruction take effect by the continuance of the spectacle for its natural period. Let the poet work at that calling which is clearly meant for him—he is “native and endued to the element” of his situation—there is no appearance of his being alien or strange to it—he professes proudly that his ambition is to illustrate the very life he exists in—his happiest moments are in doing so—and he is reconciled to it by its being thus blended with the happiest exertions of his genius. We must look at his lot as a whole—from beginning to end—and so looked at it was not unsuitable—but the reverse; for as to its later afflictions they were not such as of necessity belonged to it, were partly owing to himself, partly to others, partly to evil influences peculiar not to his calling, but to the times.

If Burns had not been prematurely cut off, it is not to be doubted that he would have got promotion either by favour, or in the ordinary course; and had that happened, he would not have had much cause for complaint, nor would he have complained that like other men he had to wait events, and reach competence or affluence by the usual routine. He would, like other men, have then looked back on his narrow circumstances, and their privations, as conditions which, from the first, he knew must precede preferment, and would no more have thought such hardships peculiar to his lot, than the first lieutenant of a frigate, the rough work he had had to perform, on small pay, and no delicate mess between decks, when he was a mate, though then perhaps a better seaman than the Commodore.

With these sentiments we do not expect that all who honour this Memoir with a perusal will entirely sympathise; but imperfect as it is, we have no fear of its favourable reception by our friends, on the score of its pervading spirit. As to the poor creatures who purse up their unmeaning mouths, trying too without the necessary feature to sport the supercilious—and instead of speaking daggers, pip pins against the “Scotch”—they are just the very vermin who used to bite Burns, and one would pause for a moment in the middle of a sentence to impale a dozen of them on one’s pen, if they happened to crawl across one’s paper. But our Southern brethren—the noble English—who may not share these sentiments of ours—will think “more in sorrow than in anger” of Burns’s fate, and for his sake will be loth to blame his mother land. They must think with a sigh of their own Bloomfield, and Clare! Our Burns indeed was a greater far; but they will call to mind the calamities of their men of genius, of discoverers in science, who advanced the wealth of nations, and died of hunger—of musicians who taught the souls of the people in angelic harmonies to commerce with heaven, and dropt unhonoured into a hole of earth—of painters who glorified the very sunrise and sunset, and were buried in places for a long time obscure as the shadow of oblivion—and surpassing glory and shame of all—

“OF MIGHTY POETS IN THEIR MISERY DEAD.”

We never think of the closing years of Burns’s life, without feeling what not many seem to have felt, that much more of their unhappiness is to be attributed to the most mistaken notion he had unfortunately taken up, of there being something degrading in genius *in writing for money*, than perhaps to all other causes put together, certainly far more than to his professional calling, however unsuitable that may have been to a poet. By persisting in a line of conduct pursuant to that persuasion, he kept himself in perpetual poverty; and though it is not possible to blame him severely for such a fault, originating as it did in the generous enthusiasm of the poetical character, a most serious fault it was, and its consequences were most lamentable. So far from being an extravagant man, in the common concerns of life he observed a proper parsimony; and they must have been careless readers indeed, both of his prose and verse, who have taxed him with lending the colours of his genius to set off with a false lustre that profligate profuseness, habitual only with the selfish, and irreconcilable with any steadfast domestic virtue.

“To catch dame fortune’s golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That’s justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
BUT FOR THE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE
OF BEING INDEPENDENT.”

Such was the advice he gave to a young friend in 1786, and in 1789, in a letter to Robert Ainslie, he says, “Your poets, spendthrifts, and other fools of that kidney pretend, forsooth,

to crack their jokes on prudence—but 'tis a squalid vagabond glorying in his rags. Still, imprudence respecting money matters is much more pardonable than imprudence respecting character. I have no objections to prefer prodigality to avarice, in some few instances : but I appeal to your own observation if you have not often met with the same disingenuousness, the same hollow-hearted insincerity, and disintegrative depravity of principle, in the hackneyed victims of profusion, as in the unfeeling children of parsimony." Similar sentiments will recur to every one familiar with his writings—all through them till the very end. His very songs are full of them—many of the best impressively preaching in sweetest numbers industry and thrift. So was he privileged to indulge in poetic transports—to picture, without reproach, the genial hours in the poor man's life, alas ! but too unfrequent, and therefore to be enjoyed with a lawful revelry, at once obedient to the iron-tongued knell that commands it to cease. So was he justified in scorning the close-fisted niggardliness that forces up one finger after another, as if *chirtd* by a screw, and then shows to the pauper a palm with a doit. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is an excellent maxim ; but we do not look for illustrations of it in poetry ; perhaps it is too importunate in prose. Full-grown moralists and political economists, eager to promote the virtue and the wealth of nations, can study it scientifically in Adam Smith—but the boy must have two buttons to his fob and a clasp, who would seek for it in Robert Burns. The bias of poor human nature seems to lean sufficiently to self, and to require something to balance it the other way ; what more effectual than the touch of a poet's finger ? We cannot relieve every wretch we meet—yet if we "take care of the pennies," how shall the hunger that beseeches us on the street get a bap ? If we let "the pounds take care of themselves," how shall we answer to God at the great day of judgment—remembering how often we had let "unpityed want retire to die—" the white-faced widow pass us unrelieved, in faded weeds that seemed as if they were woven of dust ?

In his poetry, Burns taught love and pity ; in his life he practised them. Nay, though seldom free from the pressure of poverty, so ignorant was he of the science of duty, that to the very last he was a notorious giver of alms. Many an impostor must have preyed on his meal-girnel at Ellisland ; perhaps the old sick sailor was one, who nevertheless repaid several weeks' board and lodging with a cutter one-foot keel, and six pound burthen, which young Bobby Burns—such is this uncertain word—*grat* one Sabbath to see a total wreck far off in the mid-eddies of the mighty Nith. But the idiot who got his dole from the poet's own hand, as often as he chose to come churning up the Vennel, he was no impostor, and though he had lost his wits, retained a sense of gratitude, and returned a blessing in such phrase as they can articulate "whose lives are hidden with God."

How happened it, then, that such a man was so neglectful of his wife and family, as to let their hearts often ache while he was in possession of a productive genius that might so easily have procured for them all the necessaries, and conveniences, and some even of the luxuries of life ? By the Edinburgh edition of his poems, and the copy-

right to Crecch, he had made a little fortune, and we know how well he used it. From the day of his final settlement with that money-making, story-telling, magisterial bibliopole, who rejoiced for many years in the name of Provost—to the week before his death, his poetry, and that too sorely against his will, brought him in—*ten pounds!* Had he thereby annually earned fifty—what happy faces at that fire-side! how different that household! comparatively how calm that troubled life!

All the poetry, by which he was suddenly made so famous, had been written, as you know, without the thought of *money* having so much as flitted across his mind. The delight of embodying in verse the visions of his inspired fancy—of awakening the sympathies of the few rustic auditors in his own narrow circle, whose hearts he well knew throbbed with the same emotions that are dearest to humanity all over the wide world—that had been at first all in all to him—the young poet exulting in his power and in the proof of his power—till as the assurance of his soul in its divine endowment waxed stronger and stronger he beheld his country's muse with the holly-wreath in her hand, and bowed his head to receive the everlasting halo. "And take thou *this* she smiling said"—that smile was as a seal set on his fame for ever—and "in the auld clay biggin" he was happy to the full measure of his large heart's desire. His poems grew up like flowers before his tread—they came out like singing-birds from the thickets—they grew like clouds on the sky—there they were in their beauty, and he hardly knew they were his own—so quiet had been their creation, so like the process of nature among her material loveliness, in the season of spring when life is again evolved out of death, and the renovation seems as if it would never more need the Almighty hand, in that immortal union of earth and heaven.

You will not think these words extravagant, if you have well considered the *ecstasy* in which the spirit of the poet was lifted up above the carking cares of his toilsome life, by the consciousness of the genius that had been given him to idealize it. "My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy" he says, remembering the beautiful happiness of a summer day reposing on the woods; and from that line we know how intimate had been his communion with Nature long before he had indited to her a single lay of love. And still as he wandered among her secret haunts he thought of her poets—with a fearful hope that he might one day be of the number—and most of all of Ferguson and Ramsay, because they belonged to Scotland, were Scottish in all their looks, and all their language, in the very habits of their bodies, and in the very frame of their souls—humble names now indeed compared with his own, but to the end sacred in his generous and grateful bosom; for at "The Farmer's Ingle" his imagination had kindled into the "Cottar's Saturday Night;" in the "Gentle Shepherd" he had seen many a happy sight that had furnished the matter, we had almost said inspired the emotion, of some of his sweetest and most gladsome songs. In his own every-day working world he walked as a man contented with the pleasure arising in his mere human heart; but that world the poet could purify and elevate at will into a celestial sphere, still lightened by Scottish skies, still melodious with Scottish

streams, still inhabited by Scottish life—sweet as reality—dear as truth—yet visionary as fiction's dream, and felt to be in part the work of his own creation. Proudly, therefore, on that poorest soil the peasant poet bade speed the plough—proudly he stooped his shoulders to the sack of corn, itself a cart-load—proudly he swept the scythe that swathed the flowery herbage—proudly he grasped the sickle—but tenderly too he “turned the weeder clips aside, and *spared the symbol dear.*”

Well was he entitled to say to his friend Aiken, in the dedicatory stanza of the Cottar's Saturday Night :

“My loved, my honoured, most respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise.”

All that he hoped to make by the Kilmarnock edition was twenty pounds to carry him to the West Indies, heedless of the yellow fever. At Edinburgh fortune hand in hand with fame descended on the bard in a shower of gold; but he had not courted “the smiles of the fickle goddess,” and she soon wheeled away with scornful laughter out of his sight for ever and a day. His poetry had been composed in the fields, with not a plack in the pocket of the poet; and we verily believe that he thought no more of the circulating medium than did the poor mouse in whose fate he saw his own—but more unfortunate!

“Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.”

At Ellisland his colley bore on his collar, “Robert Burns, poet;” and on his removal to Dumfries, we know that he indulged the dream of devoting all his leisure time to poetry—a dream how imperfectly realized! Poor Johnson, an old Edinburgh friend, begged in his poverty help to his “Museum,” and Thomson, not even an old Edinburgh acquaintance, in his pride—no ignoble pride—solicited it for his “Collection;” and fired by the thought of embellishing the body of Scottish song, he spurned the gentle and guarded proffer of remuneration in money, and set to work as he had done of yore in the spirit of love, assured from sweet experience that inspiration was its own reward. Sell a song! as well sell a wild-flower plucked from a spring-bank at sun-rise. * The one pervading feeling does indeed expand itself in a song, like a wild flower in the breath and dew of morning, which before was but a bud, and we are touched with a new sense of beauty at the full disclosure. As a song should always be simple, the flower we liken it to is the lily or the violet. The leaves of the lily are white, but it is not a monotonous whiteness—the leaves of the violet, sometimes “dim as the lids of Cytherea's eyes”—for Shakspeare has said so—are when well and happy, blue as her eyes themselves, while they looked languishingly on Adonis. Yet the exquisite colour seems of different shades in its rarest richness; and even so as

lily or violet shiftingly the same, should be a song in its simplicity, variously tinged with fine distinctions of the one colour of that pervading feeling—now brighter, now dimmer, as open and shut the valves of that mystery, the heart. Sell a song ! No—no—said Burns —“ You shall have hundreds for nothing—and we shall all sail down the stream of time together, now to merry, and now to sorrowful music, and the dwellers on its banks, as we glide by, shall bless us by name, and call us of the Immortals.”

It was in this way that Burns was beguiled by the remembrance of the inspirations of his youthful prime, into the belief that it would be absolutely sordid to write songs for money ; and thus he continued for years to enrich others by the choicest products of his genius, himself remaining all the while, alas ! too poor. The richest man in the town was not more regular in the settlement of his accounts, but sometimes on Saturday nights he had not wherewithal to pay the expenses of the week's subsistence, and had to borrow a pound note. He was more ready to lend one, and you know he died out of debt. But his family suffered privations it is sad to think of—though to be sure the children were too young to grieve, and soon fell asleep, and Jean was a cheerful creature, strong at heart, and proud of her famous Robin, the Poet of Scotland, whom the whole world admired, but she alone loved, and so far from ever upbraiding him, welcomed him at all hours to her arms and to her heart. It is all very fine talking about the delight he enjoyed in the composition of his matchless lyrics, and the restoration of all those faded and broken songs of other ages, burnished by a few touches of his hand to surpassing beauty ; but what we lament is, that with the Poet it was not “ No song, no supper,” but “ No supper for any song ”—that with an infatuation singular even in the history of the poetic tribe, he adhered to what he had resolved, in the face of distress which, had he chosen it, he could have changed into comfort, and by merely doing as all others did, have secured a competency to his wife and children. Infatuation ! It is too strong a word—therefore substitute some other weaker in expression of blame—nay, let it be—if so you will—some gentle term of praise and of pity ; for in this most selfish world, 'tis so rare to be of self utterly regardless, that the scorn of self may for a moment be thought a virtue, even when indulged to the loss of the tenderly beloved. Yet the great natural affections have their duties superior over all others between man and man ; and he who sets them aside, in the generosity or the joy of genius, must frequently feel that by such dereliction he has become amenable to conscience, and in hours when enthusiasm is tamed by reflection, cannot escape the tooth of remorse.

How it would have kindled all his highest powers, to have felt assured that by their exercise in the Poet's own vocation he could not only keep want from his door “ with stern alarum banishing sweet sleep,” but clothe, lodge, and board “ the wife and weans,” as sumptuously as if he had been an absolute supervisor ! In one article alone was he a man of expensive habits—it was quite a craze with him to have his Jean dressed *genteely*—for she had a fine figure, and as she stepped along the green, you might have taken the matron for a maid, so light her foot, so animated her bearing, as if care had never imposed

any burden on her not ungraceful shoulders heavier than the milk-pail she had learned at Mossiel to bear on her head. 'Tis said that she was the first in her rank at Dumfries to sport a gingham gown, and Burns's taste in ribbands had been instructed by the rainbow. To such a pitch of extravagance had he carried his craze that when dressed for church, Mrs Burns, it was conjectured, could not have had on her person much less than the value of two pounds sterling money, and the boys, from their dress and demeanour, you might have mistaken for a gentleman's sons. Then he resolved they should have the best education going; and the Hon. the Provost, the Bailies, and Town Council, he petitioned thus: "The literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town have so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them; still, to me a stranger, with my large family, and very stinted income, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the high school fees which a stranger pays, will bear hard upon me. Some years ago your good town did me the honour of making me an honorary burgess, will you then allow me to request, that this mark of distinction may extend so far as to put me on a footing of a real freeman in the schools?" Had not "his income been so stinted," we know how he would have spent it.

Then the world—the gracious and grateful world—"wondered and of her wondering found no end," how and why it happened that Burns was publishing no more poems. What was he about? Had his genius deserted him? Was the vein wrought out? of fine ore indeed, but thin, and now there was but rubbish. His contributions to Johnson were not much known, and but some six of his songs in the first half part of Thomson appeared during his life. But what if he had himself given to the world, through the channel of the regular trade, and for his own behoof, in Parts, or all at once, THOSE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SONGS—new and old—original and restored—with all those disquisitions, annotations, and ever so many more, themselves often very poetry indeed—what would the world have felt, thought, said, and done then? She would at least not have believed that the author of the Cottar's Saturday Night was—a drunkard. And what would Burns have felt, thought, said, and done then? He would have felt that he was turning his divine gift to a sacred purpose—he would have thought well of himself, and in that just appreciation there would have been peace—he would have said thousands on thousands of high and noble sentiments in discourses and in letters, with an untroubled voice and a steady pen, the sweet persuasive eloquence of the happy—he would have done greater things than it had before entered into his heart to conceive—his drama of the Bruce would have come forth magnificent from an imagination elevated by the joy that was in his heart—his Scottish Georgics would have written themselves, and would have been pure Virgilian—Tale upon Tale, each a day's work or a week's, would have taken the shine out of Tam o' Shanter.

And here it is incumbent on us to record our sentiments regarding Mr Thomson's conduct towards Burns in his worst extremity, which has not only been assailed by "anonymous scribblers," whom perhaps he may rightly regard with contempt; but as he says in

his letter to our esteemed friend, the ingenious and energetic Robert Chambers, to "his great surprise, by some writers who might have been expected to possess sufficient judgment to see the matter in its true light."

In the "melancholy letter received through Mrs Hyslop," as Mr Thomson well calls it, dated April, Burns writes, "Alas! my dear Thomson, I fear it will be sometime before I tune my lyre again. 'By Rabel streams I have sat and wept' almost ever since I wrote you last (in February when he thanked Mr Thomson for 'a handsome elegant present to Mrs B——,' we believe a worsted shawl). I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time but by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope." In his answer to that letter, dated 4th of May, Mr Thomson writes, "I need not tell you, my good Sir, what concern your last gave me, and how much I sympathise in your sufferings. But do not, I beseech you, give yourself up to despondency, nor speak the language of despair. The vigour of your constitution I trust will soon set you on your feet again; and *then it is to be hoped you will see the wisdom of taking due care of a life so valuable to your family, to your friends, and to the world.* Trusting that your next will bring agreeable accounts of your convalescence, and good spirits, I remain with sincere regard, yours." This is kind as it should be; and the advice given to Burns is good, though perhaps, under the circumstances, it might just as well have been spared. In a subsequent letter without date, Burns writes, "I have great hopes that the genial influence of the approaching summer will set me to rights, but as yet I cannot boast of returning health. I have now reason to believe that my complaint is a flying gout: a sad business." Then comes that most heart-rending letter, in which the dying Burns in terror of a jail implores the loan of five pounds—and the well known reply. "Ever since I received your melancholy letter by Mrs Hyslop I have been ruminating in what manner I could endeavour to alleviate your sufferings," and so on. Shorter rumination than of *three months* might, one would think, have sufficed to mature some plan for the alleviation of such sufferings, and human ingenuity has been more severely taxed than it would have been in devising means to carry it into effect. The recollection of a letter written *three years before*, when the Poet was in high health and spirits, needed not to have stayed his hand. "The fear of offending your independent spirit" seems a bugbear indeed. "With great pleasure I enclose a draft for *the very sum I had proposed sending!!* Would I were CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER but for one day for your sake!!!"

Josiah Walker, however, to whom Mr Thomson gratefully refers, says, "a few days before Burns expired he applied to Mr Thomson for a loan of £5, in a note which showed the irritable and distracted state of his mind, and his commendable judgment instantly remitted the precise sum, foreseeing that had he, at that moment, presumed to exceed that request, he would have exasperated the irritation and resentment of the haughty invalid, and done him more injury, by agitating his passions, than could be repaired by

administering more largely to his wants." Haughty invalid! Alas! he was humble enough now. "After all my boasted independence, *stern necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds!*" Call not that a pang of pride. It is the outcry of a wounded spirit shrinking from the last worst arrow of affliction. In one breath he implores succour and forgiveness from the man to whom he had been a benefactor. "*Forgive me this earnestness—but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME!*" He asks no gift—he but begs to borrow—and trusts to the genius God had given him for ability to repay the loan; nay, he encloses his *last song*, "Fairest Maid on Devon's banks," as in part payment! But oh! save Robert Burns from dying in prison. What hauteur! And with so "haughty an invalid" how shall a musical brother deal, so as not "to exasperate his irritation and resentment," and do him "more injury by agitating his passions, than could be repaired by administering more largely to his wants?" *More largely!* Faugh! faugh! Foreseeing that he ~~who~~ was half-mad at the horrors of a jail, would go wholly mad were ten pounds sent to him instead of five, which was all "the haughty invalid" had implored, "with commendable judgment," according to Josiah Walker's philosophy of human life, George Thomson sent "the precise sum!" And supposing it had gone into the pocket of the merciless haberdasher, on what did Josiah Walker think would "the haughty invalid" have subsisted *then*—how paid for lodging without board by the melancholy Solway-side?

Mr Thomson's champion proceeds to say—"Burns had all the unmanageable pride of Samuel Johnson, *and if the latter threw away with indignation the new shoes which had been placed at his chamber door, secretly and collectively by his companions*, the former would have been still more ready to resent any pecuniary donation with which a single individual, after his peremptory prohibition, should avowedly have dared to insult him with." In Boswell we read—"Mr Bateman's lectures were so excellent that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that his humiliating condition was perceived by the Christ-Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, *and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door*, he threw them away with indignation." Hall, Master of Pembroke, in a note on this passage, expresses strong doubts of Johnson's poverty at college having been extreme; and Croker, with his usual accuracy, says, "authoritatively and circumstantially as this story is told, there is good reason for disbelieving it altogether. Taylor was admitted Commoner of Christ-Church, June 27, 1730; Johnson left Oxford six months before." Suppose it true. Had Johnson found the impudent cub in the act of depositing the eleemosynary shoes, he infallibly would have knocked him down with fist or folio as clean as he afterwards did Osborne. But Mr Thomson was no such cub, nor did he stand relatively to Burns in the same position as such cub to Johnson. He owed Burns much money—though Burns would not allow himself to think so; and had he expostulated, with open heart and hand, with the Bard on his obstinate—he might have kindly said foolish and

worse than foolish disregard not only of his own interest, but of the comfort of his wife and family—had he gone to Dumfries for the sole purpose—who can doubt that “his justice and generosity” would have been crowned with success? Who but Josiah Walker could have said, that Burns would have *then* thought himself insulted? Resent a “pecuniary donation” indeed! What is a donation? Johnson tells us in the words of South: “After donation there is an absolute change and alienation made of the property of the thing given; which being alienated, a man has no more to do with it than with a thing bought with another’s money.” It was Burns who made a donation to Thomson of a hundred and twenty songs.

All mankind must agree with Mr Lockhart when he says—“Why Burns, who was of opinion, when he wrote his letter to Mr Carfrae, that ‘no profits were more honourable than those of the labours of a man of genius,’ and whose own notions of independence had sustained no shock in the receipt of hundreds of pounds from Creech, should have spurned the suggestion of pecuniary recompence from Mr Thomson, it is no easy matter to explain; nor do I profess to understand why Mr Thomson took so little pains to argue the matter *in limine* with the poet, and convince him that the time which he himself considered as fairly entitled to be paid for by a common bookseller, ought of right to be valued and acknowledged by the editor and proprietor of a book containing both songs and music.” We are not so much blaming the backwardness of Thomson in the matter of the songs, as we are exposing the *blather* of Walker in the story of the shoes. Yet something there is in the nature of the whole transaction that nobody can stomach. We think we have in a great measure explained how it happened that Burns “spurned the suggestion of pecuniary recompence;” and bearing our remarks in mind, look for a moment at the circumstances of the case. Mr Thomson, in his first letter, September, 1792, says, “*Profit is quite a secondary consideration with us*, and we are resolved to spare neither pains nor expense on the publication.” “We shall esteem your poetical assistance a particular favour, besides paying *any reasonable price* you shall please to demand for it.” And would Robert Burns condescend to receive money for his contributions to a work in honour of Scotland, undertaken by men with whom “profit was quite a secondary consideration?” Impossible. In July 1793, when Burns had been for nine months enthusiastically co-operating in a great national work, and had proved that he would carry it on to a triumphant close, Mr Thomson writes—“I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for the exquisite new songs you are sending me; but thanks, my friend, are a poor return for what you have done. As I shall be benefitted by the publication, you must suffer me to enclose a small mark of my gratitude, and to repeat it afterwards *when I find it convenient*. Do not return it—for BY HEAVEN if you do, *our correspondence is at an end*.” A bank-note for five pounds! “In the name of the prophet—Figs!” Burns, with a proper feeling, retained the trifle, but forbade the repetition of it; and every body must see, at a glance, that such a man could not have done otherwise—for it would have been most degrading indeed had he

shown himself ready to accept a five pound note when it might happen to suit the convenience of an Editor. His domicile was not in Grub-street.

Mr Walkor, still further to soothe Mr Thomson's feelings, sent him an extract from a letter of Lord Woodhouselee's—"I am glad that you have embraced the occasion which lay in your way of doing full justice to Mr George Thomson, who I agree with you in thinking, was most harshly and illiberally treated by an anonymous dull calumniator. I have always regarded Mr Thomson as a man of great worth and most respectable character; and I have every reason to believe that poor Burns felt *himself as much indebted to his good counsels and active friendship as a man, as the public is sensible he was to his good taste and judgment as a critic.*" Mr Thomson, in now giving, for the first time, this extract to the public, says, "Of the unbiassed opinion of such a highly respectable gentleman and accomplished writer as Lord Woodhouselee, I certainly feel not a little proud. It is of itself more than sufficient to silence the calumnies by which I have been assailed, first anonymously, and afterwards, to my great surprise, by some writers who might have been expected to possess sufficient judgment to see the matter in its true light." He has reason to feel proud of his Lordship's good opinion, and on the ground of his private character he deserved it. But the assertions contained in the extract have no bearing whatever on the question, and they are entirely untrue. Lord Woodhouselee could have had no authority for believing, "that poor Burns felt himself indebted to Mr Thomson's good counsels and active friendship as a man." Mr Thomson, a person of no influence or account, had it not in his power to exert any "active friendship" for Burns—and as to "good counsels," it is not to be believed for a moment, that a modest man like him, who had never interchanged a word with Burns, would have presumed to become his Mentor. This is putting him forward in the high character of Burns's benefactor, not only in his worldly concerns, but in his moral well-being; a position which of himself he never could have dreamt of claiming, and from which he must, on a moment's consideration, with pain inexpressible recoil. Neither is "the public sensible" that Burns was "indebted to his good taste and judgment as a critic." The public kindly regard Mr Thomson, and think that in his correspondence with Burns he makes a respectable figure. But Burns repudiated most of his critical strictures; and the worthy Clerk of the Board of Trustees does indeed frequently fall into sad mistakes, concerning alike poetry, music, and painting. Lord Woodhouselee's "unbiassed opinion," then so far from being of itself "sufficient to silence the calumnies of ignorant assailants, &c." is not worth a straw.

Mr Thomson, in his five pound letter, asks—"Pray, my good sir, is it not possible for you to muster a volume of poetry?" Why, with the assistance of Messrs Johnson and Thomson, it would have been possible; and then Burns might have called in his "Jolly Beggars." "If too much trouble to you," continues Mr Thomson, "in the present state of your health, some literary friend might be found here who would select and arrange your manuscripts, and take upon him the *task of editor*. In the meantime, it could be advertised to be published by subscription. Do not shun this mode of ob-

taining the value of your labour; remember Pope published the Iliad by subscription." Why, had not Burns published his own poems by subscription! All this seems the strangest mockery ever heard of; yet there can be no doubt that it was written not only with a serious face, but with a kind heart. But George Thomson at that time was almost as poor a man as Robert Burns. Allan Cunninghame, a man of genius and virtue, in his interesting Life of Burns, has in his characteristic straight-forward style, put the matter—in as far as it regards the money remittance—in its true light, and all Mr Thomson's friends should be thankful to him—"Thomson instantly complied with the request of Burns; he borrowed a five-pound note from Cunningham, (a draft) and sent it saying, he had made up his mind to inclose the identical sum the poet had asked for, when he received his letter. For this he has been sharply censured; and his defence is, that he was afraid of sending more, lest he should offend the pride of the poet, who was uncommonly sensitive in pecuniary matters. A better defence is Thomson's own poverty; only one volume of his splendid work was then published; his outlay had been beyond his means, and very small sums of money had come in to cover his large expenditure. Had he been richer, his defence would have been a difficult matter. When Burns made the stipulation, his hopes were high, and the dread of hunger or of the jail, was far from his thoughts; he imagined that it became genius to refuse money in a work of national importance. But his situation grew gloomier as he wrote; he had lost nearly his all in Ellisland, and was obliged to borrow small sums, which he found a difficulty in repaying. That he was in poor circumstances was well known to the world; and had money been at Thomson's disposal, a way might have been found of doing the poet good by stealth: he sent five pounds, because he could not send ten, and it would have saved him from some sarcastic remarks, and some pangs of heart, had he said so at once"

Mr Thomson has attempted a defence of himself about once every seven years, but has always made the matter worse, by putting it on wrong grounds. In a letter to that other Arcadian, Josiah Walker, he says—many years ago—"Now, the fact is, that notwithstanding the united labours of all the men of genius who have enriched my Collection, I am not even *yet compensated for the precious time consumed by me in poring over misty volumes, and in corresponding with every amateur and poet, by whose means I expected to make any valuable addition to our national music and song;—for the exertion and money it cost me to obtain accompaniments from the greatest masters of harmony in Vienna; and for the sums paid to engravers, printers, and others.*" Let us separate the items of this account. The money laid out by him must stand by itself—and for that outlay, he had then been compensated by the profits of the sale of the Collection. Those profits, we do not doubt, had been much exaggerated by public opinion, but they had then been considerable and have since been great. Our undivided attention has therefore to be turned to "his precious time consumed," and to its inadequate compensation. And the first question that naturally occurs to every reader to ask himself is—"in what sense are we to take the terms 'time,' 'precious,' and 'consumed?'" Inasmuch as "time" is only another word for life,

it is equally "precious" to all men. Take it then to mean leisure hours, in which men seek for relaxation and enjoyment. Mr Thomson tells us that he was, from early youth, an enthusiast in music and in poetry; and it puzzles us to conceive what he means by talking of "his precious time being consumed" in such studies. To an enthusiast, a "musty volume" is a treasure beyond the wealth of Ind—to pore over "musty volumes" sweet as to gaze on melting eyes—he hugs them to his heart. They are their own exceeding great reward—and we cannot listen to any claim for pecuniary compensation. Then who ever heard, before or since, of an enthusiast in poetry avowing before the world, that he had not been sufficiently compensated in money, "for the precious time consumed by him in corresponding with Poets?" Poets are proverbially an irritable race; still there is something about them that makes them very engaging—and we cannot bring ourselves to think that George Thomson's "precious time consumed" in corresponding with Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Joanna Baillie, and the Ettrick Shepherd, deserved "compensation." As to amateurs, we mournfully grant they are burthensome; yet even that burthen may uncomplainingly be borne by an Editor who "expects by their means to make any valuable addition to our national music and song;" and it cannot be denied, that the creatures have often good ears, and turn off tolerable verses. Finally, if by "precious" he means valuable, in a Politico-Economical sense, we do not see how Mr Thomson's time could have been consumed more productively to himself; nor indeed how he could have made any money at all by a different employment of it. In every sense, therefore, in which the words are construed, they are equally absurd; and all who read them are forced to think of one whose "precious time was indeed consumed"—to his fatal loss—the too generous, the self-devoted Burns—but for whose "uncompensated exertions," "The Melodies of Scotland" would have been to the Editor a ruinous concern, in place of one which for nearly half a century must have been yielding him a greater annual income than the Poet would have enjoyed had he been even a Supervisor.

Mr Thomson has further put forth in his letter to Robert Chalmers, and not now for the first time, this most injudicious defence. "Had I been a selfish or avaricious man, I had a fair opportunity, upon the death of the poet, to put money in my pocket; for I might then have published, for my own behoof, all the beautiful lyrics he had written for me, the original manuscripts of which were in my possession. But instead of doing this, I was no sooner informed that the friends of the poet's family had come to a resolution to collect his works, and to publish them for the benefit of the family, and that they thought it of importance to include my MSS. as being likely, from their number, their novelty, and their beauty, to prove an attraction to subscribers, than I felt it my duty to put them at once in possession of all the songs, and of the correspondence between the poet and myself; and accordingly, through Mr John Syme of Ryedale, I transmitted the whole to Dr Currie, who had been prevailed on, immensely to the advantage of Mrs Burns and her children, to take on himself the task of editor. For this surrendering the manuscripts, I received both verbally and in writing, the warm thanks of the trustees for the family—Mr

John Syme and Mr Gilbert Burns—who considered what I had done as a fair return for the poet's generosity of conduct to me." Of course he retained the exclusive right of publishing the songs with the music in his Collection. Now, what if he had refused to surrender the manuscripts? The whole world would have accused him of robbing the widow and orphan, and he would have been hooted out of Scotland. George Thomson, rather than have done so, would have suffered himself to be pressed to death between two mill-stones; and yet he not only instances his having "surrendered the MSS. as a proof of the calumnious nature of the abuse with which he had been assailed by anonymous scribblers, but is proud of the thanks of "the trustees of the family, who considered what I had done as a *fair return* for the poet's generosity of conduct to me." Setting aside, then, "the calumnies of anonymous scribblers," with one and all of which we are unacquainted, we have shown that Josiah Walker, in his foolish remarks on this affair, whereby he outraged the common feelings of humanity, left his friend just where he stood before—that Lord Woodhouselee knew nothing whatever about the matter, and in his good nature has made assertions absurdly untrue—that Mr Thomson's own defence of himself is in all respects an utter failure, and mainly depends on the supposition of a case unexampled in a Christian land—that Lockhart with unerring finger has indicated where the fault lay—and that Cunninghame has accounted for it by a reason that with candid judges must serve to reduce it to one of a very pardonable kind; the avowal of which from the first, would have saved a worthy man from some unjust obloquy, and at least as much undeserved commendation—the truth being now apparent to all, that "his poverty, not his will, consented" to secure on the terms of non-payment, a hundred and twenty songs from the greatest lyrical poet of his country, who during the years he was thus lavishing away the effusions of his matchless genius, without fee or reward, was in a state bordering on destitution, and as the pen dropt from his hand, did not leave sufficient to defray the expenses of a decent funeral.

We come now to contemplate his dying days; and mournful as the contemplation is, the close of many an illustrious life has been far more distressing, involved in far thicker darkness, and far heavier storms. From youth he had been visited—we shall not say haunted—by presentiments of an early death; he knew well that the profound melancholy that often settled down upon his whole being, suddenly changing day into night, arose from his organization;—and it seems as if the finest still bordered on disease—disease in his case perhaps hereditary—for his father was often sadder than even "the toil worn cottar" needed to be, and looked like a man subject to inward trouble. His character was somewhat stern; and we can believe that in its austerity he found a safeguard against passion, that nevertheless may shake the life it cannot wreck. But the son wanted the father's firmness; and in his veins there coursed more impetuous blood. The very fire of genius consumed him, coming and going in fitful flashes; his genius itself may almost be called a passion, so vehement was it, and so turbulent—though it had its scenes of blissful quietude; his heart too seldom suffered itself to be at rest; many a fever travelled through his veins; his calmest nights were liable to be broken in upon by the worst of dreams—waking dreams

from which there is no deliverance in a sudden start—of which the misery is felt to be no delusion—which are not dispelled by the morning light, but accompany their victim as he walks out into the day, and among the dew, and surrounded as he is with the beauty of rejoicing nature, tempt him to curse the day he was born.

Yet let us not call the life of Burns unhappy—nor at its close shut our eyes to the manifold blessings showered by heaven on the Poet's lot. Many of the mental sufferings that helped most to wear him out, originated in his own restless nature—"by prudent, cautious, self-control" he might have subdued some and tempered others—better regulation was within his power—and, like all men, he paid the penalty of neglect of duty, or of its violation. But what loss is hardest to bear? The loss of the beloved. All other wounds are slight to those of the affections. Let Fortune do her worst—so that Death be merciful. Burns went to his own grave without having been commanded to look down into another's where all was buried. "I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance too, and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her." The flower withered, and he wept—but his four pretty boys were soon dancing again in their glee—their mother's heart was soon composed again to cheerfulness—and her face without a shadow. Anxiety for their sakes did indeed keep preying on his heart;—but what would that anxiety have seemed to him, had he been called upon to look back upon it in anguish *because they were not*? Happiness too great for this earth! If in a dream for one short hour restored, that would have been like an hour in heaven.

Burns had not been well for a twelvemonth; and though nobody seems even then to have thought him dying, on the return of spring, which brought him no strength, he knew that his days were numbered. Intense thought, so it be calm, is salutary to life. It is emotion that shortens our days by hurrying life's pulsations—till the heart can no more, and runs down like a disordered time-piece. We said nobody seems to have thought him dying;—yet after the event every body, on looking back on it, remembered seeing death in his face. It is when thinking of those many months of decline and decay, that we feel pity and sorrow for his fate, and that along with them other emotions will arise, without our well knowing towards whom, or by what name they should be called, but partaking of indignation, and shame, and reproach, as if some great wrong had been done, and might have been rectified before death came to close the account. Not without blame somewhere could such a man have been so neglected—so forgotten—so left alone to sicken and die.

"Oh, Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!"

No son of Scotland did ever regard her with more filial affection—did ever in strains so sweet sing of the scenes "that make her loved at home, revered abroad"—and yet his mother

stretched not out her hand to sustain—when it was too late to save—her own Poet as he was sinking into an untimely grave. But the dying man complained not of her ingratitude—he loved her too well to the last to suspect her of such sin—there was nothing for him to forgive—and he knew that he would have a place for ever in her memory. Her rulers were occupied with great concerns—in which *all thoughts of self were merged!* and therefore well might they forget her Poet, who was but a cottar's son and a gauger. In such forgetfulness they were what other rulers have been, and will be,—and Coleridge lived to know that the great ones of his own land could be as heartless in his own case as the “Scotch nobility” in that of Burns, for whose brows his youthful genius wove a wreath of scorn. “The rapt one of the godlike forehead, the heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth”—but who among them all cared for the long self-seclusion of the white-headed sage—for his sick bed, or his grave?

Turn we then from the Impersonation named Scotland—from her rulers—from her nobility and gentry—to the personal friends of Burns. Could they have served him in his straits? And how? If they could, then were they bound to do so by a stricter obligation than lay upon any other party; and if they had the will as well as the power, 'twould have been easy to find a way. The duties of friendship are plain, simple, sacred—and to perform them is delightful; yet so far as we can see, they were not performed here—if they were, let us have the names of the beneficent who visited Burns every other day during the months disease had deprived him of all power to follow his calling? Who insisted on helping to keep the family in comfort till his strength might be restored? For example, to pay his house rent for a year? Mr Syme of Ryedale told Dr Currie, that Burns had “many firm friends in Dumfries,” who would not have suffered the haberdasher to put him into jail, and that his were the fears of a man in delirium. Did not those “firm friends” know that he was of necessity very poor? And did any one of them offer to lend him thirty shillings to pay for his three weeks' lodgings at the Brow? He was not in delirium—till within two days of his death. Small sums he had occasionally borrowed and repaid—but from people as poor as himself—such as kind Craig, the schoolmaster, to whom, at his death, he owed a pound—never from the more opulent townfolk or the gentry in the neighbourhood, of not one of whom is it recorded that he or she accommodated the dying Poet with a loan sufficient to pay for a week's porridge and milk. Let us have no more disgusting palaver about his pride. His heart would have melted within him at any act of considerate friendship done to his family; and so far from feeling that by accepting it he had become a pauper, he would have recognized in the doer of it a brother, and taken him into his heart. And had he not in all the earth, one single such Friend? His brother Gilbert was struggling with severe difficulties at Mossiel, and was then unable to assist him; and his excellent cousin at Montrose had enough to do to maintain his own family; but as soon as he knew how matters stood, he showed that the true Burns' blood was in his heart, and after the Poet's death, was as kind as man could be to his widow and children.

What had come over Mrs Dunlop that she should have seemed to have forgotten or forsaken him? "*These many months* you have been two packets in my debt—what sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend I am utterly at a loss to guess. . Alas! Madam, ill can I afford, at this time, to be deprived of any of the small remnant of my pleasures. * * * I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock (the death of his little daughter), when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of a sick bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once, indeed, have been before my own door in the street." No answer came; and three months after he wrote from the Brow, "Madam—I have written you so often without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for many years you honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell. R. B." Currie says, "Burns had the pleasure of receiving a satisfactory explanation of his friend's silence, and an assurance of the continuance of her friendship to his widow and children; an assurance that has been amply fulfilled." That "satisfactory explanation" should have been given to the world—it should be given yet—for without it such incomprehensible silence must continue to seem cruel; and it is due to the memory of one whom Burns loved and honoured to the last, to vindicate on her part the faithfulness of the friendship which preserves her name.

Maria Riddel, a lady of fine talents and accomplishments, and though somewhat capricious in the consciousness of her mental and personal attractions, yet of most amiable dispositions, and of an affectionate and tender heart, was so little aware of the condition of the Poet, whose genius she could so well appreciate, that only a few weeks before his death, when he could hardly crawl, he had by letter to decline acceding to her "desire, that he would go to the birth-day assembly, on the 4th of June, to *show his loyalty!*" Alas! he was fast "wearin' awa to the land o' the leal;" and after the lapse of a few weeks, that lady gay, herself in poor health, and saddened out of such vanities by sincerest sorrow, was struck with his appearance on entering the room. "The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was—'Well, Madam, have you any commands for the next world?'" The best men have indulged in such sallies on the brink of the grave. Nor has the utterance of words like these, as life's taper was flickering in the socket, been felt to denote a mood of levity unbecoming a creature about to go to his account. On the contrary, there is something very affecting in the application of such formulas of speech as had been of familiar use all his days, on his passage through the shadow of time, now that his being is about to be liberated into the light of eternity, where our mortal language is heard not, and

spirit communicates with spirit through organs not made of clay, having dropt the body like a garment.

In that interview, the last recorded, and it is recorded well—pity so much should have been suppressed—“he spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his poor children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation, in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth.” Yet, during the whole afternoon, he was cheerful, even gay, and disposed for pleasantry; such is the power of the human voice and the human eye over the human heart, almost to the resuscitation of drowned hope, when they are both suffused with affection, when tones are as tender as tears, yet can better hide the pity that ever and anon will be gushing from the lids of grief. He expressed deep contrition for having been betrayed by his inferior nature and vicious sympathy with the dissolute, into impurities in verse, which he knew were floating about among people of loose lives, and might on his death be collected to the hurt of his moral character. Never had Burns been “hired minstrel of voluptuous blandishment,” nor by such unguarded freedom of speech had he ever sought to corrupt; but in emulating the ribald wit, and coarse humour of some of the worst old ballants current among the lower orders of the people, of whom the moral and religious are often tolerant of indecencies to a strange degree, he felt that he had sinned against his genius. A miscreant, aware of his poverty, had made him an offer of fifty pounds for a collection, which he repelled with the horror of remorse. Such things can hardly be said to have existence—the polluted perishes—or shovelled aside from the socialities of mirthful men, are nearly obsolete, except among those whose thoughtlessness is so great as to be sinful, among whom the distinction ceases between the weak and the wicked. From such painful thoughts he turned to his poetry, that had every year been becoming dearer and dearer to the people, and he had comfort in the assurance that it was pure and good; and he wished to live a little longer that he might amend his Songs, for through them he felt he would survive in the hearts of the dwellers in cottage-homes all over Scotland—and in the fond imagination of his heart Scotland to him was all the world.

“He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy,” and perhaps without any reference to religion; for dying men often keep their profoundest thoughts to themselves, except in the chamber in which they believe they are about to have the last look of the objects of their earthly love, and there they give them utterance in a few words of hope and trust. While yet walking about in the open air, and visiting their friends, they continue to converse about the things of this life in language so full of animation, that you might think, but for something about their eyes, that they are unconscious of their doom—and so at times they are; for the customary pleasure of social intercourse does not desert them; the sight of others well and happy beguiles them of the mournful knowledge that their own term has nearly expired, and in that oblivion they are cheerful as the persons seem to be who for their sakes assume a smiling aspect in spite of struggling

tears. So was it with Burns at the Brow. But he had his Bible with him in his lodgings, and he read it almost continually—often when seated on a bank, from which he had difficulty in rising without assistance, for his weakness was extreme, and in his emaciation he was like a ghost. The fire of his eyes was not dimmed—indeed fever had lighted it up beyond even its natural brightness; and though his voice, once so various, was now hollow, his discourse was still that of a Poet. To the last he loved the sunshine, the grass, and the flowers—to the last he had a kind look and word for the passers-by, who all knew it was Burns. Labouring men, on their way from work, would step aside to the two three houses called the Brow, to know if there was any hope of his life; and it is not to be doubted that devout people remembered him who had written the Cottar's Saturday Night in their prayers. His sceptical doubts no longer troubled him—they had never been more than shadows—and he had at last the faith of a confiding Christian. We are not even to suppose that his heart was always disquieted within him because of the helpless condition of his widow and orphans. That must have been indeed with him a dismal day on which he wrote three letters about them so full of anguish; but to give vent to grief in passionate outcries usually assuages it, and tranquillity sometimes steals upon despair. His belief that he was so sunk in debt was a delusion—not of delirium—but of the fear that is in love. And comfort must have come to him in the conviction that his country would not suffer the family of her Poet to be in want. As long as he had health they were happy, though poor—as long as he was alive, they were not utterly destitute. That on his death they would be paupers, was a dread that could have had no abiding place in a heart that knew how it had beat for Scotland, and in the power of genius had poured out all its love on her fields and her people. His heart was pierced with the same wounds that extort lamentations from the death-beds of ordinary men, thinking of what will become of wife and children; but like the pouring of oil upon them by some gracious hand, must have been the frequent recurrence of the belief—"On my death people will pity them, and care for them for my name's sake." Some little matter of money he knew he should leave behind him—the two hundred pounds he had lent to his brother; and it sorely grieved him to think that Gilbert might be ruined by having to return it. What brotherly affection was there! They had not met for a good many years; but personal intercourse was not required to sustain their friendship. At the Brow often must the dying Poet have remembered Mossiel.

On the near approach of death he returned to his own house, in a spring-cart—and having left it at the foot of the street, he could just totter up to his door. The last words his hand had strength to put on paper were to his wife's father, and were written probably within an hour of his return home. "My dear Sir,—Do for heaven's sake send Mrs Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expected to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day; and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone, that the disorder will prove fatal to me.

Your son-in-law, R. B." That is not the letter of a man in delirium—nor was the letter written a few days before from the Brow to "my dearest love." But next day he was delirious, and the day after too, though on being spoken to he roused himself into collected and composed thought, and was, ever and anon, for a few minutes himself—Robert Burns. In his delirium there was nothing to distress the listeners and the lookers on—words were heard that to them had no meaning—mistakings made by the parting spirit among its language now in confusion breaking up—and sometimes words of trifling import about trifling things—about incidents and events unnoticed in their happening, but now strangely cared for in their final repassing before the closed eyes just ere the dissolution of the dream of a dream. Nor did his death-bed want for affectionate and faithful service. The few who were privileged to tend it did so tenderly and reverently—now by the side of the sick wife, and now by that of the dying husband. Maxwell, a kind physician, came often to gaze in sadness where no skill could relieve. Findlater—supervisor of excise—sat by his bedside the night before he died; and Jessie Lewars—daughter and sister of a gauger—was his sick nurse. Had he been her own father she could not have done her duty with a more perfect devotion of her whole filial heart—and her name will never die, "here eternized on earth" by the genius of the Poet who for all her Christian kindness to him and his had long cherished towards her the tenderest gratitude. His children had been taken care of by friends, and were led in to be near him now that his hour was come. His wife in her own bed knew it, as soon as her Robert was taken from her; and the great Poet of the Scottish people, who had been born "in the auld clay biggin" on a stormy winter night, died in a humble tenement on a bright summer morning, among humble folk, who composed his body, and according to custom strewed around it flowers brought from their own gardens.

Great was the grief of the people for their Poet's death. They felt that they had lost their greatest man; and it is no exaggeration to say that Scotland was saddened on the day of his funeral. It is seldom that tears are shed even close to the grave beyond the inner circle that narrows round it; but that day there were tears in the eyes of many far off at their work, and that night there was silence in thousands of cottages that had so often heard his songs—how sweeter far than any other, whether mournfully or merrily to old accordant melodies they won their way into the heart! The people had always loved him; they best understood his character, its strength and its weakness. Not among them at any time had it been harshly judged, and they allowed him now the sacred privileges of the grave. The religious have done so ever since, pitying more than condemning, nor afraid to praise; for they have confessed to themselves, that had there been a window in their breasts as there was in that of Burns, worse sights might have been seen—a darker revelation. His country charged herself with the care of them he had loved so well, and the spirit in which she performed her duty is the best proof that her neglect—if neglect at any time there were—of her Poet's well-being had not been wilful, but is to be numbered with those omissions incident to all human affairs, more to be lamented than blamed,

and if not to be forgotten, surely to be forgiven, even by the nations who may have nothing to reproach themselves with in their conduct towards any of their great poets. England, "the foremost land of all this world," was not slack to join in her sister's sorrow, and proved the sincerity of her own, not by barren words, but fruitful deeds, and best of all by fervent love and admiration of the poetry that had opened up so many delightful views into the character and condition of our "bold peasantry, their country's pride," worthy compatriots with her own, and exhibiting in different Manners the same national Virtues.

No doubt wonder at a prodigy had mingled in many minds with admiration of the ploughman's poetry; and when they of their wondering found an end, such persons began to talk with abated enthusiasm of his genius and increased severity of his character, so that during intervals of silence, an under current of detraction was frequently heard brawling with an ugly noise. But the main stream soon ran itself clear; and Burns has no abusers now out of the superannuated list; out of it—better still—he has no patrons. In our youth we have heard him spoken of by the big-wigs with exceeding condescension; now the tallest men know that to see his features rightly they must look up. Shakespeare, Spencer, and Milton, are unapproachable; but the present era is the most splendid in the history of our poetry—in England beginning with Cowper, in Scotland with Burns. Original and racy, each in his own land is yet unexcelled; immovably they both keep their places—their inheritance is sure. Changes wide and deep, for better and for worse, have been long going on in town and country. There is now among the people more education—more knowledge than at any former day. Their worldly condition is more prosperous, while there is still among them a deep religious spirit. By that spirit alone can they be secured in the good, and saved from the evil of knowledge; but the spirit of poetry is akin to that of religion, and the union of the two is in no human composition more powerful than in "the Cottar's Saturday Night." "Let who may have the making of the laws give me the making of the ballads of a people," is a profound saying; and the truth it somewhat paradoxically expresses is in much as applicable to a cultivated and intellectual as to a rude and imaginative age. From our old traditional ballads we know what was dearest to the hearts and souls of the people. How much deeper must be the power over them of the poems and songs of such a man as Burns, of himself alone superior in genius to all those nameless minstrels, and of a nobler nature; and yet more endeared to them by pity for the sorrows that clouded the close of his life.



THE

LAND OF BURNS.

STATUE OF BURNS BY FLAXMAN.

THE idea of erecting a monument to Burns in Edinburgh, originated about twenty years ago with the late Mr John Forbes Mitchell, of Bombay; and the object at first contemplated was a colossal statue of the poet, to be raised in the open air in some conspicuous part of the Scottish capital. A considerable sum was collected in India, chiefly through the exertions of Mr Mitchell, who, after his return to England, continued these exertions, and did not rest till he had placed the business in the hands of a respectable committee. At a meeting of this body, held in the Freemasons' Tavern, in London, May 26, 1821, it was found that funds to the amount of £1500 might be calculated upon, and a resolution was formed immediately to proceed with the monument—"Viscount Keith, Charles Forbes, Esq., M.P. (now Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe and Edinglasslie, Bart.,) George Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh, John Deas Thomson, Esq., and John Forbes Mitchell, Esq.," being named a sub-committee to direct the work.

In July, 1824, these gentlemen made an agreement with the first British sculptor of his day, John Flaxman, Esq., P.S.R.A. not for a colossal bronze statue, as originally intended, but for a marble statue of the size of life, for which they were to pay fourteen hundred pounds. It is to be remarked, to the honour of the artist, that, at an earlier stage of the proceedings, when the issue of the subscriptions was less assured, he had proposed, from his admiration of the Scottish bard, to undertake the execution of the statue, either in bronze or marble, without any view to remuneration.

Amongst the gentlemen who took an interest in the promotion of the subscriptions in Scotland, the most conspicuous and indefatigable was Mr George Thomson, who performed the duties of secretary to the sub-committee. From a report (unprinted), made by Mr Thomson in this capacity in 1837, we have permission to make the following extract, relative to the execution of the statue:—"For enabling him (Flaxman) to transmit the features of the poet to posterity as faithfully as possible, I obtained from Mrs Burns, and sent him the portrait in oil painted from life very successfully by Mr Alexander Naismyth, Edinburgh, being the only portrait for which he ever sat to any reputable artist, as far as

I know: and, along with it, I sent the small engraving done from it by Beugo for the first Edinburgh edition of his poems; for Mr Beugo told me that he was frequently visited by Burns while at work on the plate, and thus had opportunities of examining his manly expressive countenance when lighted up by conversation: and though I recommended the painting to Mr Flaxman as his safest guide to likeness, I did not think it right to withhold the engraving, nor to omit telling him that Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, had expressed to me his marked approbation both of the painting and engraving.

"For the figure, or general appearance of the poet, the sculptor was necessarily guided by description, for which purpose, when he came to Edinburgh, to be informed as to this and other matters, I introduced him to several friends who had seen Burns much oftener than I saw him, and whose account of him could be more relied on than mine: and I think the statue, upon the whole, will be considered by all who remember Burns, a fair characteristic representation of his general appearance, as well as a capital work of art." It is to be added, that at the death of Mr Flaxman, December 3, 1826, the statue of Burns was one of those which he left unfinished: the work was completed by his brother-in-law and pupil, Mr Denman.

When the statue was ready to be put up, the committee, finding a surplus of about £1300 in their hands, resolved, instead of placing it in one of the public halls of Edinburgh, to erect a monumental temple for its especial reception; and the site chosen for this structure was one of the southern shoulders of the Calton Hill, a little to the east of the new High School. A design being furnished gratuitously by Mr Thomas Hamilton of Edinburgh, the building was commenced in 1831, and soon completed, but not until a further call upon the public had been honoured to the extent of £537. It is not unworthy of notice that the decoration of the interior of this structure, and the planting of the surrounding plot with laurels, hollies, and Ayrshire roses, were respectively done, gratuitously, by Mr Robert Buchan, house-painter, and Mr Eagle Henderson, nursery-man, both of Edinburgh. The total expense of the statue and its temple appears to have exceeded £3300.

The statue has now been shown for several seasons to the public, in the building erected for it; but it is to be regretted that the situation proves to be somewhat confined, so that the figure is not seen to full advantage, and also that, from the neighbourhood of several factories of various kinds, the marble is liable to be somewhat contaminated in the course of time by smoke. It is to be hoped that some step may be taken to avert a result which the public could not fail greatly to deplore, both on account of the beauty of the object as a work of art, and the homage due to the illustrious person whom it represents.



SECRET

CONFIDENTIAL

EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GREYFRIARS' CHURCH-YARD.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat:
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
 From marking wildly scattered flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy trade his labour piles;
 There architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise;
 Here Justice from her native skies
 High wields her balance and her rod,
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Shows science in her coy abode.

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
 And marked with many a seamy scar:
 The ponderous wall and massy bar
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repelled the invader's shock.

—In these terms did Burns, on visiting Edinburgh, November, 1786, express the feelings which possessed him at the first sight of the objects forming a large and beautiful city. The accompanying view has been chosen as embracing one of the most conspicuous of those objects, and one which seems to have attracted the poet's particular attention, as it is the subject of the first descriptive verse in his poem. The foreground presents some of the details of the principal church-yard of Edinburgh. With a group of Covenanters, come to visit the tomb of the Martyrs; many of the individuals who suffered during the persecution of 1660 to 1668, having been buried in Greyfriars' church-yard. Burns once hearing a gentleman sneer at the sufferings of the people of Scotland, for conscience' sake, and call the solemn league and covenant of the lords and people ridiculous and fanatical—replied in the following verse:

The solemn league and covenant
 Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
 But it sealed freedom's sacred cause—
 If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

WILLIAM SMELLIE.

“Revered Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
 The old cocked hat, the gray surtout, the same;
 His bristling beard just rising in its might,
 ’Twas four long nights and days to shaving night,
 His uncombed grizzly locks, wild-staring, thatched
 A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatched;
 Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.”

In these graphic terms did Burns describe his Edinburgh printer, William Smellie—a man, like Burns himself, of extraordinary native talents, and original and eccentric character, with acquirements in learning and science, which the Ayrshire bard never attempted to form; like him, also, in no small measure, a misplaced and mis-directed man.

Mr Smellie, was born in Edinburgh in 1740. His father was a builder by profession: it is not unworthy of notice that he was the individual who erected the well-known monument in the Greyfriars’ church-yard to the hecatomb of religious victims who perished in the Grassmarket during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, and were there buried in the nook devoted to the sepulture of common criminals. Young Smellie was reared as a printer; and it was during his apprenticeship to that art, that he laid the foundations of the learning for which he afterwards became remarkable. The term of his indenture had not expired, when he produced an edition of Terence, esteemed as “immaculate,” or entirely free of error, and which gained for his masters an honorary prize offered by a learned society for the best edition of a Latin classic. Afterwards, while in the employment of Messrs Murray and Cochrane, and not yet twenty years of age, he was entrusted by them not only with the correction of their press, but the editorship of their monthly publication, the *Scots Magazine*. About the same time, this active-minded youth was deep in the study of botany, and employed his leisure moments in the collection of a large *Hortus Siccus*, and in writing dissertations on vegetable physiology, one of which obtained for him the professor’s gold medal. All this time, he was, strictly speaking, a working-man, at sixteen shillings a-week. Nor had his condition in any respect changed, when, in 1764, he first acquired the notice of the celebrated Lord Kames. The Elements of Criticism, a profound philosophical work by that gentleman, was then passing through the press of Messrs Murray and Cochrane, and its sheets necessarily fell under the notice of Mr Smellie. The young printer not only ventured to controvert, in his own mind, some of the speculations of the aged philosopher, but was so bold as to communicate his sentiments to him anonymously. A correspondence took place between the parties thus oddly situated with respect to each other, and terminated in their becoming friends. A very few years afterwards, when Mr Smellie had become a master-printer, and required some advance of funds, the kind-hearted judge testified his esteem for his youthful critic, by becoming surety for a bank credit on his account to the amount of three hundred pounds.

While conducting business on his own account, Mr Smellie engaged in several literary



undertakings for which his ready literary talents and large fund of knowledge eminently fitted him. He was the editor and principal writer of the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, commenced in 1771, and completed in three volumes quarto. He translated Buffon, and wrote a large original work, of high reputation in its day, the *Philosophy of Natural History*. These productions recommended him to the friendship of most of the eminent literary and philosophical persons who then flourished in the Scottish capital—Blair, Black, Monboddo, Robertson, and Hope, all of whom readily recognised, in one whom the current of circumstances had made a printer, a man fitted by his faculties for a professional walk not less eminent than their own. A friend of the present writer recollects passing through the Parliament Square one day, when Sir John Dalrymple, author of the *Memoirs of Great Britain*, walking arm in arm with Edmund Burke, who was then spending a few days in Edinburgh, met the subject of this memoir,—stopped, and with the most formal respect towards both parties, said, “Mr Burke, allow me to introduce to you Mr William Smellie, one of the most learned men in Scotland.”

When Burns came to Edinburgh, November, 1786, Mr Smellie carried on his business as a printer under favour of a copartnery with Mr Creech, the bookseller, who, as is well known, became the publisher of the second edition of the *Ayrshire poems*. The volume was accordingly printed by Mr Smellie at his office in the Anchor Close, and an acquaintance was readily formed between men in so many respects congenial. At the head of the steep and narrow alley in which Smellie worked his types, there was a famous tavern, kept by a Highlander named Daniel Douglas, and the resort of the principal men then at the Scottish bar, as well as of an infinity of other bon-vivants of all waters, or rather abhorrences of water. The house was of antique structure and decoration, and was said to have once been temporarily occupied by Queen Mary,—possibly on the dismal night after her rendition at Carberry. A doorway, superscribed with some pious legend of the sixteenth century, gave access to a vestibule in which Mrs Douglas sat in constant and invariable state to greet her customers and give directions for their accommodation. As compared with his wife, who was a large and splendidly dressed woman, Douglas himself was little better than a Francis with his “anon, sir, anon;” but he sung a Gaelic song with feeling and effect, and on this account was sometimes invited into the company of his guests. One of his songs was the beautiful one of *Chro Challin*, the origin of which takes a conspicuous place in the traditions of the Scottish Gael. *Chro Challin* is *the Cattle of Colin*. In the song, a maiden, anxious to make out a favourable case for her lover, who is a hunter, describes him as possessing large herds, but does this in a metaphorical manner, so that in the long run it turns out that his cattle are only the deer of the mountains. Such is the account given by Mrs Grant, who has taken up the idea in a beautiful song of her own composition, published by Mr George Thomson. She further adds, that, when the maids, milking the cows in distant glens, sing *Chro Challin*, the deer, those very cattle of Colin, frequently draw near to listen. According to another Highland tradition, Colin was the owner of extensive herds, which were usually milked by his wife. The wife

died prematurely, to the great grief of her husband, and, not long after, her spirit was seen in the neighbourhood of the place where the cattle were kept, singing a song, in which she recalled the happy days when it was her pride to milk Colin's kine. The air, never before heard, was that which still charms the Highland ear under the name of *Chro Challin*. Such are the various romantic origins assigned, in the land of poetry and mist, to a melody, which, repeated in Edinburgh, about sixty years ago, to a band of convivial citizens, who had nothing of the romantic about them, caused them to adopt its name as their common designation. It was at the time when a voluntary arming was going on for the defence of the country, then oppressed with the dangers arising from the American war; and thus was suggested to our wits the idea of forming themselves into a pseudo-military body, with all the proper gradations of rank. Hence the appellation they took of *Crochallan Fencibles*. To this body Mr Smellie belonged. He is said to have borne two commissions in the corps of a not very consistent nature, being at once its recorder, or chronicler of proceedings, and its *hangman*. In the latter capacity it was his duty to subject each new recruit to a severe drilling of ironical badinage, by way of trying his temper.—a duty for which his externally rude manner and extraordinary command of caustic remark, eminently qualified him. By him Burns was introduced to the Crochallan Fencibles; but, though he was thus in a manner the patron of the poet, he did not fail to subject him to the usual test, and the contest of wit between the two, so opposite in previous habits, yet possessing so many natural qualities alike, is said to have been rich in the extreme. It afterwards became a favourite amusement of the club to pit poet Burns and executioner Smellie against each other, and enjoy the rough tilting in which they unavoidably became engaged. The verses at the head of this article not only describe the crudite printer, as he used to appear at the nocturnal parade, but confess that tremendous severity of wit from which their author suffered so much. At this period, the dignity of Colonel was held by Mr William Dunbar, writer to the signet, the gentleman who first made Burns acquainted with the writings of Spenser,—a hearty blade he must have been, if Burns has not belied him. He is the person in whose favour the Ayrshire poet revived the appellation of a former Roxburghshire musician—Rattling Roaring Willie—whose history has been related in the Border Minstrelsy. There is a song by Burns, of which the concluding stanza admirably describes a jolly fellow, seen as it were by a loophole peep, in the height of social glee—

“As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit hen;
Rattling roaring Willie
Was sitting at yon board en!”

“Sitting at yon board en,
And amang good companie:
Rattling roaring Willie,
Ye’re welcome hame to me.”

Circumstances, alas! soon parted Burns from these scenes of inordinate merriment—the corps has been disbanded, and the house itself has long been shut up and desolate.



After the poet retired to the country, he kept up a correspondence with Mr Smellie; but most of the letters have unfortunately been destroyed. There is one extant, in which Burns introduces his gay and accomplished young friend, Mrs Riddel of Woodleigh Park, to the rough old printer, in terms of much whimsicality, called up by a consideration of the very opposite characters of the parties. Mr Smellie died on the 24th of June, 1795, and a memoir of him was published in 1811, in two volumes, by Mr Robert Kerr.

ELLISLAND.

So early as January, 1787, little more than a month after his debut in Edinburgh, a proposal was made to Burns by Mr Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, respecting a farm on that gentleman's estate, on which he might settle for the remainder of his life. After fourteen months of various prospects had passed, the poet ultimately agreed with Mr Miller, March, 1788, for a lease of the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles from Dumfries. It was a beautifully situated, but uninclosed and unimproved piece of ground, measuring upwards of a hundred acres; and the poet undertook to pay a rent of fifty pounds for three years, and seventy for the remainder of the lease, which extended to four periods of nineteen years, or seventy-six years in all. Mr Miller at the same time agreed to allow the poet £300 for the purpose of building a suitable *onstead* (suit of farm buildings) and enclosing the land. The crop of that summer was also to be Burns's, while he was not to be liable to payment of rent till Martinmas.

The poet seems to have commenced his residence on the farm on the 12th of June, occupying a small smoky cottago on its outskirts, while his house was building. His recently wedded Jean at this time remained at Mauchline, with the one surviving child of four which she had already borne to him. At length, in December, the house being finished and furnished, his family was removed to it, and he for the first time commenced house-keeping as a married man.

The *onstead*, to which, while it survives, some interest must ever be attached, not only as his residence, but as in some measure a creation of his taste, is situated to a poet's wish. Through the centre of a fine alluvial plain skirted by mountains of considerable elevation, the Nith, a broad and copious stream, pursues its way to the Solway. The right or west bank here rises in a gravelly precipice about forty feet above the stream, while the opposite bank consists of a low holm or meadow, out of which, about a mile from Ellisland, rise the towers of Dalswinton. Burns's farm-buildings were situated near the verge of the precipice or *scaur* alluded to, in such a way that, as Mr Cunningham remarks, their "afternoon shadow fell across the river upon the opposite fields." A common minded farmer super-

intending the erection of an onstead in such a situation, would have placed the dwelling house with its back to the stream, and its face towards the approach from the public road. But Burns caused it to face the river, though that was to the north. Even in this little arrangement we can see something characteristic of the poet. The house was a simple parallelogram, of one story in height, about sixty feet long, by eighteen in breadth. Behind it a quadrangle was formed by a stable and cow-house on one hand (east), and a barn (somewhat too small for the farm) on the other (west), a straw-yard for cattle being behind the one, and a stack-yard—the stack-yard where the sublime hymn to Mary in Heaven was composed!—at the extremity of the other, and on the left hand, as we approach the house by its ordinary access. There is a separate garden a little to the east; but this is said to have been formed since Burns's time. From the front of the house, a path-way winds down the bank towards a little slip of holm here left by the river, a spot where children rejoice to weave rush-caps and begem the thorn with the gowan, and “lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,” as old Allan says. Half-way down the pathway, a copious spring spouts out into a basin, for the supply of the family with water. There is a small separate building at the top of the pathway; but this was raised by the gentleman who bought the farm from Mr Miller, several years after it had been deserted by Burns.

The house itself has a projection towards the north, which has also been added since the days of Burns, being employed as a kitchen by the present occupants. The house built and possessed by the poet, consists expressly of the parallelogram above described, being divided into four apartments, besides dormitories for servants under the slates. At the west end, occupying the full breadth of the house, but enjoying no fine outlook in any direction, is the best room, spence, ben-end, or by whatever other name it might be called. A corresponding room at the east end, partly occupied by beds, was the parlour, or ordinary sitting room of the poet, the other being reserved for the reception of strangers who required to be treated with ceremony. The former room has a pleasant window to the east, commanding a view of the Nith downwards, and of the Dalswinton grounds on the opposite bank. Some of the panes yet (1838) retain traces of the poet's love of glass-scribbling, though many which he had written upon have been broken or otherwise removed. Upon one, is his favourite apothegm, “An honest man's the noblest work of God,”—an apothegm which he is said to have afterwards written upon dozens of windows in Dumfries. On another are the words, erased, “Home he had not—home is the resort.” A third bears the names of Jean Lorimer, (the Chloris of his songs) and her early lover, John Gillespie, the former being probably written by the lady herself, as it appears to be in a female hand. Between these two apartments, is a space narrowed by the passage to the rooms, and divided into two small apartments, one of which adjoining to the ordinary sitting-room was Burns's kitchen (now used as a lumber-room), while the other was a bed-room. It is to be hoped the reader will excuse these details: the time may yet come when even more trivial minutiae will be sought for respecting the high chief of Scottish song.

The details of Burns's life at Ellisland are given with such minuteness in the memoir by Mr A. Cunningham, that it is not necessary here to enter largely into them. The poet cultivated the farm during the seasons of 1788, 1789, 1790, and 1791, at the close of which last year, he removed to Dumfries. From the latter part of 1789, he also acted as an officer of excise, superintending in that capacity an extensive district of ten parishes, and usually riding two hundred miles a week. Here were born his sons Francis and William, and here he wrote his *Tam O'Shanter*, and some of the best of his songs. The place where he composed the verses to *Mary in Heaven* has been alluded to. Mrs Burns, who recollected the circumstances distinctly, stated that, on that day, (in September 1789,) she observed him grow sad towards evening. He went out to the stack-yard, to which she followed him out of concern for his health, as he had recently been complaining of cold. He was walking backwards and forwards, contemplating the starry sky. She intreated him to return to the house, and he promised compliance, but did not comply. She went again, repeated her intreaties, and still he promised to comply, but still remained where he was. When she next went out, she found him, says Mr Lockhart, "stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet that 'shone like another moon.'" He now yielded to her request, and, immediately on his return to the house, wrote out, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

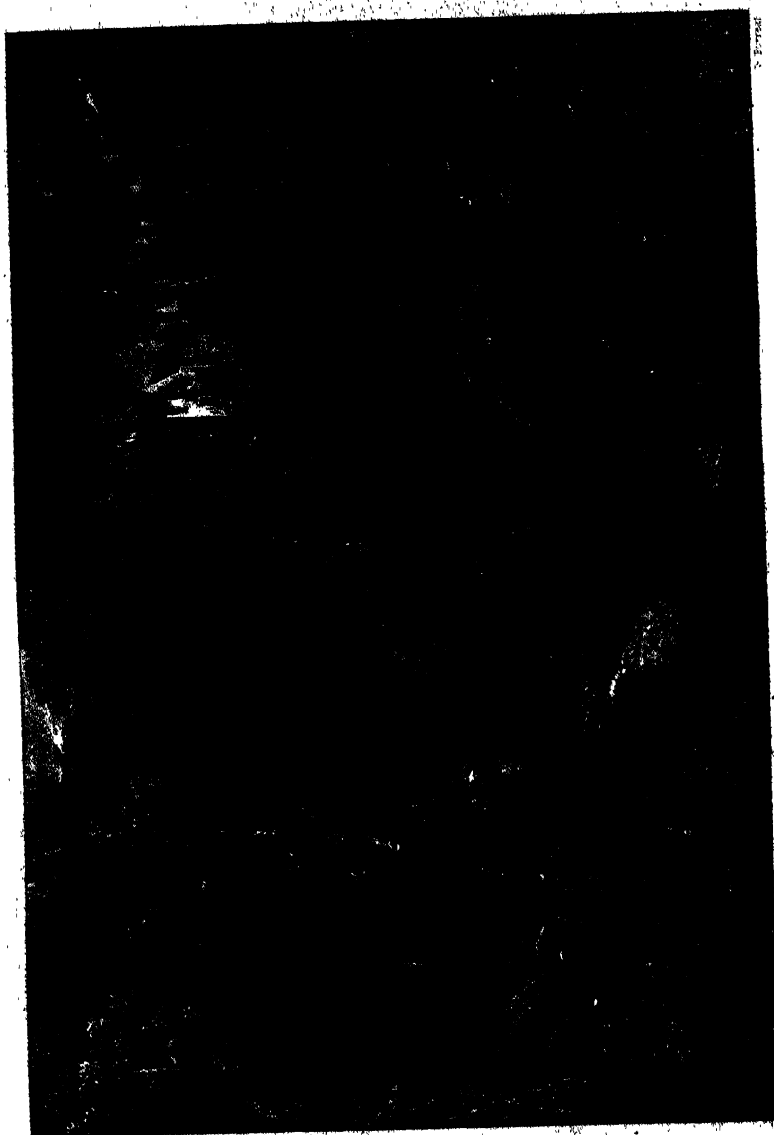
"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn," &c.

Part of *Tam O'Shanter*, on the other hand, as befitted a comic effort, was composed as he sat astride upon a *feal dyke* near the house. This also was a recollection of Mrs Burns.

William Clarke, a respectable old farm-servant, at present residing at Enrick near Gatehouse, has some interesting recollections of the poet, which have been reported to us in the following terms by a correspondent:—"He lived with Burns as farm-servant during the winter half year, he thinks, of 1789-90. On being hired in the house of one Alexander Robson, who sold ale and spirits in the village of Duncoon, Kirkmahoe, he was treated to a dram, and got a shilling as *arles-penny*—that is, earnest money. Burns kept two men and two women servants; but he unvariably, when at home, took his meals with his wife and family in the little parlour. [By this we are to understand that the servants did not dine with him, as the old fashion was in Scotland.] Clarke thought he was as good a manager of land as the generality of the farmers in the neighbourhood. The farm of Ellisland was moderately rented, and was susceptible of much improvement, had improvement been in repute. Burns sometimes visited the neighbouring farmers, and they returned the compliment; but that mode of spending time and exchanging civilities is much more in vogue now-a-days than it was then; and, besides, the most of the people thereabouts had no expectation that Burns's conduct and writings would be so much noticed afterwards, and the subject of so many wrangling disputes. Burns kept nine or ten milch cows, some young cattle, four horses, and several pet sheep—the latter were great favour-

ites with him. During the winter and spring-time, when he was not engaged with the excise business, he occasionally held the plough for an hour or so for Clarke, and was a fair workman, though the mode of ploughing now-a-days is much superior in many respects, and the land, by improved cultivation, is far more productive. During seed-time, Burns might frequently be seen early in the mornings in the fields, with his sowing sheet; but, as business often required his attention from home, he did not sow the whole of his grain. He was a kind and indulgent master, and spoke familiarly to his servants, both in the house, and out of it, though, if anything put him out of humour, he was 'gey guld-ersome for a wee while;' but the storm was soon over, and there never was a word of 'up-cast' afterwards. Clarke never saw him really angry but once, and it was occasioned by the carelessness of one of the women servants, who had not cut the potatoes small enough, so that one of the cows had nearly been choked. His looks, gesture, and voice on that occasion were terrible, so that William was glad to get out of his sight; when they met again, he was perfectly calm. When any extra work was done, the men sometimes got a dram; but Clarke has lived with masters who were more 'flush' in that way to their servants. He has no hesitation in declaring that, during the six months he was at Ellisland, he never saw his master intoxicated, or incapable of transacting his ordinary business. In every sense of the word, he was the poor man's friend. It was rumoured that Alexander Robson, in Duncow, made a few bushels of malt in a clandestine way in an old barn. Some person, anxious for reward or favour, informed Burns of the circumstance, and, on the following night, rather late, a card was thrust under Robson's door, intimating that the exciseman would probably call at a certain hour next day,—a hint to the poor man to put his malt out of the way. Clarke recollects hearing Robson's son reading this card to a groupe of villagers, with whom it made Burns very popular: they unanimously declared him to be 'a kind-hearted man, who would not do any body harm, if he could help it.' Burns, when at home, usually wore a broad blue bonnet, a blue or drab long-tailed coat, corduroy breeches, dark blue stockings and cootikens [short spatterdashes]; and in cold weather, a black and white checked plaid, wrapped round his shoulders, such as shepherds and many other persons still wear. Mrs Burns was a good and prudent housewife, kept everything in neat and tidy order, was well liked by the servants, and provided plenty of wholesome food. Before Clarke left Ellisland, he was pressed to stay by his master, and when he came away, Burns gave him a certificate of character, which he has unfortunately lost, besides paying his wages in full, and giving him a shilling as a fairing. Clarke has seen the sculpture in Dumfries church-yard, but thinks it no correct representation of either the poet or the plough."

The testimony here given to the kindness of Burns's nature is striking and valuable, though it is far from solitary. According to a recollection of his son Robert, the poet gave shelter and succour at Ellisland for about six weeks to a poor broken down sailor, who had come begging in the extremity of want and wretchedness. The man lay in an out-house until he recovered some degree of health and strength, when, being able once



5. Error

1. 12345

more to take the road, he departed, leaving as a token of his gratitude a little model of a ship for the amusement of the poet's children. A female cousin of the poet, Mrs Fanny Burns, or Armour, now residing at Mauchline, has recollections to the same purpose. On the harvest field at Mossgiel, while binding behind his reapers, he was always anxious to cheer and assist the younger ones, especially those of the softer sex. When Gilbert, who was something of a severe disciplinarian, spoke sharply to them, Robert would interpose with, "Oh, man, ye are no for young folk," and never failed to lend a helping hand or a look of encouragement.* We have here a powerful trait of that tenderness for the feeble and the lowly, that *Jungenliebe*, as the Germans call it, which prompted the verses on the unhouselled mouse, those on "the owrie cattle and the silly sheep" in the Winter Night, and the indignant burst in behalf of the wounded hare.

Burns's expectations from Ellisland ended, as is well known, in disappointment, and, in December 1791, having sold off his stock, and much useless furniture, and having obtained a better excise appointment at Dumfries, he removed to that town with his family: thus abruptly breaking off, at a four years' experience, a lease which was to have lasted for more than the term of life assigned to man by the psalmist.

CRAIGIEBURN.

A view of the mansion of Craigieburn is here given, in consequence of the poet having celebrated its surrounding wood in one of the sweetest of his songs.

Craigieburn is situated near Moffat, in Dumfriesshire. The lands connected with it, and the contiguous estate of Drumcrieff, † form a beautiful sylvan region near the bottom of the vale of Moffat, and on the sun-exposed side. The woods are believed to be a surviving portion of the ancient Ettricke Forest, and it is not many years since they contained many trees evidently old enough to have witnessed the sports of "the Jameses." The house of Craigieburn derives its name from a streamlet which rushes in a series of wild leaps down a chasm in the mountain side, to join the Moffat: so near to the brink of this burn is the house situated, that, when a flood prevails, its walls are washed by the tumultuous waters. A fine avenue of old trees leads up to the house, and a thousand feet of almost vertical wood rises behind it. ‡

The verses written by Burns respecting this beautiful place were, in their first form, (omitting a somewhat awkward chorus), as follow—

* This pleasing anecdote is given on the authority of Mr Robert Carruthers, of the Inverness Courier.

† Drumcrieff was at one time the property and occasional residence of Dr Currie, the biographer of Burns. The house was afterwards occupied for some years by a man of different, but not less remarkable genius, the late John Loudoun Macadam, inventor of the new mode of forming roads. It is now the property of Dr Rogerson.

‡ Craigieburn has, in a short time, passed through many hands. It now belongs to the heirs of the late Thomas Proudfoot, Esq.

" Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

" I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

" I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

" I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

" To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

" But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be me mine,
Say thou loes nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come,
I'll gratefully adore thee." *

He himself informs us that he wrote this song with reference to a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale, who had been born at Craigieburn-wood. This lady was the daughter of a substantial farmer, and extensive mercantile dealer, who, while Burns lived at Ellisland, occupied the neighbouring farm of Kemmis-Hall, and with whom the poet was very intimate. Jean Lorimer possessed uncommon beauty, from which hair of flaxen lightness in no degree detracted; her form was symmetry itself. Dr Currie states that Burns met her in the woods of Craigieburn, which were a favourite haunt of his; and local authorities point to a cottage in the wood, as the place where she lived, and where the poet visited her. We have some reason to suspect that on this point the excellent biographer of Burns was in some degree mis-informed—though the point is scarcely worthy of a minute discussion. Certain it is that the lady was born in that mansion, which her father had occupied as the lease-holder of the neighbouring grounds, and that she occasionally visited a family of friends at Drumcrieff, in its neighbourhood, during the years of her youth. Her subsequent history was a melancholy one.

Notwithstanding the sighings of Mr Gillespie, she became the wife of Mr Whelpdale, a young Englishman of profuse habits, who was soon obliged, by pecuniary embarrassments, to part with her. It was after returning to her father's house at Kemmis-Hall, and during the winter of 1794-5, that she became the Chloris of Burns's fine lyrics, eight of which, including "Sae flaxen were her ringlets," "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," "Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature," and "O bonnie was yon rosy brier," bear reference to her. The subsequent life of this unfortunate woman was one continued struggle with poverty, and latterly with infirm health, under which she sunk in September, 1831.

* The song was thus published in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. The poet afterwards rendered it shorter and more elegant, but not more characteristic and, in that abbreviated form, it is to be found in all the editions of his works.



MRS LEWIS HAY.

THE lady represented in the opposite plate eminently deserves a place in the present work. As Miss Margaret Chalmers, she was in early life one of the most valued of the friends of Burns, who composed upon her two songs, and addressed her in a number of letters, which are among the most interesting of his compositions of that kind which have seen the light.

She was the youngest daughter of James Chalmers, Esq., of Fingland. By her mother, Euphemia Murdoch, daughter of the last laird of Cumloddan in the Stewartry of Kircudbright, she was connected with the family of Burns's friend, Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline.* Through this channel, the poet, during 1787, became acquainted with Miss Chalmers, whose personal elegance and accomplished mind appear to have made a deep impression on him. She was then the bosom friend of Miss Charlotte Hamilton, and in his letters he usually speaks of the two ladies together. For instance, in one dated November 21. he tells Miss Chalmers, that Charlotte and she are two favourite resting-places for his soul, in its "wanderings through the weary, thorny wilderness of this world." Lady Mackenzie, an elder married sister of Miss Chalmers, was another of this group of friends, and one for whom he seems to have entertained not less respect. He set himself with much goodwill, in the latter part of that year, to pay poetic compliments to Miss Chalmers, and the first consisted in the song—

"Where, braving an' r. winter's storm,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes,
A one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

"Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath:
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death."

Afterwards, he celebrated her in the following additional stanzas—

"My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm,
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

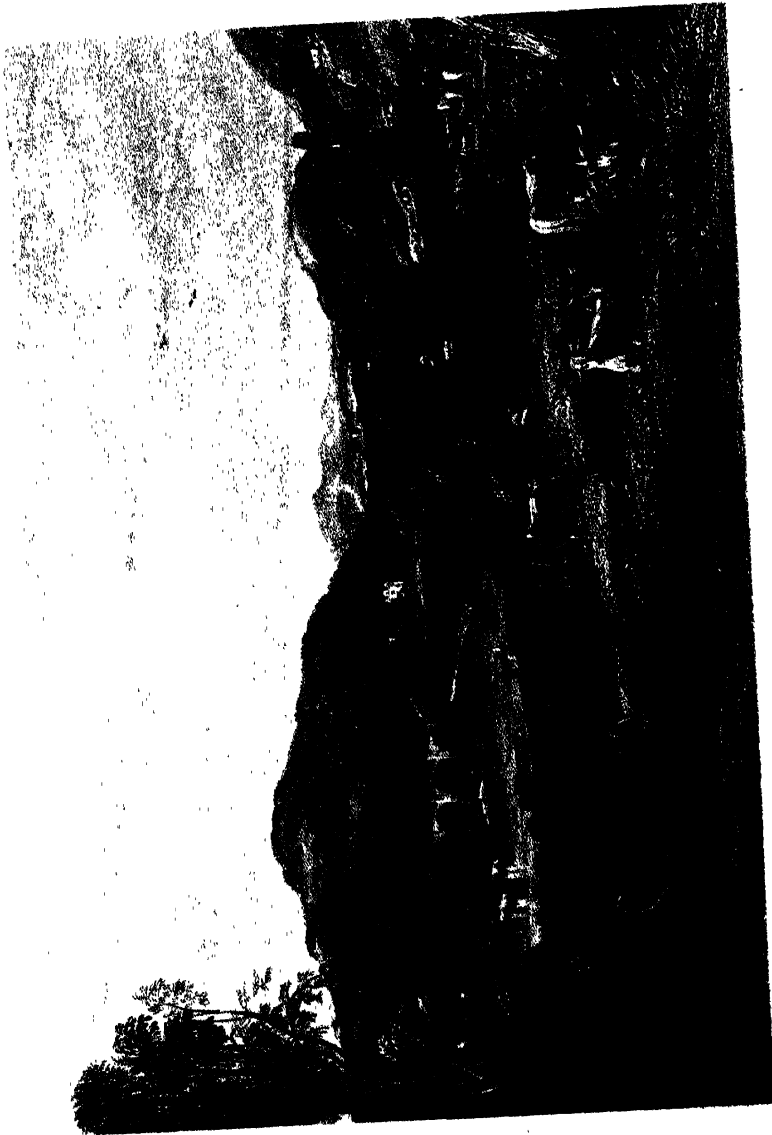
* Murdoch of Cumloddan was the descendant of one of three peasant youths whom tradition represents as having obtained lands in Galloway, in consequence of their zealously and effectively befriending Robert Bruce, at a time when he roamed through that district, a king without a home or an attendant. By their mothers, Miss Chalmers and Gavin Hamilton were also collaterally related in a near degree to the celebrated Grizel Cochrane, who, after her father, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, had been condemned to death for his share in Argyll's rebellion, saved his life, by oftener than once robbing the postman who was bringing the fatal warrant from London,—thus delaying the execution till some means had been found of mollifying the king, and obtaining a pardon.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

"The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms."

On Miss Chalmers remonstrating, gently, as ladies will do, against these praises, Burns said—"The poetic compliments I pay cannot be misunderstood. They are neither of them so particular as to point you out to the world at large; and the circle of your acquaintances will allow all I have said. Besides, I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will; so look to it. Personal attractions, Madam, you have much above par; wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class. This is a flat way of telling you these truths, but let me hear no more of your sheepish timidity." In the ensuing winter, we have him writing to this lady, in a moment of misfortune and despondency—"I fear I am something like—undone—but I hope for the best. Come, stubborn pride and unshrinking resolution; accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! You must not desert me. Your friendship I think I can count on, though I should date my letters from a marching regiment." And in September, 1788, when residing in a hovel on his farm of Ellisland, (the house not being then built,) with the sense of being condemned to drudgeries for life and an everlasting banishment from all the refined society of which he had recently had a tantalizing taste, he writes in the following affecting strain to the same person: "I am here, driven in with my harvest-folks by bad weather; and as you and your sister once did me the honour of interesting yourselves much *à l'égard de moi*, I sit down to beg the continuation of your goodness. I can truly say that, all the exterior of life apart, I never saw two whose esteem flattered the nobler feelings of my soul—I will not say more, but so much, as Lady Mackenzie and Miss Chalmers. When I think of you—hearts the best, minds the noblest of human kind—unfortunate even in the shades of life, when I think I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost any body I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I could sit down and cry like a child!"

Miss Margaret Chalmers married, December 9, 1788, Lewis Hay, Esq., a partner in the banking-house of Sir William Forbes, James Hunter Blair, and Company, Edinburgh. For many years, she has resided at Pau in Bearn.





SCENE ON THE NITH, AT BLACKWOOD.

THE intention of this plate is to convey an impression of a vale and river which have had the fortune to be the subject of much verse by Burns. The objects here presented are not, as it happens, alluded to by name in the poet's lays; but they combine to form one of the finest views which the vale any where presents, and one which is in some measure characteristic of the whole. The spectator stands on the north bank of the river. The nearest object is Auldgirth Bridge, an elegant modern structure, but nevertheless erected before the poet's time (1784); near it is Blackwood House, the seat of —— Copland, Esq., and above rises Blackwood Hill, a beautifully wooded eminence, which commands a magnificent view both up and down the Nith.

The mansion of Blackwood is built in the manner of an ancient tower, in a rising series of arches, so as to be fireproof. The family, which has been settled in Dumfriesshire since before the middle of the seventeenth century, is descended from Sir John Copland, the Northumbrian knight who took King David II. prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346. In the approach to the house, there are some fine yews, under one of which formerly stood the cottage in which Mr Allan Cunningham was born—the father of this chief of modern Scottish poets having been the late Mr Copland's gardenor. A correspondent, after telling us that we cannot speak too strongly of the beauties of Blackwood, adds—"The clear and quiet river—the fine woods cast over the low and rising grounds, the uplands studded with smiling cottages,—the tree-embosomed mansion-house, which only wants battlements to personate an old Scottish castle of the first class—the browsing cattle, the frequent way-faring shepherds, with their innumerable flocks, passing down from the pastoral regions in the upper part of the country, form incessant combinations of that species of rural scenery which Claude has made classic and immortal in his landscapes."

FRIARS' CARSE.

WHEN Burns took up his abode at Ellisland, his nearest neighbour to the west was Mr Riddel of Glenriddel. Friars' Carse, the residence of this gentleman, is about a mile from Burns's farm-house, being, like it, situated immediately beside the Nith. Riddel was an antiquary of some note, and an agreeable friend; and Burns no sooner came to settle at Ellisland, than he was welcomed to Friars' Carse. He says somewhere of the worthy Captain and his lady, "At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings, than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together." For the anniversary of

the union of this couple, he wrote his song, "The seventh of November," the music of which is said to have been by Mr Riddel himself. With reference to a hermitage in the woods near the house, Burns likewise wrote his fine English verses:—

"Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost.
Day, how rapid in its flight -
Day, how few must see the light
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

"As youth and love with sprightly dance
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair.
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

"As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evil-luck in felon wait
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, hold,
Soar around each chuffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

"As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen and heard, and wrought
And teach the sportive youngsters round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise
There solid self-enjoyment lies,
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

"Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

"Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide
Quod the headsmen of Nith-side."

In the mansion, on the 16th October, 1790, took place a bacchanalian contest, which makes a conspicuous figure in the poems of Burns, the object being the possession of a certain

ebony whistle, which had been introduced into Scotland by a Dane who came over in the train of Anne, the consort of James VI. Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton had gained the whistle from its original owner by overcoming him in drinking; but it was lost by his son to the ancestor of Mr Riddel. On the present occasion, Mr Riddel, Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, and Mr Fergusson of Craigdarroch, (father of the late R. C. Fergusson, Esq., M.P. for Kirkcudbright) contended for it, and

"A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day."

It is scarcely necessary to particularise that "when six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night," Glenriddel retired and Sir Robert *fell* from the table, so that Mr Fergusson became the victor. The whistle is still in the possession of his family.

It was in Friars' Carse, moreover, that Burns formed the acquaintance of Grose, whose grotesque figure and antiquarian tastes he has so amusingly described in his verse. It is sad to relate that Mr Riddel, Mr Fergusson, and Grose, all predeceased even our short-lived poet.

The mansion of Friars' Carse is placed on the site of a religious building, which was a dependency of the Abbey of Melrose. In a lake hard by, there is a small island, formed on wooden piles, in which the religious kept their valuables in times of peril. At the Reformation, the lands fell into the possession of Kirkpatrick of Allisland or Elliesland. Grose has an engraving of the house in its ancient form; but this, we have been assured, was given by mistake, from a drawing purely fanciful, the composition of Mr Alexander Nasmyth. Friars' Carse now belongs to Mrs Crichton, the widow of a gentleman who has made his name for ever memorable in Dumfriesshire, by leaving a hundred thousand pounds to be applied to charitable purposes in the county—out of which fund an asylum for the mentally infirm has recently been erected, on a magnificent scale, at Dumfries.

The room in which the whistle was contended for is still an object of interest with strangers. In a preceding work resembling the present, * it has been thought worth while to mention that the window which is on the right of the door, when looking towards the house, belongs to this room, in which, it may be added, the original manuscript of the poem written on the occasion, and also a pane of glass from the hermitage, containing some verses by Burns, are still preserved. The hermitage itself has long been a ruin. It stands in a thick wood or plantation to the south-east of the house, and on the left in the accompanying plate. Fortunately for those who would wish to realise, as nearly as possible, everything connected with Burns, a drawing of it has been given in the work just quoted.

* Views in North Britain, illustrative of the works of Robert Burns, accompanied with descriptions and a sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storer and John Greig. London, Stockdale, 1811.

JOHN SYME, ESQ.

THE gentleman represented in the opposite portrait was one of Burns's most intimate friends during his residence in Dumfries, and one of his executors after his decease. He was a man of lively talents, social and benevolent character, and a style of manners that forcibly recalled the gentleman of a former age, when, in the midst of rougher pleasures than what now flourish in the higher walks of life, there were also forms of politeness somewhat more scrupulous than any which obtain in the present day.

The father of the subject of our memoir was a writer to the signet, in extensive practice, and the proprietor of the estate of Barneailzie in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Though Mr Syme in early life studied enough of the law to be afterwards an expert master of all common forms, he preferred the military profession, and, about the year 1773, entered the 72nd regiment with the commission of ensign. Soon after, abandoning this pursuit, he retired to his father's estate, and devoted himself to the life of a gentleman farmer, *improving* with all possible zeal, and spending much of his leisure time in field sports. But the disaster of the Ayr Bank, in whose ruin his father was involved, ultimately proved the means of depriving him of his home at Barneailzie, and in 1791 he removed to Dumfries, to fulfil the duties of a lucrative appointment which he had in the meantime obtained, that of Distributor of Stamps for the District.

The apartments which he occupied in this capacity formed the ground floor of a house of no fine appearance in what was then called the Friar Vennel, but now Bank Street, a few yards from the walk along the Nith. When Burns, at the close of 1791, removed from Ellisland to Dumfries, he became the tenant of the floor immediately above Mr Syme's office; and ere long a friendship of the warmest nature took place between these two individuals. Mr Syme, who was Burns's senior by a very few years, was enabled, by his gentlemanly connection in the district, to introduce the poet to many eminent persons. In July, 1793, they had a ride together through Galloway, in the course of which the Distributor took the bard to the residence of the Glendonwynes of Parton, Mr Gordon of Kenmure, (afterwards Viscount Kenmure), and the Earl of Selkirk. A letter by Mr Syme, descriptive of this little tour, is published in Dr Currie's memoir of the poet, and will be readily recollected by the reader as a composition much above the common style of gentlemen who write with or without ease. Mr Syme then, and during his whole life, kept a most hospitable table, to which men of all grades of rank, provided they possessed estimable qualities, were welcome; and here accordingly the strangest associations sometimes took place, a landed gentleman of princely fortune perhaps sitting beside his neighbour's head-gardener, or a party of majors and captains beside some sharp-witted Dumfries tradesman. The scene of these hospitalities was a stone-paved room in the villa of Ryedale, on the west side of the Nith. The wit of the host was as lively as his welcome was kind, and few men could be entertained there, as the present writer has had the happiness



of being, without long retaining a most pleasing impression of the whole circumstances. Burns was a frequent guest at Ryedale, and we have his own words attesting the esteem in which he held Mr Syme as a host :

“ Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.”

Such is the language of an impromptu note written in December, 1795. At an earlier period of their intimacy, there had occurred an incident which has excited some controversy amongst the later critics and biographers of Burns. The incident itself is all that can be related here. One afternoon, as Mr Syme and Burns were sitting by themselves in the parlour at Ryedale, the former read his friend a lecture on temperance, which, without his meaning it to have any such effect, greatly incensed the poet, then probably not a little excited by liquor. In the heat of the moment, Burns half-drew the sword cane which he usually carried, as if to revenge the insult, when a rebuke from Mr Syme instantly disarmed him, and made him prostrate himself, in an agony of repentant feeling, on the floor. The affair seems to have been altogether too much of a piece of after-dinner mock-heroic, to be entitled to the notice it has received.

After the death of Burns, Mr Syme became the most conspicuous resident friend of the family, whose claims on the public he was indefatigable in urging. It was also at his pressing request, joined to that of Mr Gilbert Burns and Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, that Dr Currie undertook the task of publishing the poet's works, and writing the requisite biographical memoir. Along with Gilbert Burns, Mr Syme proceeded to Liverpool, and spent three weeks in Dr Currie's house, for the purpose of giving information respecting the poet, and explaining whatever was obscure with respect to dates and allusions in his writings. So lately as November, 1829, he was able to write the following vivid description of the personal demeanour and aspect of Burns, in a letter to Mr Henry Constable of Edinburgh, who had requested his opinion of a portrait of the poet painted by a Mr Taylor:

“ The poet's expression,” says Mr Syme, “ varied perpetually, according to the idea that predominated in his mind ; and it was beautiful to mark how well the play of his lips indicated the sentiment he was about to utter. His eyes and lips, the first remarkable for fire, and the second for flexibility, formed at all times an index to his mind, and as sunshine or shade predominated, you might have told, *à priori*, whether the company was to be favoured with a scintillation of wit, or a sentiment of benevolence, or a burst of fiery indignation. * * I cordially concur with what Sir Walter Scott says of the poet's eyes. In his animated moments, and particularly when his anger was aroused by instances of tergiversation, meanness, or tyranny, they were actually like coals of living fire.”

Mr Syme died at Dumfries, on the 24th November, 1831, in the 77th year of his age.

DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

Nor long before 1389, the barony of Drumlanrig, in the county of Dumfries, was given by James Earl of Douglas, the hero of Otterbourne, as a heritage to his natural son William; and the posterity of this individual continued to be styled *knights of Drumlanrig* till the early part of the seventeenth century, when they at length attained to the peerage, and became conspicuous figures in our national history. William, the third Earl and first Duke of Queensberry, rose to be a man of the first consequence in the kingdom, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and acquired great wealth, part of which he employed in substituting, for the old and narrow castle of his ancestors on Nith-side, the magnificent mansion which figures in the accompanying engraving.

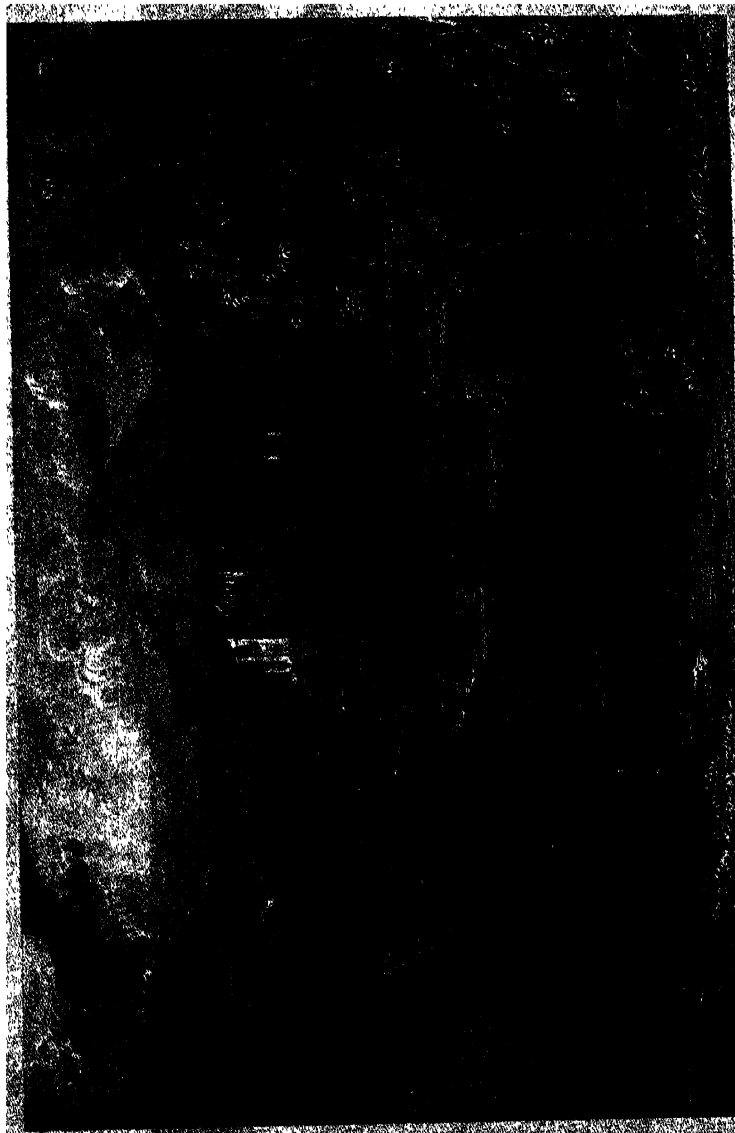
This house, built between 1679 and 1689, is a quadrangle, having square turrets at the corners, and an interior court, accessible through an arched portal: its site, on a terrace overlooking the Nith, surrounded by fine woods, and backed by a range of lofty hills, is very imposing, and worthy of the great historical names connected with it.* In the neighbouring parks, there were formerly kept specimens of the original wild white cattle of Scotland, the only other place where such creatures existed being Chillingham castle in Northumberland: Pennant speaks of seeing some of these cattle here in 1769, and relates that they were exceedingly shy and timid, except when shot at, on which occasions they became furious. At the time when Drumlanrig Castle was built, it must have been the most superb mansion possessed by any of the Scottish nobility; yet, though the Duke who built it survived the completion of the structure six years, he never slept in it but one night. Being now old, he found the house too large for comfort, and complained that, in the event of his taking ill during the night, he feared he might die before any one could be apprized that he was ill. It is incomprehensible how this astute politician, being at all times of his life a frugal and money-hoarding man, should have been tempted to build so large a house. Certain it is, he felt ashamed of the extravagance afterwards, as was testified by a label found, in his own hand, on the bundle of accounts referring to the building—"THE DEIL PYKE OUT HIS EEN THAT LOOKS HEREIN!"

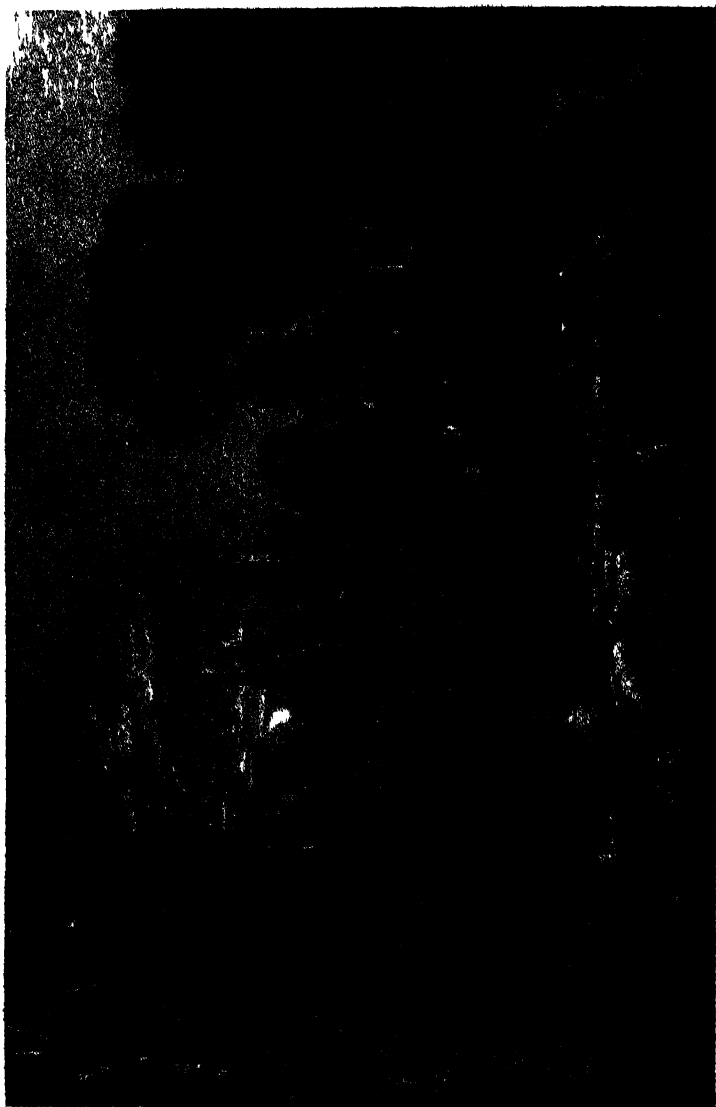
Drumlanrig acquired classical associations in the time of Charles, the third Duke—the good Duke, as he was called—whose wife was the

* — Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed."

of Matthew Prior, and the patroness, moreover, of John Gay. The author of the *Beggar's Opera* for some time lived under the protection of the Duke and Duchess in Drumlanrig Castle, while out of favour at court. At the time when Burns resided in Nithsdale, the main line of this family had become extinct, and the honours and estates were in the pos-

* Drumlanrig castle is situated on the right bank of the Nith, near the town of Thornhill, and seventeen miles from Dumfries.





Page 1 of 1

session of the late notedly profligate Duke of Queensberry (a cousin of the third Duke), who rarely visited any of his Scottish mansions. Drumlanrig castle was then partially occupied by his grace's chamberlain, or land-agent, — M'Murdo, Esq., at whose fire-side Burns became a frequent and welcome guest. The letters and poems of the Ayrshire bard testify in sufficiently forcible terms the contempt he entertained for the ducal master, and the affectionate esteem with which he regarded the chamberlain. The wife and daughters of the latter gentleman, being uncommonly elegant and accomplished women, came in for a share of his regard; the eldest daughter was the heroine of his delightful pastoral entitled "Bonnie Jean," and Miss Phillis is the subject of two songs in which her name occurs. Fond as the poet was of walking on the banks of the Nith, he saw with feelings of the bitterest indignation, the woods of Drumlanrig felled by order of the worthless Duke, in order to enrich a lady whom he presumed to be his daughter. This cruel proceeding drew from the pen of our bard a set of satirical verses, which have found their way into some of the later editions of his works.

At the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1810, his chief titles, with barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, as heir of line. In consequence of this event, the castle became honoured by the visits of a third poet, Sir Walter Scott, who was here occasionally the guest of both the late and present Dukes of Buccleuch and Queensberry. In the life of Scott, by Mr Lockhart, there is a striking passage, in which the author of *Marmion* is described as performing his part to admiration, as an agreeable member of the society collected at the Duke's table, while in his own private room his faculties were strained to agony by the intelligence he was receiving from the Messrs Ballantyne respecting the commercial embarrassments in which he and they were involved. Of late years, the internal accommodations of the castle have been much improved; and the woods are now nearly restored to their former beauty.

L I N C L U D E N .

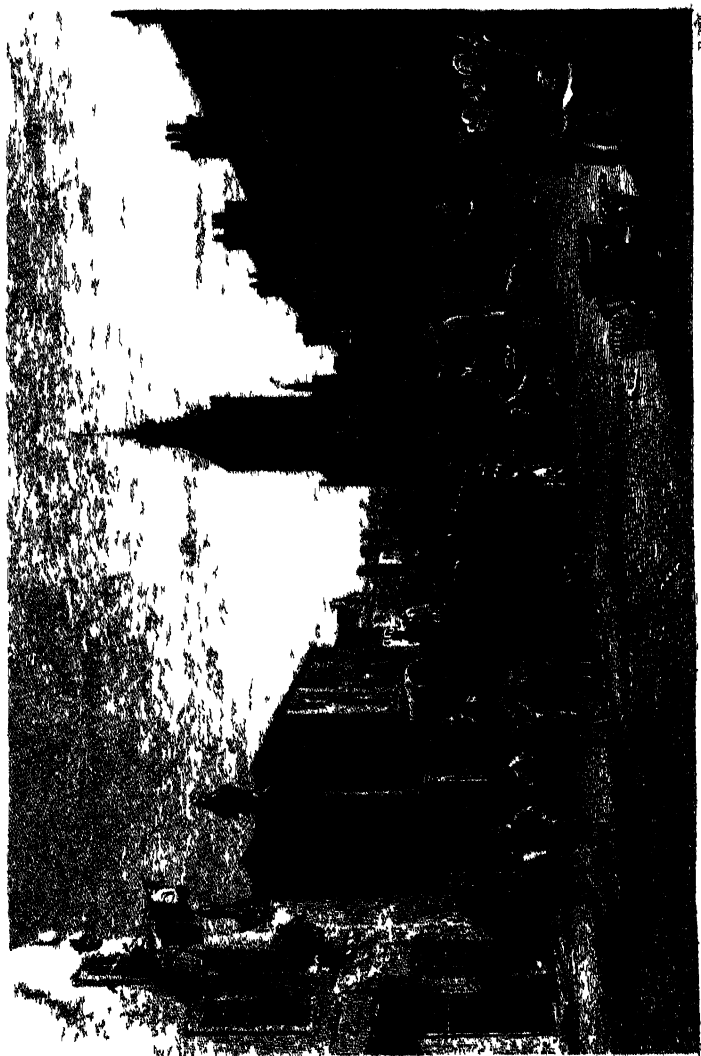
THE ruins of Lincluden church, romantically situated about a mile from Dumfries, near the confluence of the Cairn or Cluden water with the Nith, were a favourite haunt of our poet during the latter part of his life.

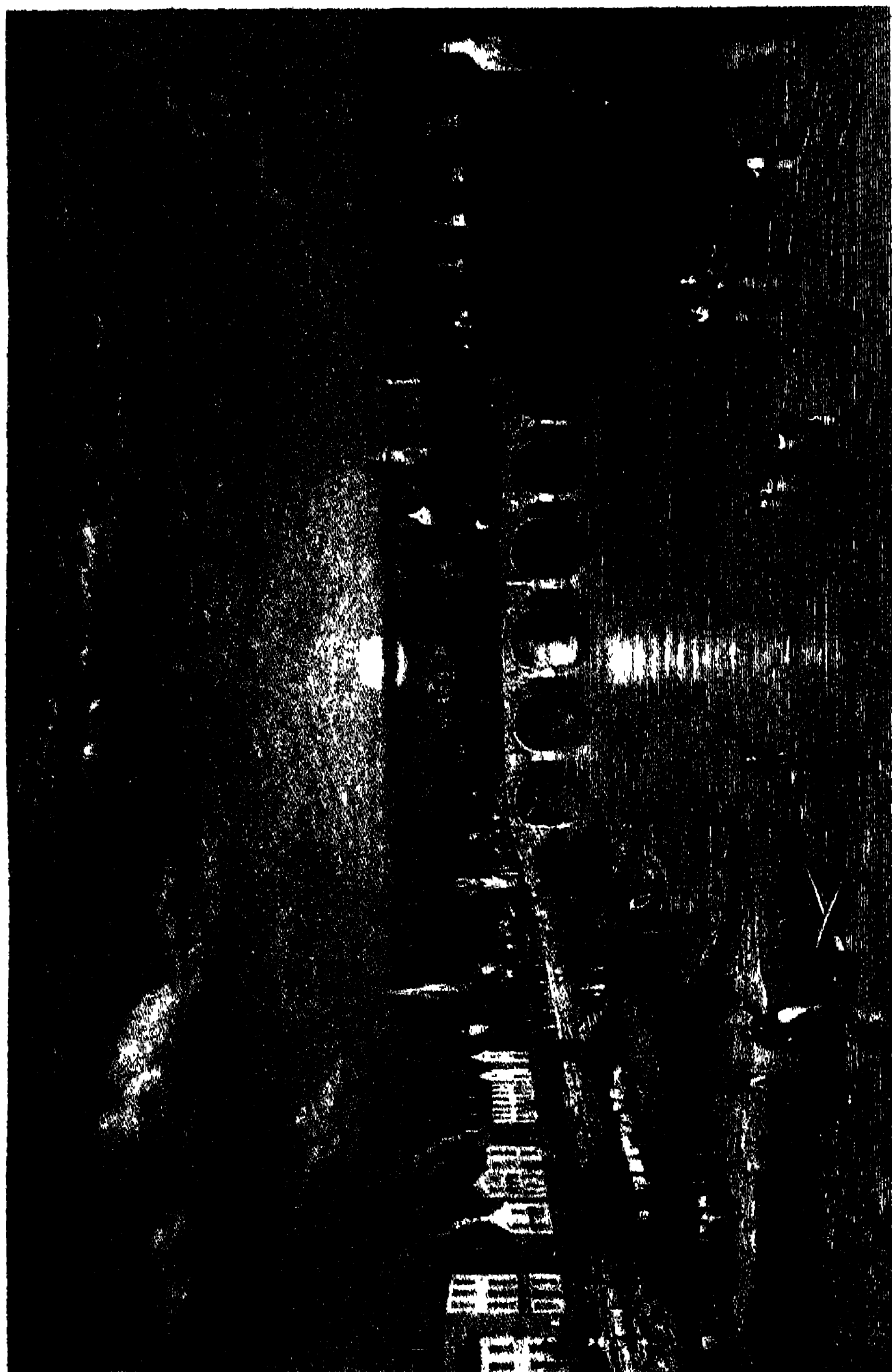
The religious buildings on this spot were founded for Benedictine nuns in the reign of Malcolm IV., who died in 1165. About the close of the fourteenth century, Archibald Earl of Douglas, surnamed THE GRIM, expelled these inhabitants—it is supposed on account of the impurity of their lives—and converted the establishment into a collegiate church, for a provost and twelve bedesmen; in which condition it remained till the Refor-

mation. The ruins, and the ground on which they stand, now belong to Mr Maxwell of Terreagles.

These crumbling Gothic walls, rising from a piece of slightly elevated ground beside the murmuring waters of the Cluden, in the midst of a country everywhere beautiful, and with the broad-bosomed Nith gleaming through the neighbouring trees, constitute a scene eminently calculated to invite the steps of a poet. The church, which has never been an extensive or majestic building, is now much dilapidated and worn down, though its general effect is good at a little distance, and it still contains some architectural details of an interesting nature. What makes the more conspicuous appearance in the accompanying view is the shattered remains of the provost's house, originally a lofty tower, overhanging the Cluden, and closely adjacent to the church. Near the buildings, there is a small mount, which was formerly laid out in parterres, as part of the college garden, but is now covered with a plantation. The western door of the church, depicted in the vignette to the first volume of the present work, is a flattened arch, esteemed a rarity in gothic architecture, and, in the present instance, of great beauty. Over it, in two long lines, is a sculptured representation of the birth and early history of Christ, the upper line consisting solely of angels, whose uniformly composed wings and clasped hands beautifully express the feeling with which they might be supposed to hail the advent of a world's Saviour. In the interior, on the left hand side, there is a finely sculptured recess, being the remains of the tomb of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert III. and wife of an Earl of Douglas who was son to the noble formerly mentioned. When Pennant visited the place, seventy years ago, the mutilated recumbent statue of this lady remained in the recess. It has long disappeared, while the bones once laid below have been taken out and dispersed. Over the tomb, "in the middle of the arch," says Pennant, "is the *heart*, the Douglas arms, guarded by three chalices set cross-wise, with a star near each. On the wall is inscribed, 'A l'aide de Dieu,' and, at some distance beneath, 'Hic jacet Dna Margareta regis Scotiæ filia quondam comitissa de Douglas Dna Gallovidiæ et vallis Annandæ.' * * Near the tomb is a door-case richly ornamented with carvings, and on the top the heart and chalices, as in the former."

To stroll in the evening along the bank of the Nith, to lounge amongst the ruins of Lincluden, to linger there till the moon rose upon the scene, and then to ponder his way back again, formed a favourite recreation of Burns. His eldest son, who sometimes accompanied him on these occasions, pointed out to the present writer a little knoll to the south of the church, from which a view is obtained of the landscape beyond the Cluden, set as it were in a pair of picture-frames formed of two ruined windows. On this spot Burns used to fix himself, and gaze on the scene for many minutes at a time. Dr Currie states that the muse was favourable to him during these delightful walks. He has celebrated the banks of the Cluden in a pastoral song of great simplicity and sweetness; and, in his grand fragment entitled "A Vision," he has conferred immortal interest on these ruins.





- " As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air;
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
- " The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.
- " The stream adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's
- " The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win
- " By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghost arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.
- " Had I a statue been o' stane,
His dam' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet gray'd was plain,
The sae red posy—Libertie!
- " And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
- " He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I wiuna ventur'd in my rhymes."

It is sad to relate that the ruins, which generations yet unborn will be disposed to visit on account of these thrilling verses, are suffered not only to go on in their natural progress towards decay, but are left carelessly open to every injury which youthful wantonness or boorish ignorance can inflict upon them.

DUMFRIES.

TWO VIEWS.

" ——— Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride enough "
BURNS.

DUMFRIES, as the residence of the poet during the last five years of his life, and the place where his mortal remains have found their final rest, is eminently entitled to a place in these memorials of his earthly pilgrimage and his genius. In the first of the

accompanying prints, it is drawn from a spot on the right bank of the Nith, looking towards the south-east, the steeple in the centre of the view (that of St Michael's) leading the eye to the spot where the ashes of the bard are placed. Situated on a fine river, navigable to this point, and containing many streets regularly built of the durable red sandstone of the district, Dumfries is a town of agreeable aspect. Less remarkable as a place of commerce or manufactures than as a great rural mart, and a place of residence for the gentry of the district, it boasts a greater degree of refinement than most towns of its size -- the number of inhabitants being about nine thousand. Feeling that a minute account of the town would be out of place here, we shall merely remind the reader of the several circumstances in which Dumfries is connected with the life and poetry of Burns.

In the five Carlines, in which he allegorises a contest between Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall and Captain Miller younger of Dalswinton, for the representation of the parliamentarily united burghs of Dumfries, Kirkeudbright, Annan, Lochmaben and Sanquhar, he personifies the first town in the lines prefixed to this article. In this contest, which took place at the general election of 1790, Dumfries took the whig side:

" For the auld gademan o' Lon'on court,
She did na care a pin;
But she wad send the sager youth,
To greet his eldest son."

this, strange to say, being the side which Burns opposed, seeing that at this period of his life he was a thorough Pittite. He removed at the close of 1791 to Dumfries, and, as mentioned in the notice of Mr Syme, took up his residence in a street named the Friar Vennel, now Bank Street. His duties as an officer of excise, and the seductions of social life, prevented the period of his residence in Dumfries from being greatly distinguished by literary labour. Yet here he wrote his songs for Mr Thomson, besides some other compositions of less note.

The house in which he latterly lived, and in which (July 21, 1796) he died, is shown in a narrow street near the church: the place is now, with proper respect, named *Burns Street*. It is a small house of two floors, the upper of which contains the chamber in which the poet breathed his last. It is not unworthy of notice that in the town-hall, the spired building seen in the middle of the street in the second of the accompanying views, his body lay for some time, and was thence lifted by the funeral company which bore it to the grave. For thirty-eight years after his death, the same house was occupied by his modest and respectable widow; it has since been tenanted by his eldest son. We need not remark that few strangers visit Dumfries without paying a visit to this mansion of departed genius.*

* The life of Burns in Dumfries was unhappy, for, with a narrow income, derived from an office beneath his talents and character, he was forbidden by his narrow-spirited superiors to exercise the privilege most calculated to console such a man as he for all common evils -- the privilege of thinking for himself. The gloom of his ordinary hours was only brightened by the wild-fire gleams of occasional festive indulgence. This is to be lamented, but the pain and grief are past and we now trace the tavern haunts of the Ayrshire poet with much the same feelings as if we were searching in Fleet Street for the Mermaid and the Mitre. The *King's Arms*, as the chief or sole



LOCHMABEN.

"..... Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carline auld and tough."

SUCH are the terms in which Burns, in his election ballad, refers to the ancient burgh of Lochmaben. The two stanzas in which the same place is afterwards referred to, are equally appropriate—

"Then slow raise Marjory o' the lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow ;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots blude was true ;

"There 's some great folks set light by me—
I set as light by them ;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wham I like best at hame."

Lochmaben, which, at that time, and till the Reform Act of 1832, voted with Dumfries, Annan, Kirkcudbright, and Sanquhar, for a member of parliament, is about seven miles from the first of those towns. Nine lakes, five of which are from fifty to two hundred acres in extent, surround the place so closely, that at a little distance a stranger would suppose it inaccessible except by a boat. While these objects, and all the other beauties of a highly cultivated and well-wooded country, confer great external grace upon Lochmaben, it is in itself merely a rural village, of very decayed appearance, containing about a thousand inhabitants. Its burghal privileges, which are supposed to have been conferred by King Robert I., have thus for ages been rather a subject of ridicule than a source of respect—as may partly be gathered from a passage in the last-quoted stanza. These privileges, however, it still retains (excepting that of voting with the other four towns for a member of parliament), being governed by a provost, three bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, and nine ordinary councillors, and containing moreover five incorporated trades, which annually elect deacons and other office-bearers.

A castle near Lochmaben, of which no vestiges now remain, was the seat of the Bruces, lords of Annandale, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ; and there did the celebrated

hotel of its day, received Burns, of course, on all those occasions when he was sent for by gentlemen strangers, who wished to have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him. But his own favourite haunt, when he wished to meet with his neighbours, was the *Globe Tavern*, an old house situated within a narrow close near the King's Arms, and still flourishing as it did forty or fifty years ago. The windows still contain several panes, marked with stanzas in the hand of Burns. One of these is the first verse of his song "Lovely Polly Stewart;" and the reader may guess with what feelings the present writer, on seeing the glowing and enthusiastic words, learned that the once lovely heroine of them, sunk from her original sphere of life, is now a poor *blanchisseuse*, working in old age for her daily bread, in the burgh of Maxwelltown. There is a small wainscotted room, which was formerly the bar. There the landlady, Mrs Hyslop, used to sit on one side of the fire, while the bard would sit on the other, for he was a friend of the family, and used to look in to ask how they did almost every day. The nook on the left side, where Mrs Hyslop's arm-chair was placed, is now, by mistake, called *Burns's Corner*, and shown as such to visitors. "Anna," the heroine of one of his most impassioned songs, was a sister of Mrs Hyslop, whom she assisted in the business of the tavern. There was another tavern of a humbler order, called the *Coach and Horses*, which the poet occasionally visited : it is nearer the east end of the High Street. There, the last time that Burns was out, not many days before his death, he called with his friend Mr Gabriel Richardson, brewer, and was furnished by the landlady, Mrs Baird, with a small quantity of mulled port. This house is also still a tavern.

king Robert first see the light. As a substitute for this fortalice, the family afterwards built a much larger and stronger castle on a promontory jutting into the lake, at the distance of about half a mile from the burgh. For a long time before the union of the crowns, a garrison of two hundred men was kept in this castle for the protection of the Scottish border. It is now a ghastly ruin, the exterior stones of the great ramparts having all been picked out to serve for modern buildings. King Robert, besides making his native village a royal burgh, settled a great number of his dependents on small pieces of land near by, where their descendants still live, virtually proprietors of their respective possessions, but nominally "the king's kindly tenants,"—a species of tenure, we believe, unexampled in Scotland. In the castle loch there are eleven kinds of fish, one of which, the *Vendace*, is known to exist no where else. It is a beautiful fish, resembling the herring, from four to six inches in length, and tapering gradually to the tail; when first taken out of the water, it has a bright silvery white appearance, with a slight tendency to a light blue along the back and part of the sides; upon the top of the head there is a heart-shaped spot, covered by a thin transparent plate, through which the brain is visible. Nothing is ever found in the stomach of this rare creature, every attempt to transplant which to other waters has failed.

Burns was on intimate terms with the Rev. Mr Jeffrey, minister of Lochmaben, and was often a guest at the manse in the course of his professional excursions. The song, "I gae'd a wae fu' gate yestreen," was composed with reference to the daughter of this gentleman.

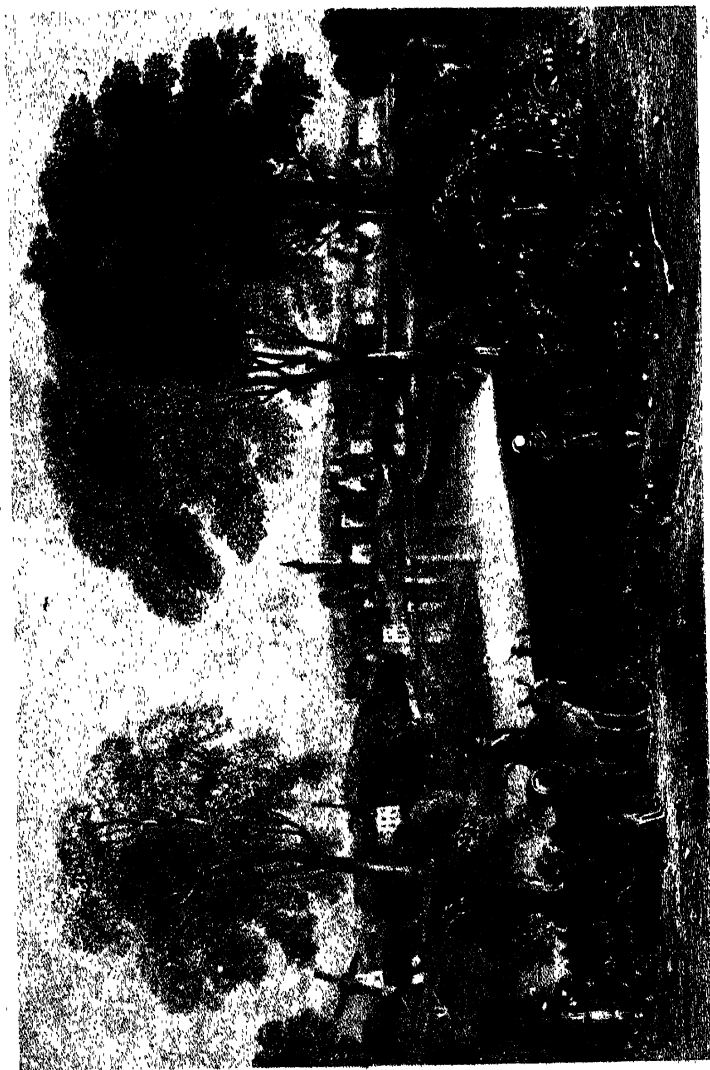
A N N A N.

— — "Blinking Bess o' Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side."

A view of this thriving town is introduced here for the same reason as the preceding plate, namely, on account of the figure which it makes in the allegory of "the Five Carlins." The conduct of the town-council of Annan in the contest there alluded to, is thus described:

"Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she would vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

"For far-af fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are ain;
But I hae tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again "





Her partiality for Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, a neighbour of whose family she had felt the influence for centuries, was no more than what might have been expected.

Annan was the chief seat of the Bruce family before their accession to the throne. King Robert had a strong castle here, of which no vestige now remains. The town was endowed with the privileges of a royal burgh by James V., in 1538. Being situated on the river Annan, at a point where it becomes a creek of the Solway, the burgh has a small port, to which sixteen vessels at present belong: the population has been doubled since the beginning of this century, and is now about five thousand. Annan was the birth-place of the late Edward Irving.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

— "Whisky Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway sue wide."

In the contest above adverted to, Whisky Jean, as the poet calls Kirkcudbright, took the Tory side, in company with Annan. The maudlin pathos with which the old lady alludes to the recent mental alienation of the king, and the consequent desertions to the prince's party, is extremely amusing

"Then whisky Jean spak ower her drink,
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld gudeman o' Len'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And mony a friend that kissed his cup
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean,—
I'll send the Border knight."

These are the sentiments which Burns himself entertained on this occasion.

Kirkcudbright, the chief town of the stewartry of the same name, is beautifully situated near the efflux of the Dee into the Solway. It is neatly built, and the general appearance from a little distance is by no means flattered in the accompanying engraving. It was erected into a royal burgh in 1455. The only remarkable event in its history is its having afforded refuge for some time, in the year 1461, to the unfortunate Henry VI., after the defeat of his party at Towton.

S A N Q U H A R.

“ — Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
O’ gypsy kith and kin.”

SUCH is the description which Sanquhar obtains as one of the “Five Carlins.” She was decidedly for the Whigs and Captain Miller :

“ Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim,
The auld gudeman and the young gudeman
For me may sink or swim ,

“ For fools will treat o’ right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the sodger’s friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

This burgh is situated in the upper part of Nithsdale, on the road between Dumfries and Ayr, and thus was frequently visited by our poet. It is a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The burghal privileges were conferred by James VI. in 1596. The massive building in the foreground of the accompanying plate is the ruined castle of Sanquhar, at one time the abode of the family of Crichton, Lords of Sanquhar; whence the appellation, “Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,” — peel being a term often used in Scotland for fortalice or castle. The personage usually known as *the Admirable Crichton* sprung from a branch of this family, residing in the adjacent castle of Ellick, where the room in which he first saw the light is still preserved in its original state.

C A P T A I N G R O S E.

FRANCIS GROSE, the subject of more than one set of facetious verses by Burns, was the son of a jeweller at Richmond, near London, and appears to have been born about the year 1743. A good education, respectable talents, and an independency left to him by his father, enabled him to enter life with the happiest prospects; but these were soon overcast by the consequences of a too easy and self-indulgent disposition. Having become captain and paymaster of the Surrey militia, he is said to have kept no other accounts than his two pockets, receiving into the one, and paying from the other; at the same time, he had all the habits of a *bon-vivant*, as that style of life was practised at the period—the consequen-





THE MAN WHO WAS THE MAN

THE MAN WHO WAS THE MAN

ces of all which were, that he became a poor man and an extremely fat one much about the same time, and while still only about thirty years of age. To the poverty of Grose, however, was owing the subsequent celebrity of his name. Under the strong compulsion of poverty, he began a career as an artist and antiquary, for which his hitherto dormant talents were eminently fitted. Between the years 1773 and 1788, he had produced his "Antiquities of England and Wales," in eight volumes quarto, consisting of nearly six hundred views drawn by himself, and a large amount of letter-press; his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons;" and his "Military Antiquities, respecting a History of the English Army from the Conquest to the Present Time;" together with several works of a light and whimsical nature, inclusive of his well known Slang Dictionary. It was in 1789, while travelling in Scotland, for the purpose of drawing and chronicling the antiquities of that country, that he met with Burns at the hospitable table of Mr Riddel, in the mansion of Friar's Carse. The figure of the man, which was justly said to be the very title-page to a joke—his numberless droll remarks and stories—and, in perhaps a less degree, his great learning and shrewd penetrating sense—made a great impression on the poet; and, to use the words quoted on the occasion by Mr Gilbert Burns, the two became "unco pack and thick thegither." The intimacy was a memorable one for the admirers of Burns, for it led, as is well known, to the composition of "Tam o' Shanter," which first appeared in "The Antiquities of Scotland," published next year. The verses in which Burns sketched off the figure, character, and habits of the antiquary, can scarcely be omitted here, though they must be familiar, or at least accessible by other means, to nearly all:

— A fine fat fodge, weight,
 O stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel!
 And, vow, he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

"By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
 It's ten to aye ye'll find him sang in
 Some eldritch part,
 We' deils, they say, L-d save's' collegium
 At some black art —"

"He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets —
 Rusty airm caps and jinglin jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut backets,
 Before the Flood.

"O' Eve's first fire he has a ember;
 And Tubal Cain's fire-shool and tender;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Bannan's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

"Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicked Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a fauldin' joctelag,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

"But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O, port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

"Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sar misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee."*

* The following characteristic sketch of Grose, drawn "by his friend Mr Davis of Wandsworth," is inserted at the beginning of a posthumous publication of his minor writings, entitled, *The Olio*. As it makes out the figure and nature of the man with considerable spirit, we place it here as a pendant to the verses of the Scottish bard:

"Since, thanks to heaven's high bounty, free,
And blest with independency,
I taste, from busy scenes remote,
Sweet pleasure in a peaceful cot,
While other bards for interest choose
To prostitute their venal muse,
And offer incense, with design
To please the great, at Falsehood's shrine,
Suppose for pastime I pourtray
Some valued friend in faithful lay.

"Grose to my pen a theme supplies,
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can survey with pleasure
His breast and shoulders' ample measure;
His dimpled chin, his rosy cheek,
His skin from inward lining sleek.

"When to my house he deigns to pass
Through mury ways to take a glass,
How gladly entering in I see
His belly's vast rotundity!
But though so fat, he bends the leaner
In ease, and bodily demeanour;
And in that mass of flesh so drull
Resides a social, generous soul.

"Humble—and modest to excess,
Nor conscious of his worthiness,
He's yet too proud to worship state,
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern duellists, his sword,
But shows, upon a gross affront,
The valour of a Bellamont.
On comic themes, in grave disputes,
His sense the nicest palate suits;
And, more, he's with good nature blest,
Which gives to sense superior zest.

"His age, if you are nice to know—
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphrosyne upon his birth
Smiled gracious, and the God of Mirth
O'er bowls of nectar spoke his joy,
And promised vigour to the boy.

"With Horace, if in height compared,
He somewhat overtops the bard,
Like Virgil, too, I must confess,
He's rather negligent in dress;
Restless, besides, he loves to roam,
And when he seems most fixed at home,
Grows quickly tired, and breaks his tether,
And scours away in spite of weather;
Perhaps by sudden start to France,
Or else to Ireland takes a dance;
Or schemes for Italy pursues,
Or seeks in England other views;
And though still plump, and in good case,
He sails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners seen,
He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travelled in the books of science,
Knows more, I can't tell how than those,
Who pore whole years on verse and prose,
And, while through pond rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.

"He's judged, as artist, to inherit
No small degree of Hogarth's spirit,
Whether he draws from London air
The cit swift driving in his chair,
O'erturned by precious sirlons' load,
And frightened madam in the road,
While to their darling vill they haste,
So fine in Asiatic taste,
Or bastard givorn to simple loon;
Or sects that dance to Satan's tune.

"Deep in antiquity he's read,
And though at college never bred,
As much of things appears to know
As erst knew Leland, Hearne, or Stowe;
Brings many a proof and shrewd conjecture
Concerning Gothic architecture,
Explains how by mechanic force
Was thrown of old, stout, man, or horse;*
Describes the kitchen, high and wide,
That lusty abbot's paunch supplied,

* See Preface to his *Antiquities*, p. 11.



Grose had scarcely finished his last task, when he proceeded to Ireland, with the design of publishing the "Antiquities" of that kingdom. Here, however, a sudden death cut short his career. He died, of apoplexy, at the table of a friend in Dublin, May 12, 1791, in the 52nd year of his age.

KENMURE CASTLE AND LOCH KEN.

In the south-western province of Scotland, there is no tract of scenery more famed for natural and acquired beauty than the vale of the Ken, a tributary of the Dee, flowing through the upper part of the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and expanded during a great part of its course into a beautiful lake. The *Glenkens* is the popular name of this fine district, which is divided by a tract of hills on the north side from Nithsdale, and on the south by another and higher range from the coast district of Galloway. Kenmure Castle, the seat of viscount Kenmure, overlooks this beautiful domain.

In July 1793, the poet, accompanied by Mr Syme, visited Kenmure Castle, where he was hospitably entertained for three days by Mr Gordon, now viscount Kenmure. The descent of this gentleman from a noble who had shed his blood on the scaffold for the house of Stuart, and his being himself, like Burns, animated by liberal feelings on modern and contemporary politics, caused the visit to be of great interest to the bard. The fine situation of the house also had its charm. "Here," says Mr Syme in his memoranda of the excursion, "is a genuine baron's seat. The castle, an old building, stands on a large natural moat. In front the river Ken winds for several miles through the most fertile and beautiful *holm*, till it expands into a lake twelve miles long, the banks of which, on the south, present a fine and soft landscape of green knolls, natural wood, and here and there a gray rock. On the north, the aspect is grand, wild, and, I may say, tremendous. In short, I can scarcely conceive a scene more terribly romantic than the castle of Kenmure. Burns thinks so highly of it, that he meditates a description of it in poetry."

It is not unworthy of notice that a few miles from the castle, on the right bank of the Ken, is a spot which also bore great interest in the eyes of Burns—namely, the place where Lowe composed his beautiful song of "Mary's Dream."

Of ancient structures writes the fame,
And on their ruins builds his name.

*Oh late may, by the Fates' decree,
My friend's metempsychosis be,*

• He was partial to the doctrine of transmigration.

But when the time of change shall come,
And Atropos shall seal his doom,
Round some old castle let him play,
The brisk ephemeron of a day;
Then from the short-lived race escape,
And please again in human shape."

November, 1773.

The family of Kenmure are descended from an early cadet of the great house of Gordon. William Gordon, second son of Sir Adam Gordon of Gordon, a contemporary of king Robert Bruce, got the lands of Glenkens from his father, who had acquired them from a gentleman named Maxwell in 1297. Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, the tenth in descent from William, was created viscount of Kenmure by Charles I., in 1633. William, the sixth viscount, was the chief person engaged in the insurrection of 1715-16, in the south of Scotland; for which unfortunate adventure he was beheaded on Towerhill, in company with the lamented Derwentwater. "He was," says Smollett, "a virtuous nobleman, calm, sensible, resolute, and resigned." It is said by tradition that, however favourably affected to the house of Stuart, he would not have taken up arms, but for the urgency of his wife, who was a daughter of the deeply dyed Jacobite family of the Dalzells of Carnwath, and a woman of uncommon spirit. "After her husband's execution, she posted down to Scotland by herself, and reached Kenmure Castle in time to secure the principal papers. When the estate was put up to sale, she, with the assistance of some friends, was enabled to purchase it; and being an excellent manager, by the time her son came of age, she delivered it over to him free of debt, reserving only a small annuity to herself. She died at Terregles, August 16, 1776, having survived her husband sixty-one years."—*Wood's Peerage*. The present Lord Kenmure, to whom the peerage was restored in 1824, is grandson of this remarkable lady.

G A T E H O U S E.

THE subject of this plate—a thriving burgh of barony, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright—is, like Kenmure Castle, introduced in consequence of its connection with the excursion made by Burns with Mr Syme, through Galloway, in July 1793. To quote the words of the latter gentleman, as set forth by the Liverpool biographer:

"We left Kenmure, and went to Gatehouse. I took him the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky ~~was~~ sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall; it poured in floods upon us. For three hours did the wild elements *rumble their belly full* upon our defenceless heads. *Oh! oh! 'twas foul*. We got utterly wet; and, to revenge ourselves, Burns insisted at Gatehouse on our getting utterly drunk.

"From Gatehouse, we went next day to Kirkcudbright, through a fine country. But



here I must tell you that Burns had got a pair of *jemmy* boots for the journey, which had been thoroughly wet, and which had been dried in such a manner that it was not possible to get them on again. The brawny poet tried force, and tore them to shreds. A whiffling vexation of this sort is more trying to the temper than a serious calamity. We were going to Saint Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and the forlorn Burns was discomfited at the thought of his ruined boots. A sick stomach, and a head-ache, lent their aid, and the man of verse was quite *accablé*. I attempted to reason with him. Mercy on us, how he did fume and rage! Nothing could reinstate him in temper. * * Well, I am to bring you to Kirkeudbright along with our poet, without boots. I carried the torn ruins across my saddle in spite of his fulminations, and in contempt of appearances; and what is more, Lord Selkirk carried them in his coach to Dumfries. He insisted they were worth mending."

Mr Syme afterwards adds: "I told you that in the midst of the storm, on the wilds of Kenmure, Burns was wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army, along with Bruce, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops:" and the writer appends "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*." So remarkable a circumstance as the composition of this fine ode in connection with Kenmure, Gatehouse, and Kirkeudbright, would be sufficient to give these places an interest in the eyes of mankind for ever; but a regard for truth compels us to state that reasons appear for doubting the correctness of Mr Syme's statement on this point.

Gatehouse is situated on the Fleet, near the confluence of the river with the Solway; and it will probably be acknowledged that, if but slightly connected with the history of Burns, it at least forms an agreeable picture. Its environs in reality afford us a most characteristic specimen of that romantic mixture of hill, wood, river, and creek, which gives the coast scenery of Kirkeudbright its fame, and of which we have so many delightful sketches from the pen of the great master of modern prose fiction. The solitary tower, seen presiding over the opening of Fleet Bay, is Cardoness Castle, from which Scott is believed to have depicted Ellangowan. Cally House, the seat of Mr Murray of Broughton, and one of the principal show-houses in the stewartry, is situated in its splendid park to the left. We have an expressive proof of the rapid progress of this district in wealth and population, in the fact that, seventy years ago, Gatehouse consisted of what its name literally imports, namely, a single cottage at the gate of Cally House: it now contains two thousand inhabitants.

SCENE ON THE DEVON,

AT THE RUMBLING BRIDGE.

A short excursion which Burns made in August, 1787, in company with Dr Adair (afterwards of Harrowgate), introduced him to the well-known series of natural curiosities which mark the course of the little river Doan, or Devon (as it is more generally but incorrectly called), in Clackmannanshire. To quote the narrative of Dr Adair, in Currie's *Life of Burns*:

"From Stirling we went through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Harvieston, then inhabited by Mrs Hamilton, mother of Mr Gavin Hamilton, the poet's Mauchline patron, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. He introduced me to the family, and there was formed my first acquaintance with Mrs Hamilton's eldest daughter, to whom I have been married for nine years. Thus was I indebted to Burns for a connection from which I have derived, and expect farther to derive, much happiness.

"During a residence of about ten days at Harvieston, we made excursions to visit various parts of the surrounding scenery, inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest; particularly Castle Campbell, the ancient seat of the family of Argyll; the famous cataract of the Devon, called the Caldron Linn; and the Rumbling Bridge, a single broad arch, thrown by the devil, if tradition is to be trusted, across the river, at about the height of a hundred feet above its bed. I am surprised that none of these scenes should have called forth an exertion of Burns's muse. But I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque. I well remember, that the ladies at Harvieston, who accompanied us on this jaunt, expressed their disappointment at his not expressing, in more glowing and fervid language, his impressions of the Caldron Linn scene, certainly highly sublime and somewhat horrible."

Dr Currie's note on this passage is as follows: "The surprise expressed by Dr Adair, in his excellent letter, that the romantic scenery of the Devon should have failed to call forth any exertion of the poet's muse, is not in its nature singular; and the disappointment felt at his not expressing in more glowing language his emotions on the sight of the famous cataract of that river, is similar to what was felt by the friends of Burns on other occasions of the same nature. Yet the inference that Dr Adair seems inclined to draw from it, that he had little taste for the picturesque, might be questioned, even if it stood uncontroverted by other evidence. The muse of Burns was in a high degree capricious; she came uncalled, and often refused to attend at his bidding. Of all the numerous subjects suggested to him by his friends and correspondents, there is scarcely one that he adopted. The very expectation that a particular occasion would excite the energies of fancy, if communicated to Burns, seemed in him, as in other poets, destructive of the



effect expected. Hence perhaps may be explained, why the banks of the Devon and of the Tweed form no part of the subjects of his song.

“A similar train of reasoning may perhaps explain the want of emotion with which he viewed the Caldron Linn. Certainly there are no affections of the mind more deadened by the influence of previous expectation, than those arising from the sight of natural objects, and more especially of objects of grandeur. Minute descriptions of scenes, of a sublime nature, should never be given to those who are about to view them, particularly if they are persons of great strength and sensibility of imagination. Language seldom or never conveys an adequate idea of such objects, but in the mind of a great poet it may excite a picture that far transcends them. The imagination of Burns might form a cataract, in comparison with which the Caldron Linn should seem the purling of a rill, and even the mighty falls of Niagara a humble cascade.”

The accompanying plate represents a portion of the scenes which Burns beheld with so little apparent emotion: it is that at the Rumbling Bridge—where, however, a new arch, with parapets, has for some years superseded the narrow ledgeless footway which existed in the days of Burns. Although descriptions of the Glendovan scenery must be familiar to many readers, it seems necessary to present one in this place. We select the judicious and accurate account given by Dr Garnett in his *Tour*, 1800.

“At the distance of about six miles from Kinross we left the road, in order to see some waterfalls on the river Dovan. The first we visited was what is not improperly termed the Caldron Linn, about eight miles distant from Kinross.

“Here the Dovan, which we saw murmuring along its pebbly bed, suddenly enters a deep linn or gully, and there, finding itself confined, by its continual efforts against the sides, has worked out a cavity resembling a large caldron, in which the water has so much the appearance of boiling, that it is difficult to divest oneself of the idea that it is really in a state of violent ebullition. From this caldron, through a hole below the surface, the water slowly finds its way under the rock into another circular cavity, in which it is carried round and round, though with much less violent agitation. This second caldron is always covered with a foam or froth. From this boiler the water runs, in the same manner, by an opening in the rock beneath its surface, into another, which is larger than either of them, the diameter of it being twenty-two feet. The water in this cavity is not agitated as in the others, but is calm and placid. From this cavern the water rushes perpendicularly over the rock, into a deep and romantic glen, forming a fine cascade, particularly when viewed from the bottom of the glen, to which there is access by a zig-zag path.

“This cascade is forty-four feet in height, and the rocks which compose the linn are about twice as high, so that it appears as if the water had worn its way from the top to its present situation, which most probably has been the case. It falls in one unbroken sheet, without touching the rock, and the whiteness of the dashing water is finely opposed to the almost black colour of the rocks, which are formed of coarse grained basaltes. While we were contemplating this beautiful scene, the sun happened to shine upon it, and the spray,

which arises from it to a considerable height, by refracting the rays of light, exhibited the appearances of a luminous vapour, in which the different prismatic colours were easily discernible.

“ A few years ago, the following curious circumstance happened here. A pack of hounds were eagerly pursuing a fox: the animal led them along the banks of the Dovan, till he came to the boiling caldron; there he crossed; but the dogs, in attempting to follow him, and not being probably so well acquainted with the path, fell one after another into the caldron, and were dashed to pieces against the sides. This fact contributed not a little to confirm the reputation of reynard for cunning and sagacity, in the minds of the spectators.

“ Leaving the Caldron Linn, we walked about a mile, or rather more, up the banks of the Dovan, and came to another linn, or ravine, over which an arch is thrown. The rocks on each side approach so near, that an arch of twenty-two feet span is sufficient to form a communication between the different banks of the river, but the depth from the bridge to the water is no less than eighty-six feet; and the want of a parapet prevents even the steadiest head from looking down this frightful chasm without a degree of terror. The water both above and below the bridge rushing from rock to rock, and forming a number of little falls, produces a constant rumbling kind of noise, which is much increased when the water is swollen by rains: on this account the common people call it the Rumbling Bridge.

“ When this bridge is viewed from the river below, it is a very sublime object. The sides of the chasm are formed by bold irregular rocks, consisting of a kind of pudding-stone, which are in many places finely covered with brushwood: above the bridge the water is seen running along; in some places concealed from the eye by the jutting rocks and foliage, and in others appearing again. In short, the whole forms a very romantic scene.

“ About 200 yards above the Rumbling Bridge, we came to another fall, though but a small one, with a kind of caldron, in which the water has the appearance of boiling. In this cavity, the water is continually tossed round with great violence, constantly dashing against the sides of the rock; this produces a noise somewhat similar to that made by a mill, and on this account it is called by the common people the Devil's Mill, because it pays no regard to Sunday, but works every day alike.”



MRS BRUCE OF CLACKMANNAN.

MOST of the admirers of Burns will have fresh upon their minds an interview with which he is described, in Dr Currie's memoir, as having been honoured at Clackmannan in the course of a short tour, by a Jacobite lady of venerable age, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood in sport, with a sword which had belonged to King Robert Bruce. For the sake of those who may not remember this adventure distinctly, the account of it given by Dr Adair, the poet's fellow traveller, is here subjoined:

"A visit to Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, interested his feelings more powerfully [than the sight of the romantic scenery of Glendevon, which he had just been visiting]. This venerable dame, with characteristical dignity, informed me, on my observing that I believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, that Robert Bruce was sprung from her family. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the hero's helmet and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and myself the honour of knighthood, remarking, that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people*.

* * You will, of course, conclude, that the old lady's political tenets were as Jacobitical as the poet's, a conformity which contributed not a little to the cordiality of our reception and entertainment. She gave, as her first toast after dinner, *Awa' Uncos*, or, Away with the Strangers. Who these strangers were, you will readily understand. Mrs A. [Charlotte Hamilton] corrects me by saying it should be *Hooi*, or *Hooi Uncos*, a sound used by shepherds to direct their dogs to drive away the sheep."

It will not be, we trust, without interest that the reader beholds a genuine portrait of this fine old country gentlewoman, engraved from a painting executed in 1777, when she was eighty-one years of age, and which is now the property of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq., of Edinburgh.

Catherine Bruce was the daughter of Alexander Bruce, Esq., of the family of Newton, and in early life became the wife of Henry Bruce, Esq., of Clackmannan, the acknowledged chief of the family in Scotland. It is a pity that her superb boast as to ancestry is not supported by historical antiquaries. By these scrupulous gentlemen, the descent of her father, husband, and other landed men of the name, cannot be traced farther back than to a Sir Robert Bruce, who lived in the age following that of the restorer of Scottish independence, and whom King David II., in a charter bestowing on him the lands of Clackmannan and others, styles as his *cousin*. Douglas, indeed, in his *Baronage*, states that this first Bruce of Clackmannan was descended of John Bruce, a younger son of Robert, usually styled the Competitor, and consequently uncle of King Robert; but this, being unsupported by any authority, has been dropped by Wood: nor, even though proved, would

it make out the king to have been less than the chief of a race, of which the house of Clackmannan were cadets. There is little reason, however, to doubt that from Sir Robert, first of Clackmannan, were descended the families of Airth, Kennet, Kinnaird (of whom came the Abyssinian traveller), Kinloss (of whom are the Earls of Elgin), Kinross, Carnock (of whom were the Earls of Kincardine), and many other honourable houses, productive of eminent historical men.

On the death of Henry Bruce of Clackmannan, July 8, 1772, without surviving issue, the main line of his family became extinct. His widow continued to reside in the massive old tower of the family, situated on a hill at the west end of the town of Clackmannan, where she kept the sword and helmet said to have been worn by king Robert at the battle of Bannockburn. The vigour of body and enthusiasm of mind, which she retained in old age, are strikingly indicated in the fine erect carriage of the accompanying figure, and by the *white rose* planted in her bosom. She survived to the 4th of November, 1791, when she had reached the age of ninety-five. The sword and helmet then passed, by her will, to the Earl of Elgin, whom she had regarded as the chief of the family since her husband's death, and who still preserves these curiosities with great care at his seat of Broomhall. The tower where the family flourished so long, and where Burns was entertained, has, since the death of Mrs Bruce, fallen into ruin. •

FOYERS, .

FROM ABOVE THE FALL.

THE fall, or rather falls, of Foyers, in Inverness-shire, were visited, and poetically described by Burns, September 5, 1787, in the course of his Highland tour in company with Mr Nicol.

The river Foyers, after a short course along the table land of Stratherrick, anciently the country of the Frasers, approaches the precipitous hills bordering Loch Ness on the south-east, down which it is thrown in two distinct leaps, a quarter of a mile apart, thus forming the natural curiosities which have given its otherwise humble name so much celebrity, and caused it to be visited every summer by whole hosts of tourists of all imaginable kinds.

The upper fall is about seventy feet high, but twice broken in its descent. Immediately below it, a bridge, two hundred feet above the surface of the stream beneath, connects the opposing rocks on the two sides of the ravine through which the river has forced its way.



According to Dr Garnett, writing in 1800, "The bridge was built about twelve years ago, before which time the only passage over this torrent was a rude Alpine bridge, consisting of some sticks thrown over the rocks, and covered with turf. It was crossed by the peasantry on foot, but must certainly have turned giddy the steadiest head unaccustomed to such scenes. About three years before the present bridge was built, a neighbouring farmer, on his way home from Inverness, had called at the General's Hut, to shelter himself from the inclemency of the storm, and drive out the invading cold by reinforcing the garrison in the stomach. Here he met with some old acquaintance, with whom he conversed of former times, without observing the frequency of the circulating glass. The snow continued to fall in thick flakes, and they were sitting by a comfortable fire: at last, when the fumes of the whisky had taken possession of his brain, and raised his spirits to no ordinary pitch, he determined to go home. When he came to this place, having been accustomed to cross the rude bridge on foot, he habitually took this road, and forced his horse over it. Next morning, he had some faint recollection of the circumstance, though the seeming impossibility of the thing made him suspect that it was a dream; but as the ground was covered with snow, it was very easy to convince himself: he accordingly went, and when he perceived the tracks of his horse's feet over the bridge, he was so much terrified at the danger he had escaped, [we should rather say, received such a nervous shock,] that he fell ill, and died shortly afterwards."

The upper fall is viewed to best advantage from the channel of the river below the bridge. "From this position," say the Messrs Anderson, in their excellent Guide to the Highland Scenery, "the appearance of the headlong and tumultuous mass of waters is very imposing; while the high and perpendicular rocks between which the river pours its noisy and troubled flood, and the aerial single-arched bridge, add much to the picturesque effect. Below the fall, the channel of the river is deep and rocky, and shelves rapidly down towards the lake: the mountain sides are clothed with luxuriant woods of birch; and the river, interrupted in its course by numerous masses of rock, is lashed into foam, and hurries impetuously forward for a quarter of a mile." Amidst the recesses of the overhanging precipices, there is a cove of considerable size, where freebooters used to shelter themselves in troublous times, and which had a way of escape towards the water in case of the main entry being invaded or beset.

At the distance which has been stated from the upper fall, occurs the lower fall, which is thus described in the work last quoted: "It [the river] then encounters a second abrupt descent, and is dashed through a narrow gap, or opening, over a height of about ninety feet, [Garnett makes the height 212 feet,] into a deep and spacious linn, surrounded with lofty, precipitous rocks. From one side of this gulf, a high ledge of rock, projecting in front of the fall, obstructs all sight of it from any point along the margin of the river. As we approach this greater cataract, the ground is felt to tremble from the shock of the falling water; and the ear is stunned with its sullen and ceaseless roar. A winding footpath strikes off from the public road, at the commencement of a parapet wall, and

leads down to a green bank, on the point of the projecting barrier, directly opposite to and on a level with the middle of the fall. Here the eye can scan the terrors of the troubled gulf beneath, the whole extent of the fall, and of the stupendous overhanging rocks, waving with birch, and partially covered with a rank mossy vegetation, forced into life by the volumes of vapour which float around. The accompaniments of wood, and rock, and mountain slope, are always attractive; but when the river is swollen with rain, the scene assumes the features of sublimity, and the spectator regards it with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. The living spirit of the waters wakens, with thundering call, the echoes of the solitude: every other sound is drowned, and all nature seems attentive to the voice of the falling element; and the mighty caldron is filled with shifting masses of spray, frequently illumined with the bright and lambent tints of a rainbow."

Dr Edward D. Clarke, on visiting the lower fall of Foyers, declared it to be a finer cascade than Tivoli, and, of all he had seen, inferior only to Terni. Burns described it in the following lines, which he wrote with his pencil, on the spot:

" Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Pione down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonished, rends,
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils - "

* * * * *

CULLODEN MOOR.

" Culloden, on thy swarthy brow
Sprung no wild flowers or verdure fair.
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air;
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallowed footsteps bore:—
The deeds unholy Nature viewed,
Then fled and cursed thee evermore.

* * * * *

" Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell;
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell!
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme ! *"

* These are the first and last stanzas of an ode on Culloden, by the late amiable Mr John Grieve, of Edinburgh, the friend and long almost the sole support of the Ettrick Shepherd, in whose Jacobite Relics the poem appeared.

THE GREAT WALL



This celebrated field is situated about five miles to the east of Inverness, near the shore of the Moray Firth. It is an extensive piece of mossy and broken ground, bounded on the north side by the plantations connected with Culloden House, and on the south by the river Nairn, beyond which rises a range of lofty hills. One poor little farm-stead, and here and there a wretched cottage, with a public road between Nairn and Inverness, slightly mark the surface of this dreary waste; and if the visitor look a little more narrowly, he will see at a particular spot a few tumuli, green amidst the general brownness, where he is told repose many who fell in the fight which decided the fate of the house of Stuart.

This battle, as is well known, took place on the 16th April, 1746, between the royal troops, about eight thousand in number, under the Duke of Cumberland, and the Highland clans, amounting to five thousand, under Prince Charles Stuart. The latter were drawn up across the moor, facing the east, with the view of protecting Inverness from the royal troops, which advanced from Nairn. It has been the wonder of all who have seen Culloden Moor, including, we well recollect, Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, how the Prince should have proposed, with light troops, destitute of horse and artillery worthy of the name, to wait on such an open plain the advance of a more numerous and better disciplined army, supported by both horse and artillery in considerable strength. The battle began about two in the afternoon, and lasted forty minutes. The right wing of the Highland front line made a gallant assault, under Lord George Murray, on the left wing of the king's troops, who were broke by its impetuosity; but the British regiments kept their ranks well, and in a little time destroyed or repulsed these assailants. The left wing of the Highlanders did not advance. A movement by cavalry on the right flank of the Prince's army decided the day. The clans fled or deliberately marched off the field, the Prince retiring across the Nairn to Stratherrick. The chief slaughter took place on the spot where the Highlanders broke through Barrel's regiment, on the left of the royal forces; and the green mounds above mentioned appear to be the graves of those who fell in that encounter. A great number of the Highlanders, who retreated towards Inverness, were cut down on the way by the British cavalry, and afterwards buried by the road side. The Duke of Cumberland allowed the wounded of the insurgent party to lie unrelieved on the field for three days, and then sent parties to put them out of pain. Some were placed in ranks, and shot by platoon. It is also an undoubted fact that a barn in which a considerable number had taken refuge was set fire to, and every person in it burnt or otherwise dispatched. Humanity yet shudders as she pronounces the name of William Duke of Cumberland.

Burns, in the course of his Highland tour with Nicol, September, 1787, visited Culloden Moor, and soon after contributed the following song to Johnson's Scots Musical Museum :

"The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Sae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
 And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waeft' day it was to me,
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sur,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

GORDON CASTLE.

THE mansion of which a distant view is here presented, well known to be the finest house north of the Frith of Forth, is situated in the parish of Bellie and county of Banff, on the right bank of the Spey, and at the distance of about five miles from the efflux of that river into the Moray Frith.

The house lies in a beautifully wooded park, generally of level ground, and comprising ten or twelve square miles. The grand entry is by an arched building close beside the village of Fochabers; from which a road winds about a mile through a green parterre, till it is lost in an oval in front of the castle. The front of the building, 568 feet in length, broken into strong light and shade by the recession of some of its parts, and gaining dignity from a lofty tower surmounting the centre, is of that grandeur which suits to almost princely rank and influence. From the house the view outwards is equally fine. To borrow the description of an American tourist—"Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and the small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed near the thickets, or a lady with a flowing dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a game-keeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds



of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture." *

The ground thus described as so beautiful was originally a morass, named *Rogra-gbdhu*, "the windy bog," for it enjoyed a very free circulation of air from the frith and the west. The site of the castle was selected as a defensible position for the erection of a feudal tower, by George second earl of Huntly, who died in 1501. This house was accessible by a narrow causeway through the morass, and by a draw-bridge across a moat. It was called the House of the Bog, or *breviter*—the Bog, the name constantly given to it by Spalding in his many references to it in connection with the troublous affairs of the civil war. Each of the noble line who lived in it, successively earls of Huntly, marquisses of Huntly, and dukes of Gordon, was also popularly distinguished by the familiar appellation of *The Gudemane o' the Bog*. Additions and alterations took place at different times, until, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, George fourth duke of Gordon erected the present magnificent mansion—retaining, however, the original fortalice of the fifteenth century, towering high and proud over all the rest. With the fifth duke of Gordon, May 28, 1836, expired the main line of this great historical family, and Gordon castle, with the connected territory, to the value of £30,000 per annum, then became the property of the duke of Richmond, son of the eldest sister of the deceased duke. The representation of the family and the title of marquis of Huntly devolved at the same time upon George earl of Aboyne, descended from a younger son of the second marquis, who was beheaded in 1649.

George fourth duke of Gordon—himself a clever writer of verses—and his beautiful and witty duchess, Jane Maxwell, were, it is well known, fond of the society of literary men. Beattie was their frequent guest at this noble mansion, and an intimate correspondent of the Duchess. Burns, during the first winter of his residence in Edinburgh, was introduced to her Grace, whose name appears in the list of the subscribers to his first metropolitan edition, for twenty-one copies. In the course of his Highland tour with Mr Nicol [September 1787], coming to Fochabers, and presuming, says Dr Currie, on his acquaintance with the duchess, he proceeded to Gordon Castle, leaving Mr Nicol at the inn in the village. At the castle our poet was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and the family being about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table as a matter of course. This invitation he accepted, and after drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose up and proposed to withdraw. On being pressed to stay, he mentioned, for the first time, his engagement with his fellow-traveller; and his noble host offering to send a servant to conduct Mr Nicol to the castle, Burns insisted on undertaking that office himself. He was, however, accompanied by a gentleman, a particular acquaintance of the Duke, by whom the invitation was delivered in all the forms of politeness. The invitation came too late; the pride of Nicol was inflamed into a high degree of passion, by the neglect which he had already suffered. He had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, being determined to proceed on his journey alone; and they found him pa-

rating the streets of Fochabers, before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion, for the slowness with which he obeyed his commands. As no explanation nor entreaty could change the purpose of his fellow-traveller, our poet was reduced to the necessity of separating from him entirely, or of instantly proceeding with him on their journey. He chose the last of these alternatives; and seating himself beside Nicol in the post-chaise with mortification and regret, he turned his back on Gordon Castle where he had promised himself some happy days. Sensible, however, of the great kindness of the noble family, he made the best return in his power, by the poem beginning,

“ Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter’s chains,
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix’d with foulest stams
From tyranny’s empurpled hands
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves,
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks, by Castle Gordon.

“ Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Happy wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native’s way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil,
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lolly brace
The storm, by Castle Gordon.

“ Widdly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole,
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood,
Life’s poor day I’ll musing rave,
And hnd at night a sheltering cave
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonnie Castle Gordon.”

Burns’s own note in his memorandum book takes no notice of the impassioned brutality of Nicol, but marks how agreeably his faculties had been affected by his reception from the duke and duchess: “Cross Spey to Fochabers—fine palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—dine. Company—duke and duchess, ladies Charlotte and Magdeline [afterwards, respectively, duchess of Richmond, and lady Sinclair of Murkle], colonel Abercromby and lady, Mr Gordon, and Mr —, a clergyman, a venerable aged figure—the duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely, yet mild, condescending, and affable; gay and kind—the duchess witty and sensible—God bless them.”



LOCHLOMOND.

THE queen of the Scottish lakes, as must be generally known, is situated chiefly in the county of Dumbarton, a small portion only belonging to Stirlingshire, which forms the greater part of its eastern boundary. Placed at the southern extremity of the Grampian range, it is enclosed every where except towards the south by lofty hills, the chief of which, Benlomond, rises beside its east shore to the height of 3240 feet above the ordinary level of its waters. The lake is about twenty-six miles long, and from eight to ten in breadth towards the south; but the northern moiety, confined between opposing hills, is for the most part only one mile in breadth. The superficies comprehends upwards of 20,000 acres. Fed at the north extremity by a small river, flowing through Glenfalloch, it receives several mountain streams from the west, and on the east the well known Stirlingshire river Endrick. At the south point, its waters form the river Leven, so celebrated by means of the beautiful ode of Smollett, a native of its banks. This natural drain of the lake has a channel of only about six miles, during which it descends about twenty feet: it joins the Clyde beneath the walls of Dumbarton Castle. Lochlomond contains ten islands, of considerable size, and more than that number of lesser isles, the greater number of both kinds being situated in the southern and more spacious part of the expanse. The depth of the lake is very various. In the southern part, it seldom exceeds twenty fathoms: north of Luss, where narrow and bounded closely by steep mountains, it is much greater. About a mile north from Tarmachan, it is eighty-six fathoms, and a mile still farther north, opposite to Alt-garv, it is a hundred: from that point to the northern extremity, it gradually diminishes in depth.*

In point of picturesque beauty, Lochlomond is probably surpassed by few lakes in Europe. From its lying partly within and partly without the Highland boundary, it comprehends almost every variety of landscape, from the softest to the most savage and magnificent. In the southern and broader part, the wooded shores and islands, in association with the smooth expanse of water, afford a prospect of the richest beauty; while more to the north, the lofty mountains, precipitous and in some places naked of soil and vegetation, convey impressions of the utmost grandeur. Its various charms have been the admiration of travellers since ever fine landscape began to be admired in Scotland; and for some years past a small steamer (on earth if not in heaven yeapt Euphrosyne) has daily, during every summer, conveyed a load of tourists of all orders and all countries from the lower to the upper extremity. The road from Glasgow to Inverary, passing along the west shore as far as Tarmachan, affords other means of inspecting the beauties of Lochlomond. The shores of the lower part of the lake give situations for some delightfully placed mansions, but not nearly so many as might be expected in so lovely a region.

* Statistical Account of Scotland, 1796, xvii. 241.

The first island that occurs in sailing from the southern extremity of the lake is one named *Inch Murrin*, about two miles long, and one broad, the property of the duke of Montrose. It is described in Garnett's Tour as supporting two hundred deer, under the care of a game-keeper, who resides on it. At the west end of the island are the ruins of an old castle, once the habitation of the earls of Lennox, near which stands a neat hunting lodge, built by the duke of Montrose in 1793.* On this island, John Colquhoun, laird of Luss, with several of his followers, were barbarously murdered by a party of Hebrideans, who, under conduct of Lanchlan Maclean and Murdoch Gibson, in 1439, carried fire and sword through this part of Scotland.† The next island north of Inch Murrin, is *Grange*, about half a mile in length, covered with oak wood, and affording but little pasture. *Inch Tor*, or *Tor-Inish*, is the next: this island is about the size of the former, and is, like it, covered with oaks. It derives its name from the circumstance of its consisting of small hills or eminences, covered with wood. To the east of Inch Tor is *Inch Cailleach*, the island of the old women, so named from a nunnery which once flourished upon it. This island and the eight next to be named are in the Stirlingshire parish of Buchanan, which once had the name of Inch Cailleach, from this island, where the parochial place of worship was situated. Sir Robert Lang, parson of Inchealzeoch, appears as witness to a grant in 1444.‡ The remains of a chapel are still to be seen on Inch Cailleach, surrounded by a cemetery, where the Macgregors buried their dead, and which is still used by some of the people of Buchanan parish. The island is inhabited, and produces good wheat and oats. From the high grounds at Killearn, its outline presents a striking appearance, bearing a strong resemblance to that of a corpse stretched out in its sepulchral dress. *Clar Inch* (flat island), at the end of which are to be seen the ruins of a castle a few feet under water, and *Inch Aber*, so called from being near the influx of the Endrick, are small and unimportant islands to the south of Inch Cailleach. To the northward of the same island, we find *Inch Fad* (long island), which is also inhabited, and affords good grain and pasture. In the letter-press to Bleau's Atlas, 1653, this island is described as abounding in fruit. *Inch Cruin*, about three quarters of a mile in length, and on which there is, or was at no distant date, an asylum for insane persons; *Buck-inch* (goat island); *Arduach* (high island); *Ellenhaona*, and *Ellanan-dorachan*, are comparatively unimportant islands near Inch Fad.

Inch Lonaig, immediately to the north of Inch Cruin, and about a mile long, is remarkable for its yews, which, in the days of bows and arrows, used to be in great request for the manufacture of the first of those articles. This island is now used as a deer park by Colquhoun of Luss. *Inch Conagan*, to the south of Inch Lonaig, is about half a mile long, and covered with oak and fir. *Inch Moan*, next to the south, is larger, but consists of little besides a peat moss, from which the neighbouring people are supplied with their ordinary fuel. *Inch Tavanach* (the isle of the monk's house) opposite the house of Camstradden, and near the west shore, is a lofty and beautiful island, composed chiefly of granite:

* Garnett's Tour, I. 39.

† Pennant's Tour, 1772, I. 153.

‡ Nisbet's Stirlingshire, second edition, 746.

it is frequented by the roe-buck. *Inch Galbraith*, a smaller island near by, is spoken of by Pennant as containing a ruined castle, the haunt of the osprey. It is worthy of remark that the narrow sound or channel between *Inch Tavanach* and *Inch Conagan*, the average depth of which does not exceed two fathoms and a half, and where there is no perceptible current, was never known to freeze even in the severest winters, although all the rest of the southern and shallow portion of the lake is usually frozen in hard winters, and sometimes to such a degree that cattle and waggons can pass from island to island.

In passing along the road just mentioned, the first mansion which occurs is that of *Cameron*, a seat of the *Smollett* family, and the place where the *Bramble* party are described in *Humphry Clinker* as residing for some time with *Commissary Smollett*. The house is situated near, perhaps too near, the margin of the lake, but nevertheless commands a fine view. *Belretiro*, a little farther on, is another seat of the same family. The hill to the left at this place is *Dunfion*, or the hill of *Fingal*, supposed to have been one of the hunting seats of that hero. A couple of miles farther on, the road crosses the rivulet *Fruin*, the vale of which was, in 1602, the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the *Colquhouns* and *Macgregors*, the latter being the aggressors. The parties fought with great obstinacy till night parted them. Many were killed on both sides, but the greater loss fell upon the *Colquhouns*, whose chief retired to his castle at *Rossdoo* on the banks of the lake, but was closely pursued by a party of *Macgregors*, who broke in, and, finding him in a vault, put him to death with many circumstances of cruelty. This bloody combat was the cause of the proscription of the *Macgregors*, which did not altogether cease for nearly two centuries.

Rossdoo (etymologically *Ross dhu*, the black promontory) is a tongue of land projecting into the lake, and to appearance almost insulated. It is beautifully wooded, and the ancient tower and modern mansion of the *Colquhouns* of *Luss* make a fine contrast with each other. A little farther on is *Camstradden*, the seat of a branch of the *Colquhouns*, and near this are the village, church, and inn of *Luss*, delightfully situated at the embouchure of a mountain streamlet, which has formed a small alluvial plain jutting out into the lake. From *Luss* the road still verges along the side of the lake, which now diminishes in breadth very rapidly, while the hills become higher and more imposing. Passing the water of *Uglas*, which discharges itself into the lake, and continuing the route along the banks of the lake for several miles, the highway suddenly ascends to the top of a lofty promontory projecting far into the liquid expanse, and denominated the *Point of Firkin*. Although the ascent is difficult, abrupt, and tedious, yet the view from the summit, to every admirer of nature, amply repays the labour attending it. From this eminence, the whole surface of the lake, diversified with its numerous islands, is displayed to the eye. The shores in some places appear abrupt and precipitous; in other situations, they are covered with copsewood, interspersed with fields of corn and the houses of the inhabitants.*

* *Beauties of Scotland*, III. 331.

At *Tarbet*, a few miles beyond *Firkin*, there is a good inn, affording a very agreeable resting-place for those who visit the *Lochlomond* scenery. The road here turns off to the westward by *Arrochar* and *Glencro* to *Inverary*; but the remainder of the lake can be surveyed from a boat. The east side of the lake is not skirted by a road; but two or three points are occasionally visited. *Inversnaid Mill* forms a landing-place for such tourists as desire to pass from *Lochlomond* to *Loch Katrine*; and *Rowardennan*, where there is a little inn, is the starting-point for the ascent of *Benlomond*. The rugged ground for several miles along the lake at this place forms the estate of *Craigroyston*, once the property of *Rob Roy*, whose *cave*, a hiding-place he is said to have resorted to in times of difficulty, is shown to admiring tourists.

It is supposed to have been about *Tarbet* that *Robert Bruce* on one remarkable occasion was ferried over *Lochlomond*. After the battle of *Methven*, which temporarily dashed his hopes of sovereignty, leaving his consort and other ladies at *Kildrummy Castle* in *Aberdeenshire*, the heroic king, with *Sir James Douglas* and a few other trusty followers, crossed the country for the purpose of spending the winter in *Kintyre*. On this journey he came to the east shore of *Lochlomond*, probably at *Inversnaid*: the further particulars may best be given in the words of *Barbour*, with, however, a modernised orthography :

" The King * * * *
 To *Lochlomond* the way has ta'en,
 And come there on the third day :
 But there about nae bait * fand they,
 That micht them ower the water beir :
 Then were they wae on great manner,
 For it was fer about to gae,
 And they were into doubt alsae
 To meet their faes that were spreid wide :
 Therefore, endlang the loch side,
 Sae busily they sought and last,
 Till *James of Douglas* at the last
 Fand a little sunken bait,
 And to the land it drew full hat,
 But it sae little was, that it
 Micht ower the water but threesome fit.
 They send thereof word to the king,
 That was joyful of that finding,
 And first into the bait is gane,
 With him *Douglas*. The third was aye
 That rowit them ower deliverly,
 And set them on the land all dry ,
 And rowit sae oft, to and frae,
 Fetchand ay ower twae and twae,
 That in a nicht and in a day
 Coming out ower the loch are they,
 For some of them could swoom full weel,
 And on his back bear a fardel.
 Sae with swimming, and with rowing,
 They brought them ower and all their thin

" The King, the whies, merrily
 Read to them that were him by,
 Romance of worthy *Ferimbrace*.

* * * *

" The gude King, upon this manner,
 Comfort them that were him ner ,
 And bade them gamyn and solace
 Till that his folk all passit was," &c.

Some natural peculiarities of a remarkable kind attach to Lochlomond. It was anciently said to be noted for three wonders—waves without wind, fishes without fins, and a floating island. First, as to the waves without wind. Always, before foul weather, a *blue belt*, as it is called, consisting of a curved stripe of rippled water, is observed upon Lochlomond. We are not strictly aware whether this phenomenon is identical with the agitations well known to appear sometimes on the lake of Keswick during calm weather, and which the country people thereabouts speak of as the result of a *bottom wind*. It is attributed by modern science, we believe, to the unequal agitation of the atmosphere in the vicinity of lofty mountains, which, it is said, produces a corresponding inequality on the surface of the water, some parts being gently ruffled by the air, while others remain quiescent.* At the moment of the occurrence of the great earthquake felt in many parts of Europe on the 1st of November 1755, and by which the city of Lisbon was destroyed, the waters of Lochlomond were affected in a very remarkable way. To quote the contemporary account of the Scottish journals—"On the 1st of November last, Lochlomond, all of a sudden, and without the least gust of wind, rose against its banks with great rapidity, and, immediately retiring, in about five minutes subsided as low, in appearance, as ever it used to be in the greatest drought of summer. In about five minutes after, it returned again, as high and with as great rapidity as before. The agitation continued in the same manner from half-past nine till fifteen minutes after ten in the morning,† the waters taking five minutes to subside, and as many to rise again. From ten to eleven o'clock the agitation was not so great, and every rise was somewhat less than the immediately preceding one; but taking the same time, five minutes, to flow, and five to ebb, as before. The height the waters rose was measured immediately after, and found to be two feet six inches perpendicular. The same day, at the same hour, Loch Long and Loch Katrine were agitated much in the same manner; and we are informed from Inverness, that the agitation in Loch Ness was so violent as to threaten destruction to some houses built on the side of it."‡ We may add that Pibley Dam, or Pond, in the county of Derby, if not other waters in South Britain, was agitated in the same manner at the same instant; but the waters there rose eight feet above their usual level, at one end.§ By the flow of Lochlomond, a boat was found to have been carried forty yards upon the land from its station on the lake.

The fish without fins are conjectured by Dr Stuart, the minister of Luss, in his account of that parish, to have been vipers which occasionally swam from one island to another. Such a viper, he says, was once killed when attempting to get into a boat passing along the lake. It is more likely that eels were the fish in question, and that the saying, as far as this matter was concerned, was only a little piece of rustic wit, invented to puzzle the uninitiated, and, not improbably, suggested by the previous wonder of waves without wind.

* Dibdin's Northern Tour, 857.

† The first shock at Lisbon is described as taking place a little after nine; which must have been the same time precisely as the above, allowing for about four degrees of difference in the longitude of the two places.

‡ Scots Magazine, 1755, 593.

§ Gentleman's Magazine, 1735.

In Bleau's Atlas, this view is countenanced: "Les poissons qu'ils disent n'avoir pas de nageoires, qu'ils appellent vulgairement Paones, sont un espece d'anguilles, c'est pourquoy it ne faut pas s'en estonner."

"With respect to the floating island," says Dr Garnett, "at present there are none possessed of this property. There is indeed a small island near the west coast of Inch Connaghan, which is called the Floating Island; it is now, however, fixed, but that it may have once floated is certainly credible. In that case Dr Stuart supposes, with great probability, that it must have been a massy fragment detached by the waves from the neighbouring isle of Inch Moan, and kept together by the matted roots of coarse grasses, willows, &c.* In Loch Dochart, a lake in Perthshire, is a floating island, about fifty-one feet in length, thirty in breadth, and from three to four in thickness: this island seems to have been formed by the intermixture of the roots and stems of aquatic plants. It is frequently driven before the wind, and may be pushed about with poles. Sometimes, when it rests near the shore, the cattle, tempted by the verdure of its grass, venture upon it, and are often, by the sudden shifting of the wind, transported to the opposite side of the lake."† Another kind of floating island has in former times been seen upon Lochlomond, and has confounded the eye of the traveller: this was a sort of raft, which the inhabitants used to make of a considerable size, fastening the trunks of several pines together, and covering them with sods of earth. These rafts were useful on many occasions, but are now unknown, boats being much more manageable and commodious. But in early ages the raft seems to have been the first species of lake navigation: on it, the inhabitants transported their cattle, hay, and other bulky commodities, from one part of the lake to another. But the principal use of the raft was in times of alarm. When an adverse clan was laying waste the country, some poor man, on the borders of the lake, would shift his family and movables on board a raft, and running under the lee of an island would attach himself to it. This raft at a distance would appear part of the island itself, and be perfectly concealed. In the mean time he would rear a low hut of boughs and heath against the oak to which he was moored; and would eat his oatmeal, the only provision he carried with him, mixed with the water of the lake, till a time of security gave him liberty to return.‡

We may here appropriately notice a further wonder, connected with Lomond, but of an artificial nature. We are indebted for an account of it to the Rev. Mr Macgregor Stirling's curious and ample notes to Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire. Mr Stirling quotes from a manuscript by Mr Graham of Duchray, dated 1725, and preserved among the Macfarlane papers in the Advocates' Library. "On the north side of Lochlomond, and about three miles west from the church [of Buchanan], upon a point of land which runs into the loch, called Cashel, are the ruins of an old building of a circular shape, and in circumference about sixty paces, built all of prodigious whinestone, without lime or cement.

* Stat. Acc. XVII. 243. † Garnett, (l. 45) following Pennant's Tour, 1772. Whether this curiosity still exists the present writer is ignorant.

‡ Gilpin's Observations on several parts of Great Britain, II. 28.

The walls are in some places about nine or ten feet high, yet standing; and it is surprising how such big stones could be reared up by the hands of men. This is called the Giant's Castle, and the founder thereof is said to be Keith Mac In Doill, who is reported to have been contemporary with the famous Finmacoill, and consequently to have lived in the 5th century of the Christian era. This Keith, notwithstanding the great number of natural isles in the loch, was, it seems, so curious as to found an artificial island, which is in the loch at a little distance from the point on which the old castle stands, founded on large square joists of oak, firmly mortised in one another; two of which, of prodigious size (in each of which there are three large mortises), were disjoined from the float in 1714, and made use of by a gentleman in that country, who was then building a house. The point on which the castle stands is called at this day Rownapean, that is, *Giant's Point*."

The natural woods growing on the shores of the loch and its islands are enumerated by Garnett as chiefly oak, ash, birch, holly, mountain ash, hazel, aspen, alder, yew, hawthorn, and willow. The lake abounds in delicious trout, and the southern part is much frequented by salmon, though this fish is in general not fond of lakes; but the salmon here come up the Leven, cross part of the lake, and find their way up the river Endrick, of which this fish is remarkably fond.

Circumstances have long been remarked, leading to the supposition that the surface of Lochlomond is now, in its ordinary height, considerably above its former level. Across the river Falloch, at its efflux into the lake, there are stones fixed at regular distances, once evidently intended for enabling passengers, to step from one side to the other, but now covered with four or five feet of water. Camden, in his *Atlas Britannica*, describes an island as existing in his day, between Camstradden and Inch Tavanagh, and named the island of Camstradden: he speaks of a house and orchard being upon it. No such island is now seen above the water, but in Camstradden Bay, in the situation described, there is visible, several feet below the water, a heap of stones, which is supposed to be the remains of the house mentioned by Camden. About five miles farther south, at a distance from the shore, there is a heap of stones in the like circumstances, said to be the ruins of a church, in proof of which a field is pointed out on the adjacent shore, called *Ach-na-haglais*, or the *Church-field*. These proofs of the rise of the lake were adduced long before geology had become a science: this science at once receives the fact as an additional illustration of one of its doctrines, and reflects light upon the fact. In all lakes, there is a tendency to *shoal* at the outlet, and in the long run to be altogether filled up, in consequence of the constant deposition of detritus from the neighbouring heights by means of the accessory streams. Unquestionably, from this cause, the Leven, at the point where it leaves the lake, is somewhat higher than it would be three centuries ago. Mr Lyell gives particulars respecting the similar filling up of the lake of Geneva, Lake Erie, the lake of Mareotis, and others.* It would be worth while, for the sake of this part of a most interesting science, to make

* Lyell's Geology, 3rd edition, i. 264, 323, 329.

some particular observations on the levels connected with Lochlomond. It is not unworthy of notice that Pennant, in 1772, speaks of the descent of the Leven to the Clyde as nineteen feet, while Garnett, in 1800, makes the height of the lake above the level of the sea twenty-two feet.

Burns visited Lochlomond in the course of a short tour in the West Highlands, June, 1787. Dr Currie extracts, from a letter by the poet to his friend James Smith, a short harum-scarum account of a series of very harum-scarum proceedings which seem to have taken place on this occasion. "On our return," says the evidently still unsobered bard, "at a Highland gentleman's hospitable mansion, we fell in with a merry party, and danced till the ladies left us, at three in the morning. Our dancing was none of the French or English insipid formal movements; the ladies sung Scotch songs like angels, at intervals; then we flew at *Bab at the Bowster, Tullochgorum, Loch Erroch side, &c.* like midges sporting in the mottie sun, or craws prognosticating a storm in a hairst day.—When the dear lasses left us, we ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six,—except a few minutes that we went out to pay our devotions to the glorious lamp of day peering over the towering top of Benlomond. We all kneeled; our worthy landlord's son held the bowl; each man a full glass in his hand; and I, as priest, repeated some rhyming nonsense, like Thomas-a-Rhymer's prophecies I suppose.—After a small refreshment of the gifts of Somnus, we proceeded to spend the day on Lochlomond, and reached Dumbarton in the evening. We dined at another good fellow's house, and consequently pushed the bottle; when we went out to mount our horses we found ourselves 'No vera fou but gaylie yet.' My two friends and I rode soberly down the Loch-side, till by came a Highlandman at the gallop, on a tolerably good horse, but which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather. We scorned to be out-galloped by a Highlandman, so off we started, whip and spur. My companions, though seemingly gayly mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, she strained past the Highlandman in spite of all his efforts, with the hair-halter: just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his horse, as if to cross before me to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his breckless rider in a clipt hedge; and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny Geddes trode over me with such cautious reverence, that matters were not so bad as might well have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future."



W and Y Hall

GEORGE LAURIE, D.D.

THIS name, it will be recollected, occurs in the memoirs and correspondence of Burns, as that of a respectable parish clergyman of his vicinity, who early perceived his talents, and became the immediate means of introducing him to the notice of an ultra provincial world.

Dr George Laurie, minister of Loudoun in Ayrshire, was born in 1729. His father, the Rev. James Laurie, minister of Kirkmichael, was the son of the Rev. John Laurie, minister of Auchinleck, both in the same county, the last being in his turn the son of the minister of Newton Stewart in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. As the son of the subject of our memoir was also a clergyman, and his grandson at this moment is so, it appears that six generations of this family have exercised the clerical function,—a circumstance probably of very rare occurrence.

Dr George Laurie received the usual education of a preacher of the gospel, and was ordained minister of Loudoun in 1764. His descendants preserve an interesting anecdote with regard to this appointment. James Earl of Loudoun, who ranks among the “Scottish Worthies,” was obliged, during the troublous times of episcopal persecution, to fly to the continent, along with many others of the presbyterian party, and, among the rest, the Rev. John Laurie, minister of Auchinleck, with whom his lordship had previously been on intimate terms, having often met him on the hills and moors of Ayrshire, where devout men assembled to worship God according to their conscience. When the Revolution brought relief, Mr Laurie returned to his parish, and was the first presbyterian minister in the county of Ayr who resumed preaching in his church. The friendship of Earl James and Mr Laurie of Auchinleck, being reported to John fourth Earl of Loudoun, caused the latter nobleman to give the parish church of Loudoun to the subject of this notice, who continued on intimate terms with his excellent patron till the earl’s death, as also with his lordship’s successor, James the fifth earl, and with the daughter of the last nobleman, the present Marchioness of Hastings and Countess of Loudoun.

For a long course of years, Dr Laurie devoted himself with untiring zeal to the duties of his charge. He was distinguished as an able and eloquent preacher, an active and influential member of the church courts, and as an affectionate pastor, unceasing in his endeavours to promote the temporal and spiritual interests of his numerous flock. It will surprise no one who regards the fine face and head presented in the engraving, that he was a man of vigorous and well-informed mind—strong in judgment, prompt in thought, fluent in expression—that his conversation was marked not only by extensive knowledge and sound sense, but by keen and racy humour—that he possessed in an eminent degree the power of discriminating human character—and, moreover, was beloved for his many virtues, his great mildness and equanimity of temper, and his high sense of honour. He had a fine taste in polite literature, and had studied in a particular manner the early poetry

and music of the Celtic tribes residing in Scotland and Ireland. He was an intimate friend of Principal Robertson, Dr Hugh Blair, Dr James Macknight, Dr Blacklock, and several other eminent members of the republic of letters in his own day,—in itself no equivocal criterion of his talents and acquirements, as well as of his principles and tastes.

Dr Laurie married Mary, daughter of the learned Dr Archibald Campbell, Professor of Church History in the New College of St Andrews. A numerous offspring blessed the union, and the manse at St Margaret's Hill was the home of one of the happiest of families. Burns, chancing to become acquainted with Dr Laurie, here first saw and tasted the more refined intellectual and elegant enjoyments of social life, and here some of the finer susceptibilities of his extraordinary mind were first awakened and indulged. Gilbert Burns says—"The first time Robert heard the spinnet played was at the house of Dr Laurie, minister of Loudoun. . . . Dr Laurie has several accomplished daughters; one of them played the spinnet; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests, mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept." These stanzas, we need scarcely say, were the following, usually printed in his works:

"O Thou dread Power who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

"The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, he pleas'd to spare
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

"She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

"Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
• Up to a parent's wish!

"The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps away!

"When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rers lost,
A family in Heav'n!"

A correspondent says, "I have repeatedly heard Dr Archibald Laurie, the late lamented minister of Loudoun, [son of Dr George Laurie,] speak of Burns, his appearance, his manners, his conversation, and his welcome visits at St Margaret's*. Dr A. L. remem-

* This gentleman married the only sister of Burns's friend, Dr James Mackittrick Adair, the husband of Charlotte Hamilton, who was the theme of some of the poet's most tender effusions.

bered the morning following the evening described by Gilbert Burns. The family were waiting breakfast: Burns had not come down. Young Mr Laurie was sent up stairs to see what detained him. He met him coming down. "Well, Mr Burns, how did you sleep last night?" "Sleep, my young friend! I have scarcely slept at all—I have been praying all night. If you go up to the room, you will find my prayers on the table." Mr Laurie did so, and found the "Verses left at the house of a Reverend Friend," the original of which is now regarded as an heir-loom in the family, and is at present carefully kept by Dr Archibald Laurie's eldest daughter.

The following letter from Burns to Dr Archibald Laurie, now printed for the first time, serves further to show the intimate terms on which the acquaintance of the parties at this time stood:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I have along with this sent the two volumes of Ossian, with the remaining volume of the Songs.—Ossian, I am not in such a hurry about; but I wish the Songs with the volume of the Scotch Poets returned as soon as they can conveniently be dispatched. If they are left at Mr Wilson, the Bookseller's shop, Kilmarnock, they will easily reach me.

"My most respectful compliments to Mr and Mrs Laurie; and a Poet's warmest wishes for their happiness to the young ladies; particularly the fair musician, whom I think much better qualified than ever David was, or could be, to charm an evil spirit out of a Saul.

"Indeed, it needs not the feelings of a poet to be interested in the welfare of one of the sweetest scenes of domestic peace and kindred love that ever I saw; as I think the peaceful unity of St Margaret's Hill can only be excelled by the harmonious concord of the Apocalyptic Zion.

"I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"ROBT. BURNS."

Mossiel, 13th Nov. 1786.

Dr Laurie, although no one will suppose that so excellent a man could look lightly on the wayward character and positive errors of Burns, regarded him with the esteem due to his talents and many good and generous properties, and felt deeply for him when the consequences of his imprudence were about to banish him from his native land. The worthy man, in his anxiety to serve the poet, had sent a copy of his Kilmarnock volume to Dr Blacklock, with a brief account of the author, strongly recommending him to the favour and approbation of the blind bard. Weeks passed on, and Burns had made all preparations for proceeding to Greenock, there to embark for the West Indies. Amongst other preliminary steps, he had paid a farewell visit to St Margaret's Hill. His return from that mansion has been particularly described. "In his way home," says Dr Walker, "he had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized

with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass, which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem—

"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain :
The hunter now has left the moor,
And scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, preat with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*."

"The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn,
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly ;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*."

"'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore :
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpire'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*."

"Farewell, old *Cosla's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*."

At such a moment it was that an answer from Dr Blacklock to Dr Laurie's letter—dated September 4th, 1786*—came to arrest the poet on his miserable career, and preserve him for yet a few years longer to his country, though not ultimately to give him the station in life or the comfort which ought to have been awarded him.

After Burns had proceeded to Edinburgh, where it happened that Miss Laurie was at this time, it appears that the excellent pastor of Loudoun had thought proper to send him a letter of kind counsel. We may judge of its tenor by Burns's answer, which has been published by Dr Currie, but is worthy of being transferred to this memoir :

"To the REV. G. LAURIE, Newmills, near Kilmarnock.

"*Edinburgh, Feb. 5th, 1787.*

"REVEREND and DEAR SIR,—When I look at the date of your kind letter, my heart

* The original of this letter is in the possession of the Rev. Mr Balfour Graham, minister of North Berwick, who is connected by marriage with Dr Laurie's family. The conclusion, omitted by Dr Currie, is in these simple and affectionate terms : "with Mrs Blacklock's best compliments and mine to yourself, your spouse, and family, I remain, Sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant, Thomas Blacklock."

reproaches me severely with ingratitude in neglecting so long to answer it. I will not trouble you with any account, by way of apology, of my hurried life and distracted attention: do me the justice to believe that my delay by no means proceeded from want of respect. I feel, and ever shall feel, for you the mingled sentiments of esteem for a friend, and reverence for a father.

"I thank you, Sir, with all my soul, for your friendly hints; though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports; but in reality, I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity. Novelty may attract the attention of mankind a while; to it I owe my present eclat; but I see the time not far distant, when the popular tide, which has borne me to a height of which I am perhaps unworthy, shall recede with silent celerity, and leave me a barren waste of sand, to descend at my leisure to my former station. I do not say this in the affectation of modesty; I see the consequence is unavoidable, and am prepared for it. I had been at a good deal of pains to form a just, impartial estimate of my intellectual powers, before I came here; I have not added, since I came to Edinburgh, any thing to the account; and I trust I shall take every atom of it back to my shades, the coverts of my unnoticed, early years.

"In Dr Blacklock, whom I see very often, I have found, what I would have expected in our friend, a clear head and an excellent heart.

"By far the most agreeable hours I spend in Edinburgh must be placed to the account of Miss Laurie and her piano-forte. I cannot help repeating to you and to Mrs Laurie a compliment that Mr Mackenzie, the celebrated 'Man of Feeling,' paid to Miss Laurie, the other night, at the concert. I had come in at the interlude, and sat down by him, till I saw Miss Laurie in a seat not very far distant, and went up to pay my respects to her. On my return to Mr Mackenzie, he asked me who she was; I told him 'twas the daughter of a reverend friend of mine in the west country. He returned, there was something very striking, to his idea, in her appearance. On my desiring to know what it was, he was pleased to say, 'She has a great deal of the elegance of a well-bred lady about her, with all the sweet simplicity of a country-girl.'*

"My compliments to all the happy inmates of Saint Margaret's.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours most gratefully,

"R. B."

We are not aware of any future intercourse or correspondence between Burns and Dr Laurie, who, some years after this period, feeling the infirmities of age advancing upon him, demitted his charge to his son, as his assistant and successor, and retired to a beautifully situated cottage near Glasgow, where, in the bosom of his family, he passed the closing years of his life, in the quiet and meditation which befit old age. Here he died,

* The young lady here referred to was Christina, eldest daughter of Dr Laurie. She became the wife of Mr Alexander Wilson, son of the Professor of Astronomy in the university of Glasgow.

in October 1799, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His remains were interred in the church-yard of New-Mills, in the parish of Loudoun, where a handsome monumental stone marks his grave and records his excellencies. His wife survived him fifteen years, and died at the ripe age of 88.

An incident which occurred one day at table at St Margaret's Hill, when Burns was present, still remains vividly impressed on the memory of Miss Laurie, now the only surviving daughter of the subject of this memoir. Reference chanced to be made to the alleged error of a lady of family in Ayrshire, whose mournful and cruel betrayal had excited a great sensation throughout the country. It was the same lady, we believe, to whom Burns refers in his "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Strange to say, and contrary to the ordinary current of his feelings, he on this occasion took an unfavourable view of the lady's conduct. Mrs Laurie, having a great repugnance to censoriousness and detraction in all their abominable shapes, was displeased by the remarks of the poet, and in her usual firm and frank way rebuked him for them. It must have been done in a way, which, though friendly and courteous, yet made Burns feel deeply. He had promised a volume of old poems, which Mrs Laurie and the family were desirous to see; and when the book came, the following lines were found enclosed in it:

"Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

"Propriety's cold cautious rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor sensibility
The ungentle harsh rebuke."

The late Miss Louisa Laurie, youngest daughter of the venerable pastor of Loudoun, had often, like her elder sister, charmed Burns by her performances on the piano-forte. His praises of these performances were poured forth in his usual ardent manner, and he would tell her that she knew "the magic way to a poet's heart." She also had the interesting remembrance that, in his dancing, he "kept time exquisitely." From Miss Louisa, a living member of the family obtained a scrap of verse in the poet's hand writing, apparently the mere scroll of something that never became any thing better than a fragment. "There can be little doubt," says this individual, "that the stanzas, such as they are, refer to the domestic circle and enjoyments of St Margaret's Hill. The locality corresponds perfectly—the old castle of Newmill's, visible from the manse windows in those days, before the trees were grown up—the hills opposite, to the south—and the actual scene of enjoyment, standing on the very banks of the Irvine. Some little poetic license must be allowed to the poet, with respect to his lengthening the domestic dance so far on in the night:"

TUNE—*Irvine's Bairs are bonnie a'.*

"The night was still and o'er the hill,
The moon shone on the castle wa'.

The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'.

"Sae merrily they danced the ring,
Fra eenin till the cocks did crow;
And aye the ower-word o' the spring
Was Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'."

Burns and Blacklock were not the only Scottish poets whom Dr Laurie ranked in his list of acquaintance. In his early days, he had met with James Macpherson, and exerted himself usefully in getting the now far-famed poems of Ossian brought into public notice. We are fortunately able to give the particulars of this acquaintance, from a curious document by Dr Laurie himself. It appears that, many years after the two gentlemen had last seen each other, when Macpherson had risen to distinction and influence, and was a member of the House of Commons, Dr Laurie wrote to him on the strength of old friendship, requesting his best offices with reference to some troubles in which his brother had been involved in his capacity of governor of the Mosquito shore. The answer, of which the original is now before us, is as follows: "Sir—I received your letter, and have sent the enclosed to your brother. I do not at present recollect having the honour of your acquaintance; I should therefore be glad to hear from you, at your leisure, any circumstance to assist my memory on that head. Your brother's cause is so good, that it stands in no need of any feeble aid I could give it. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble servant, J. MACPHERSON. March 4th, 1788." Dr Laurie's reply was as follows:

"Memorial to JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

"13th March, 1788.

"The first time ever Mr George Laurie saw or conversed with James Macpherson, Esq. was at Moffat, when he was there with his pupil Mr Graham.† Mr Laurie was then favoured with three or four translations of ancient Irish poetry, which, upon his arrival in Edinburgh, he showed to Dr Blair, who was just installed professor of rhetoric. He desired to see Mr Macpherson, and this was complied with; and he took Mr Macpherson's promise to send as many fragments as would be contained in a shilling pamphlet—about a dozen in number. Mr Macpherson, upon his return to the north, repented his promise, and wrote several lines to Mr Laurie, begging to be released from it—to use his interest with Dr Blair. Mr Laurie was too great an admirer of these works to undertake such a task, but rather pressed Mr Macpherson to adhere, which he did. And Mr Macpherson concludes his last letter with an imprecation that their blood might be on Mr Laurie's head. Mr Macpherson was soon engaged in a large circle of acquaintances. However, he sometimes spent an hour with Mr Laurie. The above is concisely the history of the correspondence with Mr Macpherson. Mr Laurie would rejoice at any opportunity of serving his friends or bringing to light works of genius and men of genius.—MEMORIAL SACRUM JACOBI M. &c. &c."

* *Hang* is the Scottish preterite of the verb.

† The present Lord Lynedoch.—ED.

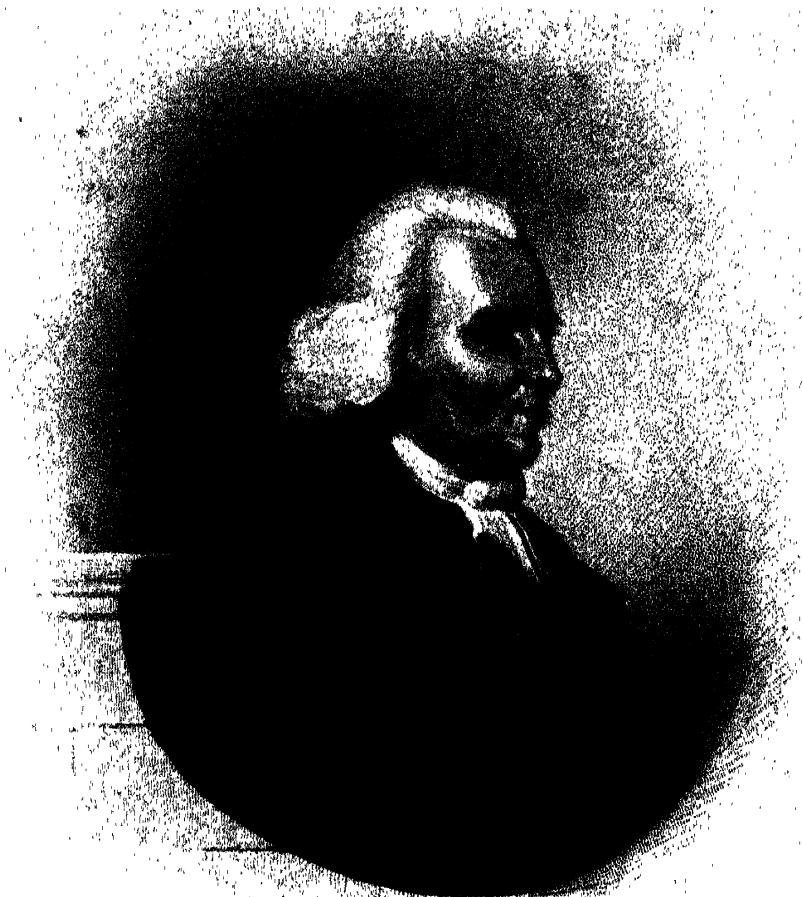
It thus appears that the subject of this notice chanced to perform exactly the same service for Ossian (or Macpherson) which he afterwards performed for Burns—a rather odd coincidence of events in one life.

One other simple anecdote of St Margaret's Hill remains, and, where so many have already been given, it would be a pity to omit it. Dr Laurie had a very worthy man in his family, John Brooks by name, who served as coachman, ploughman, every thing—in short, *the minister's man*. One day, when Burns was at dinner at St Margaret's, John failed to make his appearance, to render the usual services at table. Some interim excuse was given for John; but further inquiry was afterwards made. John's apology was strongly expressive of the terrific local reputation of Burns's satiric power. "Deed, Sir," said John, "I was jist fleyed to come in, for fear Burns should mak' a poem o' me!"

DR BLACKLOCK.

THE various parties connected with the present publication deem themselves fortunate in having been enabled to include in it a portrait of Dr Blacklock, as, while there is not one of the friends of Burns more entitled to such commemoration, it so chanced that no engraving of the venerable blind poet's features had ever been published, nor at first did the publishers of the "Land of Burns" know that any painting of them was in existence.

It was chiefly owing to this amiable and talented individual, as already stated in our memoir of Dr Laurie, that the Ayrshire poet was prevented, after the first publication of his poems, from proceeding to the West Indies, where, in all probability, his melancholy history would have found a still more premature close than it afterwards did experience. Dr Laurie, from his residence at Loudoun, had transmitted to Blacklock, in Edinburgh, a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems, with some account of their author. The blind poet made himself acquainted with the contents of the volume—was astonished at the proofs of genius it exhibited—read and again read, always with increased admiration—and then transmitted to Dr Laurie a letter holding out such prospects of encouragement for the author in Edinburgh, that Burns immediately posted thither. "Blacklock received him," says Dr Currie, "with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends; he consulted his interest; he emblazoned his fame; he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance." The subject of our present memoir might thus be considered as also the more immediate means of obtaining for Burns that extraordinary amount of public patronage which befell the second edition of his poems, and which not only rescued his mother and other friends from pressing poverty, but enabled him to commence farming on his own account.



Engraved by W. & P. Hill

REV. THOMAS HARRINGTON D.D.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF

REV. DR. LAURIE, PARSONAGE

Printed by Blackie & Son Glasgow

If the natural benevolence of Blacklock had required any prompting to such exertions, it would have found it in the recollection of his own history; for never had any man been more indebted to friendship for the means of advancing into life than he had been. Born of poor parents in the town of Annan, in 1721, he lost his sight by small pox before he was six months old. Nature had given him poetical and musical genius, with all the appropriate sensibilities; and it was therefore with more than common suffering that he came through the hardships inseparable from his lot, and those additional, and perhaps still more poignant miseries which were inflicted on him by the coarse drollery and coarser malignity of the vulgar natures by which he was surrounded. His father, though only a Cumberland bricklayer, had the ability and the tenderness to help the poor blind boy in his education; and by these means chiefly, Blacklock was made acquainted with the works of various poets, and had himself become a writer of verses, before he was twelve years old. At nineteen he lost his father, who was crushed to death, in the course of his professional avocations, by the fall of a malt-kiln. Hitherto he had been a totally dependent being, though most anxious to apply to any duty which might promise him bread, and for which his limited faculties might be suited. He was now threatened with something like absolute destitution, and seems to have seriously contemplated, as Burns afterwards perhaps less sincerely did, his falling into the condition of a helpless mendicant, exposed to hardships which his delicate frame was ill fitted to bear. It was suggested that his musical abilities might gain him bread; but he shrunk with horror from the idea of "prostituting his talents to the forwarding of loose mirth and riot." At this juncture, his peculiar case as a blind youth of superior intellect threatened with destitution, became known to Dr John Stevenson, a physician in Edinburgh, during the course of a professional visit paid by that gentleman to Dumfries. This worthy man immediately removed him to the capital, put him to a classical school, and then to college, and in short supported him through the whole course of study necessary to fit him for the clerical profession. It was probably through the same kind patronage that Blacklock was enabled to publish a volume of his poems at Glasgow in the year 1746. Stevenson was a Whig, so zealous as such that, when Edinburgh was threatened by the Highland army in September 1745, he sat for several days as a guard at the Netherbow Port, though so ill with gout as to require to be wrapped up in flannels. Blacklock also secured friendship in an opposite quarter, namely, in David Hume, who is said to have given him his salary as librarian to the faculty of advocates, having accepted that office chiefly for the sake of admission to the use of the books. Meanwhile the blind student experienced a more general patronage, by the publication of two new editions of his poems, one of which appeared in Edinburgh in 1754, and the other in London two years later, the latter containing an account of his life by Dr Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford. The condition of the author attracted great attention to these volumes. It was thought wonderful that one who never saw external creation should be able to speak of it in verse, or that he should even have any knowledge of the moral world. Unquestionably, this is a less flagrant wonder than the public of that day was prepared to

suppose; but the poetry itself was of a nature to entitle it, on its own intrinsic merits, to take a fair rank among the productions of contemporary and more favoured bards. It was composed with remarkable fluency: Blacklock was almost able to improvise in verse. It was a kind of sight for curious people to be admitted to, to see him standing up, and rocking to and fro, with sybilline contortions, dictate poetry to an amanuensis whose fingers were scarcely able to keep pace with him. From this, and from the fact of his acquiring, in the course of life, nearly every learned tongue ancient and modern, it may be inferred that the highest intellectual faculty enjoyed by Blacklock was that of language or expression, while from other circumstances it would appear that his other powers were only of a moderate order.

Blacklock obtained a license as a preacher of the gospel from the presbytery of Dumfries in 1759, and soon after the Earl of Selkirk obtained for him from the crown a presentation to the parish of Kirkcudbright. He now conceived he might with prudence gratify a long-cherished affection by marrying; but he soon found that this step was premature. The people of the parish to which he was presented, resisted his introduction to his charge, and that with such pertinacity that he was glad, after some years of litigation, to retire upon a moderate annuity out of the stipend. He then returned to Edinburgh, and set up a small establishment for the reception of boys attending school, whose parents lived at a distance. In this business he obtained a fair share of success, which enabled him to spend the remainder of his life in comfort. His home was henceforth a favourite resort of the friends of letters in Edinburgh, by all of whom he was beloved to an extraordinary degree. Mr Henry Mackenzie presents a delightful picture of his family circle.*. No teacher, says he, "was perhaps ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Dr Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure for him the love and regard of the young people committed to his charge; while the society, which esteem and respect for his character and his genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. The writer of this account has frequently been a witness of the family scene at Dr Blacklock's; has seen the good man amidst the circle of his young friends, eager to do him all the little offices of kindness which he seemed so much to merit and to feel. In this society, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which, at other times, it might produce. He entered with the cheerful playfulness of a young man into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humorous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, the gaiety of others.

* In a memoir of Blacklock published by him.

$$-1.0 \quad 1.5 \quad 2.0 \quad 2.5 \quad 3.0 \quad 3.5 \quad 4.0 \quad 4.5 \quad 5.0$$

$\frac{1}{\sqrt{\pi}}$



Several of those inmates of Dr Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at that early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, or distance of place, had ever estranged him."

This amiable man died at his house in Edinburgh July 7, 1791, and was buried in the cemetery of the St Cuthbert's Chapel of ease, where his widow erected a modest stone to his memory

J E D B U R G H.

THIS fine old woodland burgh is situated on Jed water, a tributary of the Teviot, at the distance of ten miles from Kelso and fifty from Edinburgh. While possessing some distinction as the head town of Roxburghshire, and a seat of the circuit court of justiciary, it cannot be considered as a manufacturing town; and the population scarcely reaches 4000. The abbey, of which the ruins still tower above all the existing domestic buildings, was founded early in the twelfth century; and even at that early time the town was of some note. In the time of Henry VIII. there were here a castle, six towers or bastile houses, and, if we can believe a dispatch of Lord Surrey's, twice as many houses as in Berwick-upon-Tweed. The importance of the town is supposed to have declined in consequence of the union.

The town occupies the slope of a hill, along which the principal street ranges, terminating in an eminence formerly the site of the castle of Jedburgh, but now that of the county jail. The ruined abbey is in the centre of the town. The only part of this structure of which any remains exist, is the church, which has been in the form of a cross, 230 feet in length. The nave, north transept, and central tower, are still tolerably entire, and form, in the opinion of the late Mr Archibald Elliot, architect, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of the Saxon and early Gothic in Scotland. The lower arches are all in the former style, while the upper, apparently of considerably later construction, are Gothic: a Norman door in the west end is much admired for its curious mouldings, and a St Catherine's wheel at the top of the same gable is a conspicuous feature. On the south side of the choir is a small chapel, once used as the parish school; it possesses some interest in the eyes of strangers, as the place where the poet of the Seasons obtained his elementary education. The environs of Jedburgh are extremely beautiful—sylvan and primitive. The Jed rushes down from its native moors under steep *scaurs* and hanging woods, the remains of the ancient forest of Jedburgh, from which the English borders were erst kept in trouble. Here a nodding tower, there an old corn-mill; here a beautiful glade, there a green brae; scarcely any town in the south of Scotland can be said to be more delightfully circumstanced.

Near Ferniehirst Castle, the decaying seat of the old Kerrs of Ferniehirst, so renowned in border story, there is a tree named the King of the Wood, and well so named, seeing that it is a hundred feet high, and fourteen feet in girth at three feet from the ground. On a haugh near by, there is another capital specimen of the old forest, named the *Capon Tree*, measuring twenty-one feet in girth, and bourgeoning out into a surprising complexity of ramification.

Burns visited Jedburgh, with his friend Mr Ainslie, May 10, 1787, in the course of his tour of the borders. In his memorandum book, he gives a curious gossiping account of the two days he spent in the town and its neighbourhood, during which he seems to have contrived to fall furiously in love with a Miss Lindsay—insomuch that he did not finally depart without some twistings of the heart-strings. He was introduced to Mr Somerville, the parish clergyman, author of two laborious works on British history, and who survived to be the oldest minister of the Church of Scotland in his day, dying in 1830, at the age of ninety, and when he had officiated as minister of Jedburgh for fifty-seven years. Dr Currie, in the extracts which he gave from the memorandum-book in his memoir of the poet, incautiously introduced Burns's reference to this respectable person—"a man and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning"—the effect of which was, that from that time Dr Somerville never uttered another pun. The magistrates gave Burns the freedom of their burgh, with its usual accompaniment of a treat at the inn. It is remembered in the town that, while this treat was in the course of being discussed, the poet, ever jealous of his independence, left the room, and endeavoured—need we add, in vain?—to prevail on the landlord to accept of payment of the bill. In his memorandum-book, he remarks the "charming romantic situation of Jedburgh, with gardens, orchards, &c. intermingled among the houses—fine old ruins—a once magnificent cathedral and strong castle. All the towns here," he adds, "have the appearance of old rude grandeur, but the people extremely idle—Jed a fine romantic little river." Some days after, at Selkirk, he recalls the memory of these fine scenes in his mock lament for the absence of Willie Creech:

‡ Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
A' illic's awa!"

THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

JAMES, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, born in 1749, succeeded his father in that old, but now extinct Scottish title, in 1775. Of his private life little is remembered besides his benevolent exertions in behalf of Burns. As a Scotch representative peer, which honour he attained at the general election of 1780, he supported Mr Fox's celebrated India bill: from this circumstance we may readily judge of the side which he took in politics.

The foundation of Burns's acquaintance with Lord Glencairn was laid soon after the first publication of the Poems, by Mr Alexander Dalziel, factor on his lordship's estate of Finlayston in Ayrshire. "This gentleman," says Mr Cromek, "with a view to encourage a second edition of the poems, laid the volume before his lordship, with such an account of the rustic bard's situation and prospects as from his slender acquaintance with him he could furnish. The result, as communicated by Burns to Mr Dalziel, is highly creditable to the character of Lord Glencairn. After reading the book, his lordship declared that its merits greatly exceeded his expectation, and he took it with him as a *literary curiosity* to Edinburgh. He repeated his wishes to be of service to Burns, and desired Mr Dalziel to inform him, that in patronising the book, ushering it into the world, or treating with the booksellers, he would most willingly give every aid in his power; adding his request that Burns would take the earliest opportunity of letting him know in what way or manner he could best further his interests. He also expressed a wish to see some of the unpublished manuscripts, with a view to establishing his character with the world." It appears that Burns, very soon after arriving in Edinburgh, November 1786, was taken notice of by the Earl, his mother the Countess, and his sister, Lady Betty Cunningham. In a letter of December 13th, he speaks of these persons as among his principal avowed patrons of the *noblesse*, and of the Earl in particular as a man whose worth and brotherly-kindness he should remember when time should be no more. It was by the Earl's interest that the Caledonian Hunt engaged to take each a copy of his second edition, for which they were to pay a guinea, or four times the ordinary price. Lord Glencairn was also the means of opening the negotiation for that publication with Mr Creech, the bookseller, who had been, at an early period of life, his lordship's travelling preceptor.

The grateful feelings of Burns were powerfully affected by these acts. When his lordship's premature death took place, January 1791, the poet travelled from Ellisland to Ayrshire to be present at his last obsequies, and for some time he wore mourning for the deceased nobleman, as he would have done for a relation. His beautiful *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn* is well known.

MRS THOMSON,

OF DUMFRIES.

NEAR the close of Burns's life, a young lady, named Miss Jessy Lewars, was on terms of intimacy at his house in Dumfries, being much beloved both by the poet and his wife. This young lady was of agreeable person and manners, and much genuine kindness of nature. She tripped out of and in to the bard's humble home with the little ceremony customary in those days where there was much mutual regard, and was always ready to assist and sympathise with Mrs Burns, under the pressure of domestic duties, requiring to be performed under by no means the most favourable circumstances.

So much goodness under such a form could not pass daily under the notice of Burns without calling forth his warmest feelings. He one day told Miss Lewars, that he was going to make a song about her, and desired her to choose a tune to which it might be adapted. She in consequence named the *Wren's Nest*, an old Scottish air to which there were as yet only some fantastic and scarcely intelligible stanzas.* Burns accordingly composed, in her honour, and to this air, a few lyric verses, highly expressive of the almost paternal feelings with which he regarded her:

"Oh wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a' "

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen "

Afterwards he composed, in honour of the same young person, the much more poetic and impassioned song, which must last with the language:

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—*Jessy!*

"Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;

* The air, and these stanzas, are to be found in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, vol. V. p. 419. The fact, as above stated, is from authority which forbids all doubt on the subject.



'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

" I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms :
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber.
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

" I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c."

The sentiment of these verses is that of a lover ; but the design of the poet was simply to simulate this character, in order that he might pay a poetic compliment to one whom he regarded as a friend.

Some smaller tributes of admiration for the same person dropped at intervals from his pen. One day, her name being mentioned in company where he was, he took up a chrystal goblet, and, with his diamond pencil, inscribed the following lines :

' Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast."

This goblet he afterwards presented to her. About the same time (early in 1795), on her complaining of a slight indisposition, he told her he would take care to have an epitaph ready for her in case of the worst, which he likewise wrote on a glass tumbler to make a pair with the other. The epitaph was as follows :

" Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

R. B."

On her recovering a little, he said, "there is poetic reason in it," and wrote the following :

" But rarely seen, since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

R. B."

" About the end of May, 1796"—to quote the words of Gilbert Burns, in his edition of the poet's works (1820)—" Mr Brown, an unmarried man, the surgeon who attended Burns on his last illness, happened to call upon him at the same time with Miss Jessy Lewars. In the course of conversation, Mr Brown mentioned that he had been to see a collection of wild beasts just arrived in Dumfries. By way of aiding his description, he took the advertisement (containing a list of the animals to be exhibited) from his pocket. As he was about to hand this to Miss Lewars, the poet took it out of his hand, and with some red ink [in reality, red chalk] wrote on the back of the advertisement the following

lines, exclaiming, as he returned it to Mr Brown, that it was *now* fit to be presented to the lady :

"Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun ;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, *
A mutual snith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight."

At a still later period, and within a month of his death, he presented Miss Lewars with a copy of the early volumes of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, a work which he might be said to have edited, and which contains many of his most admired compositions. On a blank leaf he had written—

"Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer ;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name :
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward ;
So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard*.

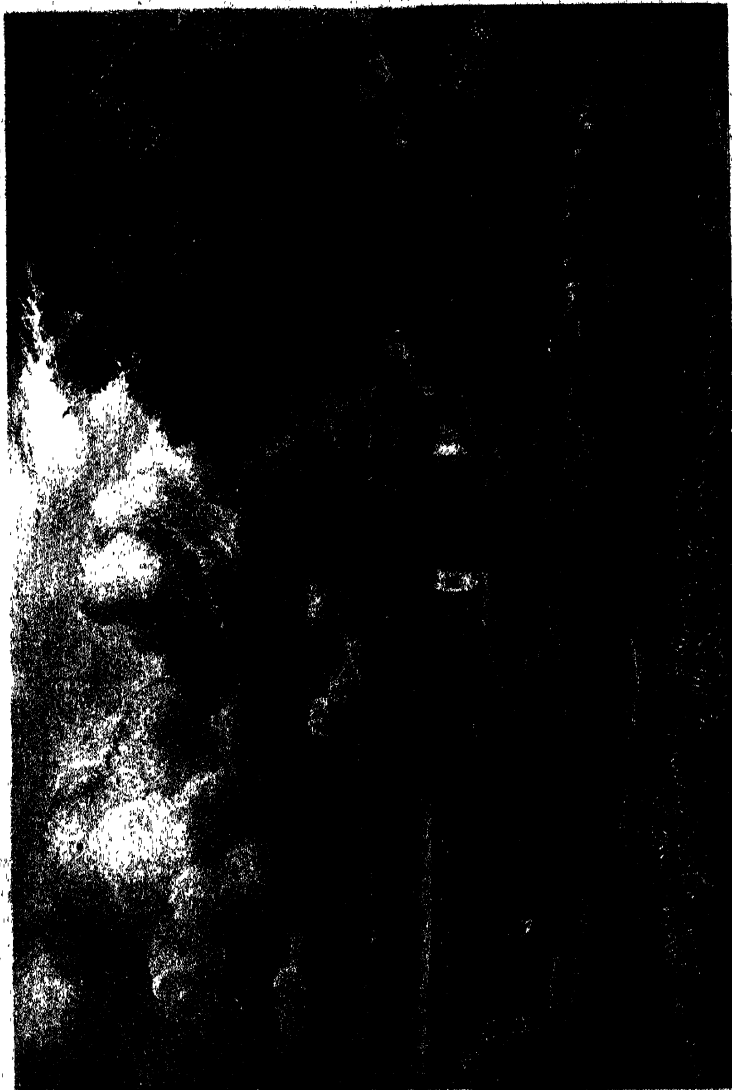
R. BURNS."

The young lady whom he had thus treated so much as a friend, fully proved herself worthy of the appellation after his death, when she might almost be said to have devoted herself to the duty of soothing and assisting his widow.

Miss Jessy Lewars was the daughter of Mr John Lewars, supervisor of excise. At the time of her acquaintance with Mr and Mrs Robert Burns, her father being dead, she resided with her brother, Mr John Lewars, an intimate friend and fellow officer of the bard. Miss Lewars afterwards became the wife of Mr James Thomson, writer in Dumfries, where she still resides (1840), not much past the bloom of life. Mrs Thomson preserves with sacred care one of her verse-inscribed goblets, the advertisement of the wild beasts, and the copy of Johnson's Museum presented to her by the bard.

B R O W.

ABOUT the end of June 1796, Burns found himself reduced to a lamentable state of weakness, too surely ominous of the sad event which took place on the 21st of the ensuing month. His medical advisers recommended, as a last resource, sea-bathing, country quarters, and riding ; and, to have the benefit of at least the first of these, "he took up



1000000

1000000

his residence," says Dr Currie, "at Brow in Annandale, about ten miles east of Dumfries, on the shore of the Solway Firth."

In Dr Currie's memoir, there is a letter written by Mrs Riddel of Woodleigh Park, in which she gives an account of an interview which she had at this time with the poet, at a house where she resided, in the immediate neighbourhood of Brow. The particulars related by her are of such interest, that we may be excused for transferring them to this place. Being informed of his arrival, she invited him to dinner, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk. "I was struck," says Mrs Riddel, "with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a bad state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon; and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from the teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion." The conversation was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom

seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge. We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (July 5): the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more."

In Brow, the dying bard penned several compositions which no reader of his life and works can have forgot—particularly his letter to Mr Thomson, imploring five pounds, and communicating his last song, "Fairest maid on Devon's Banks"—his scarcely less piteous application to his cousin Mr Burness of Montrose for ten pounds—his letter to Mr Alexander Cunningham, stating his being without salary, and beseeching him to use interest with the Excise Board to get that important requisite restored—also a most touching note to Mrs Dunlop, bewailing her late alienation, and bidding her a tender farewell.

He seems to have been at Brow from the 4th or 5th of July, to the 18th. His health at first was slightly improved by bathing; the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever, and it was judged proper to take him back to Dumfries. A night or two before he left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig (now Mrs Henry Duncan) was afraid that the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said, "thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but oh, let him shine! he will not shine long for me!"* He returned on the 18th to Dumfries, and on the 21st breathed his last.

It has been thought that a pictorial sketch of even the humble rural watering-place where the above occurrences took place, might have some interest in the eyes of those who admire the genius of Burns, and take an interest in that melancholy tragedy which forms his life. Brow is a hamlet, consisting only of three or four cottages, situated in the parish of Ruthwell, on the bank of a rivulet which a little further on joins the Solway. The place is chiefly resorted to for a mineral well which springs in considerable force close beside the rivulet alluded to. In the accompanying print, this well is marked in the foreground, and the cottage which Burns occupied is the central one of three, which form nearly the whole village. Nothing of importance that we are aware of is remembered at Brow respecting the Ayrshire poet; but tradition connects a curious anecdote with the little knoll at the end of the house in which he dwelt. In the immediate neighbourhood of Brow, is Comlongan Castle, the ancient seat of the Murrays of Cockpool, and which afterwards passed by marriage into the possession of the Viscounts of Stormont, now Earls of Mansfield. It is said that, on this knoll, more than a hundred years ago, David Lord Stormont took leave of his younger son William Murray, then about to proceed to England to push his fortune at the bar, telling him not to return till he had become chief jus-

* Communicated by Mr Macdarmid, of Dumfries, to Mr Lockhart, and inserted by the latter gentleman in his "Life of Burns."



THE GREAT

卷之四

10

Handwritten text: *Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, written vertically.*

tice of the King's Bench—the honour which he actually did attain. This anecdote, though depending on no high authority, seemed worthy of notice in this place, as suggesting at least a pleasing train of associations.

BURNS'S MAUSOLEUM.

THE remains of Burns were originally interred in a small inclosure at the north corner of St Michael's churchyard at Dumfries: in the same grave two of his children were afterwards buried. The spot continued for many years to be undistinguished by any memorial of public feeling. It was covered only by a plain slab, which his widow, under the influence of a less inconstant sentiment, had procured from her slender funds, and caused to be inscribed in the following terms, touching by their unambitious simplicity:

“In Memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July 1796, in the 37th* year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died the 25th April 1799, aged 2 years and 9 months; also of Francis Wallace Burns, who died the 9th of July 1803, aged 14 years.”

The erection of a public monument was not seriously contemplated till the year 1814, when, on the 6th of January, a meeting took place at Dumfries, and it was determined by those present, that “a mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of Burns.” A committee was at the same time formed, including noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen and some of the principal citizens of Dumfries, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and superintending the erection of the proposed building. Money being liberally forwarded, not only from the various provinces of Scotland, but from other parts of the united kingdom, from the East and West Indies, and from America, the committee were soon enabled to proceed to the more interesting part of their duty. A plan by Mr Thomas Frederick Hunt, of London, having been selected from those furnished by various competing architects, the foundation stone was laid by a masonic procession, on the 5th of June 1815, William Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, superintending the ceremony. The situation chosen for the building was different from that in which the remains of Burns had been laid. That spot being low, and confined in an angle of the church-yard, it was found necessary to assume a situation near the east corner, where, accordingly, the building has been erected, the form assumed being that of a plain Doric temple reared above a sepulchral vault. When the latter had been completed, the remains of the poet and of his two deceased children were raised from their original resting-place, and transferred thither (September 9) with as much privacy and as much delicacy as the circumstances of the case rendered possible. The building was completed in 1817, the whole expense being about £1500.

* An error for the 36th.

Burns's Mausoleum has since then been visited by its annual thousands, on whose account it is kept constantly open, and in a state of the nicest cleanliness and propriety—a marked contrast to the many scarcely less elegant memorials reared near by to the objects of earth's common griefs, and immediately after left to neglect and desolation. As an architectural structure, it has been generally approved of; but a contrary feeling is excited by an unfortunate piece of sculpture placed against its back wall, the work of an artist named Turnerelli, and representing Burns at the plough, while his genius Coila, in very substance, is throwing an actual mantle of inspiration over him. From this specimen of art, the visiter turns with pleasure to the plain tombstone which domestic affection conferred upon the bard before the world had thought of trophying his grave with the classic graces of Greece—this stone having been of late years taken from the vault below, where it was placed in 1815, and fixed in the floor of the mausoleum. The remains of Mrs Burns were deposited in the vault beside those of her husband, in April 1834.

VIGNETTE TO VOLUME SECOND.

THE scene here represented is the lower part of the vale of the Nith, taken from a point a little to the west of Dalswinton, on the north side of the river. The mansion of Friars' Carse—the residence of Burns's friend, Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, and the scene of the contest for the celebrated "whistle"—is immediately below, on the right. Beyond it is the fine piece of alluvial or carse land from which the house takes its name—skirted by a wood, near the extremity of which, and not far from the river, stood the Friars' Carse Hermitage, upon which Burns wrote some well-known verses. A little farther down the river on the same side, some rising smoke indicates Ellisland, the poet's farm. Dumfries is faintly seen in the distance off the left, and Criffel closes, with its vast bulk, the extremity of the picture on the right. On the foreground, the artist has set down a characteristic village revel.

•





